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January 20, 1940

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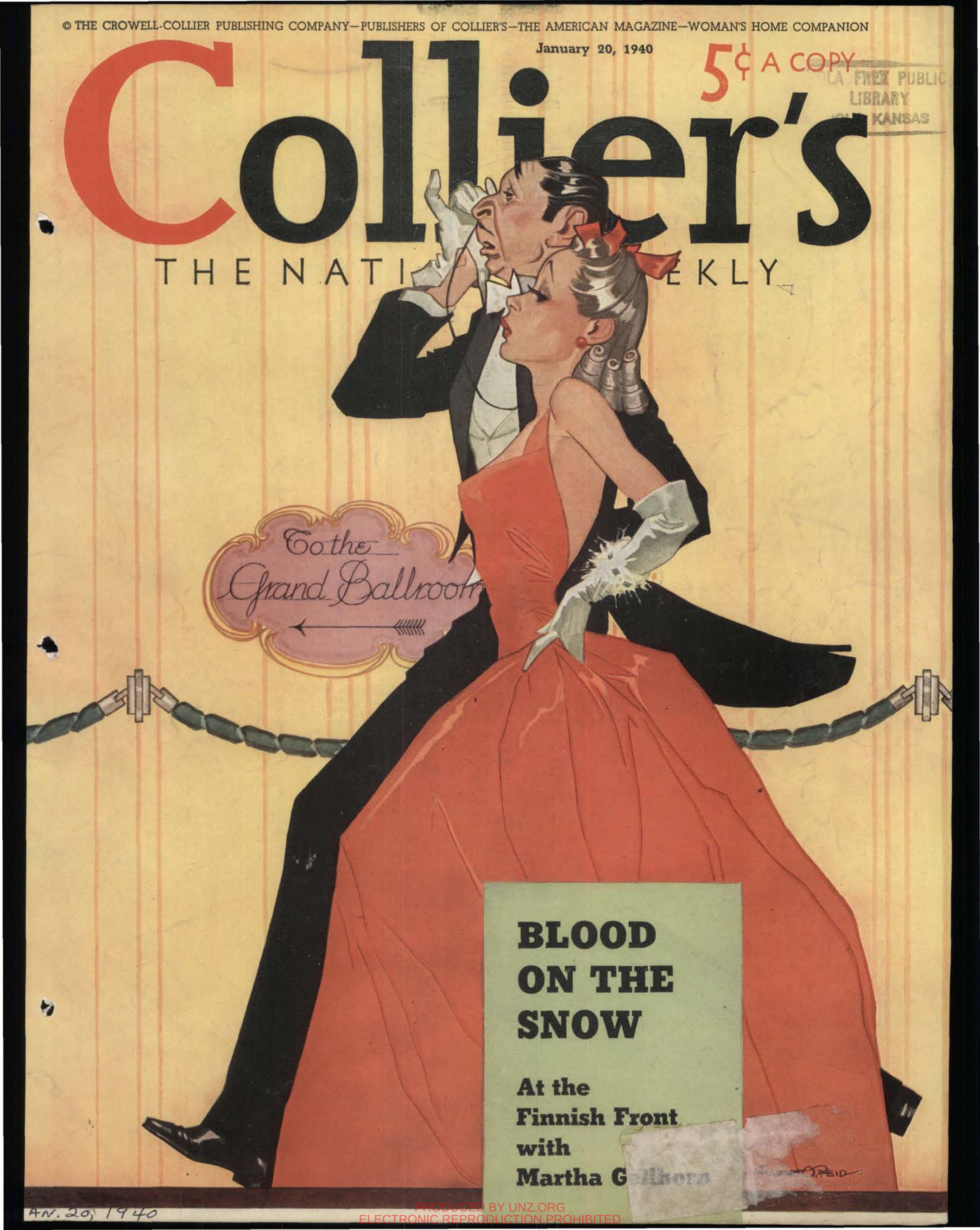

BLOOD ON THE SNOW

At the Finnish Front with Martha G[illegible]horn

JAN. 20, 1940

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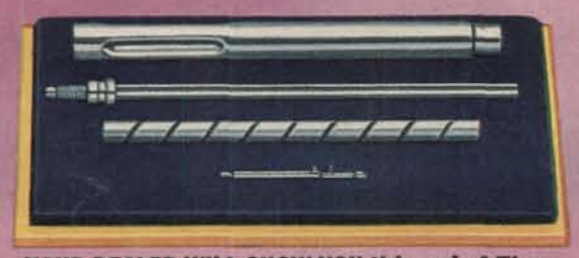

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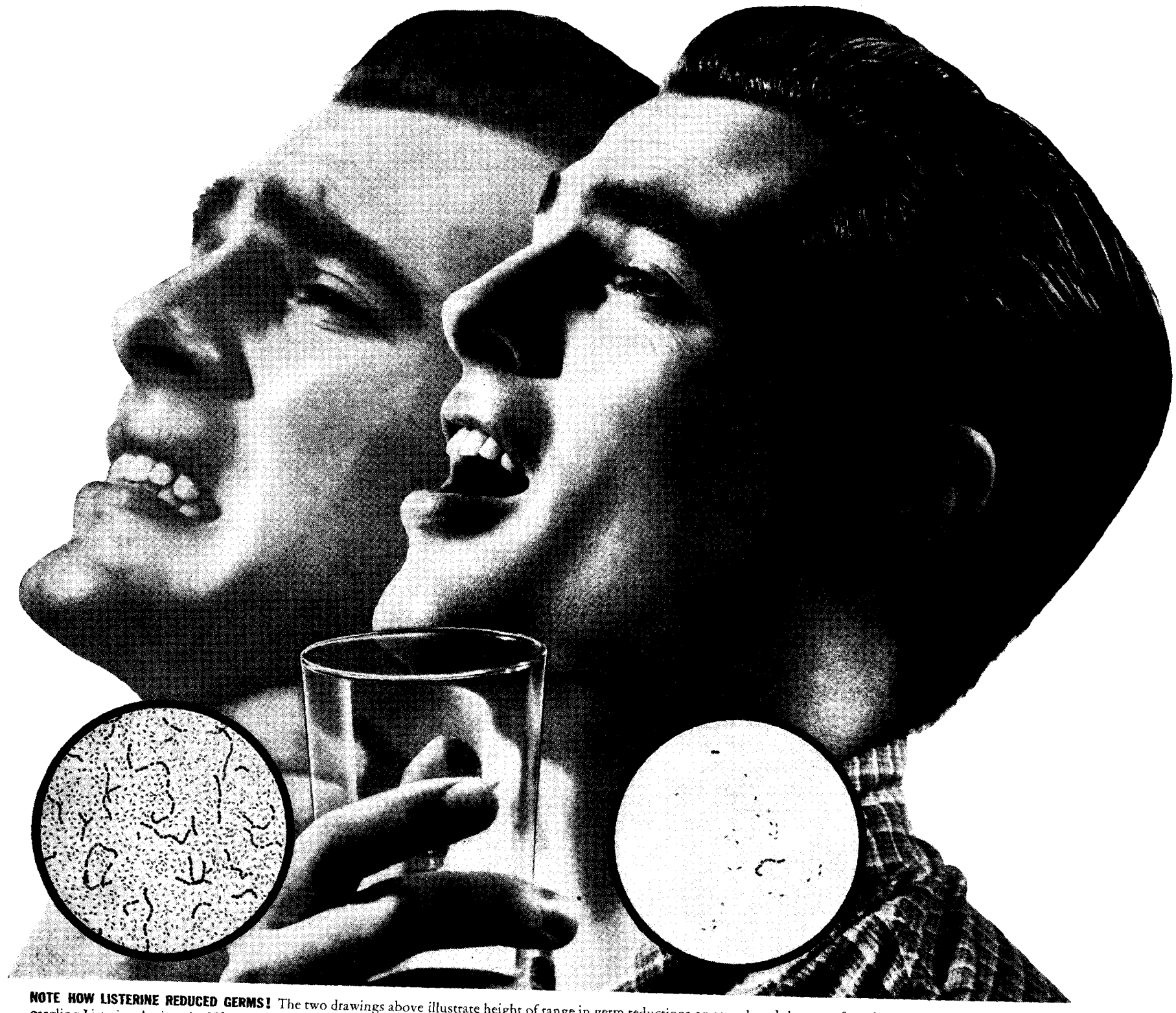

NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS! The two drawings above illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT—

Listerine quick!

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders". . . the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.

This prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

Eight Years of Research

Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over 8 years revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders" — the very types of germs that live in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

When you gargle with Listerine, that cool amber antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started? Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Next Week

YOUR HIGHNESS is a doll who keeps her sights high and her powder dry at all times and desires no part of people like Little Pinks, figuring that bus boys have no business to be in love with anyone and especially with her. So when Case Ables slaps Your Highness down a flight of stairs and puts her permanently out of business, he really does Little Pinks a great favor, as Pinks now has this doll all to himself, even if she isn't what she used to be. What comes of this surprising situation is quite a shock to all concerned. Damon Runyon reports the facts in his newest short story.

MARTHA GELLHORN has seen bombs fall on many cities. Barcelona, Madrid, the little villages of Spain—she watched them recoil from the first shock and recorded their inevitable reaction to the most inhuman form of war that man can wage. In the smoking shambles of Helsinki she found reaffirmed the touching bravery that bombing brings to helpless civilians. She watched grim Finns bury their dead and saw their determination to resist flower into a flaming national passion. With compassion she portrays a brave people faced with disaster and with "Bombs from a Low Sky."

THE best way to stop people from dying of pneumonia is to prevent them from getting it. That's been a medical dream for a long time; it may soon be a reality. The Civilian Conservation Corps boys, inoculated with the most hopeful-looking serum yet developed, have been doing their share by not getting pneumonia in large numbers. J. D. Ratcliff tells you about the newest setback to the "Bully-Boy Microbe."

ADDITIONAL fiction includes Daniel Fuchs' sparkling short story of a young man who overreached himself to the extent of promising the girl in the case "A Mink Coat Each Morning." A standout job is William Fay's story of a prize fighter who just wouldn't stay washed up. There are other stories by Thomas Walsh and by Duane Decker. And, something we've been waiting for, a handsome Hercule Poirot solution to the mystery of "Sad Cypress," by Agatha Christie.

ADDITIONAL ARTICLES: Frank Condon explains the mystery surrounding the movie version of The Grapes of Wrath, the first surreptitious picture to come out of Hollywood for many a year, and John T. Flynn carries on with the third chapter of Moe Annenberg's life.

Collier's

January 20, 1940

This Week

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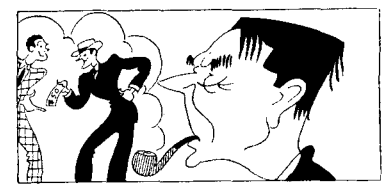
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
		JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

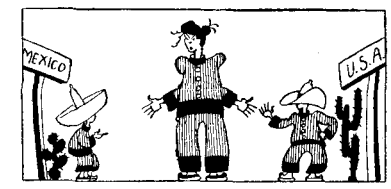
Any Week

IF YOU'RE a right-minded person you'll probably be pretty indignant to hear that someone's been in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, impersonating our colleague, Jim Marshall. Personally, we confess to a perverted admiration for those scoundrels who saunter into strange towns and offer rubber checks to total strangers—and get money for them. We've just got a letter from Mr. T. S. English, business manager of the Calgary Health Club. He says that a smoothie claiming to be Mr. Marshall stopped in his town long enough to cash a fifty-dollar check at the club and unload several equally bogus papers on prominent citizens. "We're wondering whether we've been entertaining a pseudo Jim Marshall," writes Mr. English, as indeed he had been. "His check was no good. He had a tiresome line of disjointed chatter which we attributed to his woeful experiences on the Panay. This man is about thirty, weighs a hundred and forty, has dark wavy hair, dark eyes with a droop over the left one, and a largish mouth." We hastened to wire Mr. English that his Jim Marshall was too handsome, too young, had too much hair and weight and anyway wasn't our Mr. Marshall, who has been sitting here in these offices with us for the past two months trying to figure out Japan's foreign policy, and tearing out what's left of his scant, straight hair. He's about to return to the Orient. We've told him that if he needs money to stop in Calgary.



IT WAS while we were wondering who was to blame for Indianapolis' huge war memorial column that a gentleman named Finneran spoke to us somewhat sternly about the match we had just thrown into the street. "It's against the law," said Mr. Finneran. Whereupon he explained that they've dug up an old statute in Indianapolis which forbids one to throw burnt matches or cigarette butts into the street. They can clamp you into jail or fine you for it. We asked Mr. Finneran what we were supposed to do about burnt matches and cigarette butts. "Save them and mail them to Wilbur Winship, our street commissioner," said he. "He dug up the law." We explained that we were just visiting Indianapolis and didn't know. "Tourist, hey?" cried Mr. Finneran. "All tourists ought to be arrested even if they don't throw things into the street."

"WILL you please observe," writes Mr. Albert Shan-Tien from Seattle, Washington, "that while Russia and Germany are striving to overthrow representative government in Europe, Japan is going gloriously ahead teaching us Chinese people the proper way of life and building for them the road to peace, prosperity and eternal good will."



HAVING done that we may as well report that the United States immigration authorities in Texas are still a bit dazed by a nasty problem handed to them by a Chinese woman who, eager to enter the United States, swam the Rio Grande near Eagle Pass. On this side of the frontier she gave birth to a baby who, because he was born here, might possibly be regarded as a citizen. But the youngster was scarcely here before the officers hustled the mother back into Mexico. And there she gave birth to another baby. A pretty situation indeed. One twin may be a citizen of the United States and the other a citizen of Mexico. And their mother is still a Chinese. Mrs. Mary Virginia Chiel of Laredo thinks we ought to do something about it.

BUT we're pretty well occupied at present with how to placate Mrs. H. L. Stein of Brookline, Massachusetts. Mrs. Stein was one of our incurable readers until she read Janet Lane's "Listen, Mrs. Legree," an article in defense of housemaids. Mrs. Stein says that no maid in her employ or in the employ of any of her relations and friends suffered unfair treatment. She suspects Miss Lane of Communist tendencies. "Only one girl ever left my employ of her own volition, and she was not well. I have dismissed several for incompetency, one or two for stealing food supplies, silver and clothing, two for sleeping on the job." Mrs. Stein adds that matters have been mended in her home and the cleaning and cooking are now superbly done.

BY MRS. STEIN . . . W. D.

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THE *Inside Story* OF THE MEN BEHIND THE WAR

JOSEPH STALIN
"Probably the most powerful single human being in the world", says Gunther, explaining how he is different from the other dictators.

ADOLPH HITLER
Began his political career as a spy for the Reichswehr ...that's only one of the bits which make the sections about him so interesting.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
"As British as beef", the burning question about him is whether he will compromise once again with the dictators; it is now doubtful.

BENITO MUSSOLINI
He fears most an early death, since most of his family have died at his present age. He was once in the pay of the French Government.

EDOUARD DALADIER
Nicknamed "the Bull", "the Inscrutable", "the Taciturn", — a stubborn man of the people, slow-witted, honorable.

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Man of many talents who, it is believed, will soon be the controlling figure in British conduct of the war — as Lloyd George was in the last.

He is always saying apologetically:

"I just can't find any time to read books!"

Yet... **IF HE SPENT (ON AN AVERAGE) ONLY 30 MINUTES A DAY—BEFORE BEDTIME, OR WHILE TRAVELLING TO OR FROM WORK, OR IN OTHER LEISURE MOMENTS—HE COULD EASILY READ EVERY BEST-SELLER DURING THE YEAR, AND A GREAT DEAL MORE!**

AN average of *only half an hour a day* would have enabled you to read, within the past few months, every one of the following widely-discussed new books:

ESCAPE *by Ethel Vance*
KITTY FOYLE *by Christopher Morley*
THE NAZARENE *by Sholem Asch*
MOMENT IN PEKING *by Lin Yutang*
THE GRAPES OF WRATH *by John Steinbeck*
THE YEARLING *by Marjorie K. Rawlings*
THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM *by Hermann Rauschning*
COUNTRY LAWYER *by Bellamy Partridge*
INSIDE ASIA *by John Gunther*
NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD *by Vincent Sheean*
WIND, SAND AND STARS *by Antoine de Saint Exupéry*
DAYS OF OUR YEARS *by Pierre van Paassen*

—or *any other* new books you may have been particularly anxious to read. Instead, you may have been confessing to friends that you could "never get around to reading books."

The dozen books listed above are among the leaders on all best-seller lists. It is an interesting fact that seven of them were chosen as the book-of-the-month by our judges.

Over 250,000 book-reading families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club by far the most effectual way to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

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Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book *in advance of its publication*. If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying from a favored bookseller. In other words, you can browse in bookstores as always, but now do it more intelligently; you know what to look for.

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

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John Gunther

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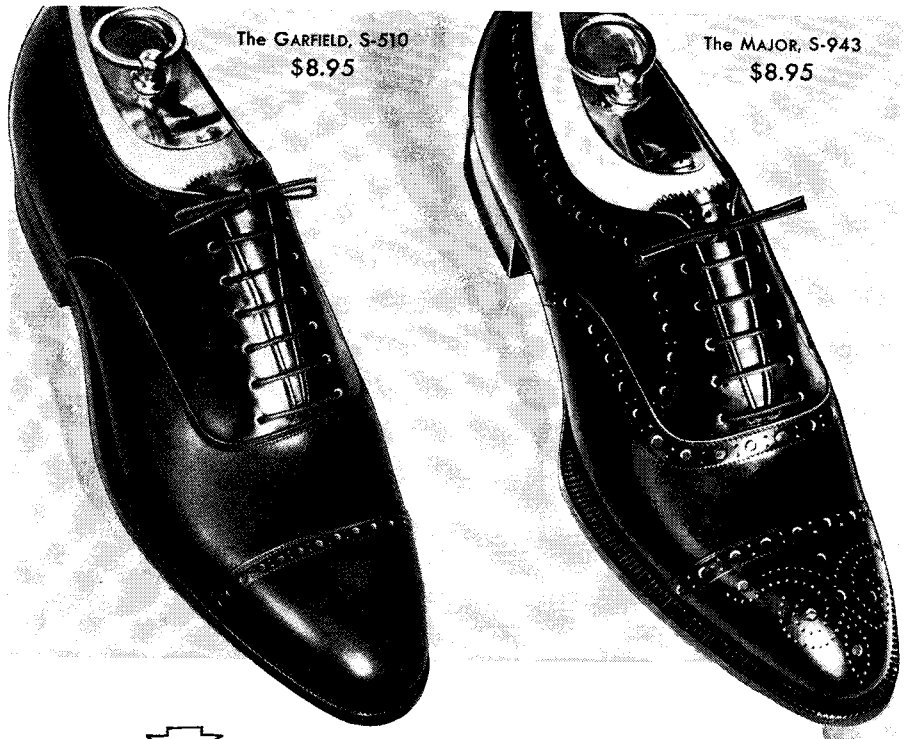

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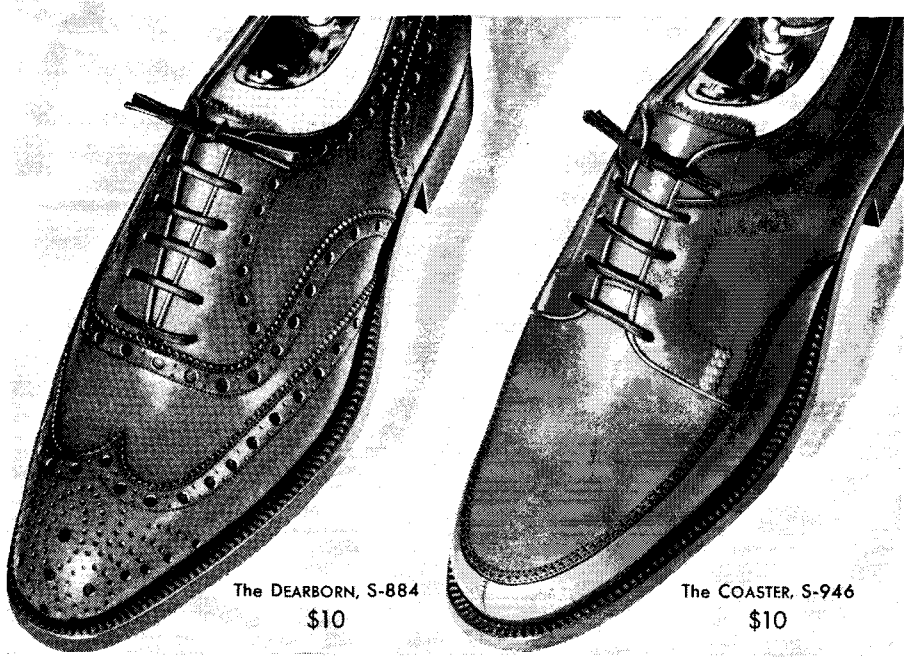

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although five-leaf clovers are far rarer than four-leaf clovers, finding one is widely believed to bring bad luck.—*By John H. Spicer, Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada.*

Although movies are banned on Sunday in hundreds of towns and cities, Sunday audiences account for one quarter of the total weekly income of American movie theaters.

More than sixty per cent of the money now paid out annually by the life insurance companies of the United States and Canada goes to living policyholders, not to their beneficiaries.—*By W. K. Carr, Tulsa, Oklahoma.*

As a courtesy to their customers or clients, about four hundred American firms now use the "reversed charge" telephone service through which all incoming calls are automatically charged to them when their special number is given to the operator.

In a recent experiment the Chicago Police Crime Detection Laboratory had seven college professors differentiate between four samples of their signatures, one being genuine, one an expert forgery, one a tracing and one written with no attempt at imitation. Only one man identified his own signature as genuine and recognized the other three specimens as nongenuine.

Central and South American countries are deluged today with Nazi propaganda, broadcast in both Spanish and Portuguese, which comes from German-made records played over local stations as well as from short-wave programs from Berlin. Moreover, countless families use German sets, which are either sold at cost or given away.—*By Arthur Tatlock, Syracuse, New York.*

Many large companies no longer invent and develop machinery, devices and processes for their own exclusive manufacture and sale. For example, Westinghouse and General Electric, although highly competitive, freely cross-license each other.

In Great Britain, the fees of barristers, or trial lawyers, still are regarded as gratuities and, therefore, cannot be collected through legal action.

The Appalachian Trail, the longest marked footpath in the world, begins on Mount Katahdin in central Maine and ends on Mount Oglethorpe in northern Georgia, a distance of 2,050 miles. It passes through fourteen states, two national parks, six national forests and approximately twenty state parks and forests.—*By Mrs. A. K. Cass, Grants Pass, Oregon.*

The pressure of water at a depth of forty fathoms, or 240 feet, is so great that it will not only prevent a cork from rising to the surface, but will compress it into a small, hard pellet.—*By Bernard R. Meinz, St. Cloud, Minnesota.*

A little more than fifty years ago, the United States had no country clubs. Today we have almost 4,800, with about 600,000 members, whose expenditures for dues, fees, liquor and food closely approaches $400,000,000 a year.—*By Ruth L. Jaffee, Newark, New Jersey.*

A new organization in New York supplies capable young women between the ages of twenty and thirty years to act as "proxy parents," taking children to theaters, schools, parties, dentists' offices and on shopping tours. They also stay with children while parents are away for the week end, and meet trains and chaperon girls who come to the city for a visit.

The world's largest produce exchange under one roof is the new Farmer's State Market in Pompano, Florida. This giant structure, which is 1,000 feet long and 98 feet wide, can hold 700 freight cars at one time.—*By Ward Warburton, Miami, Florida.*

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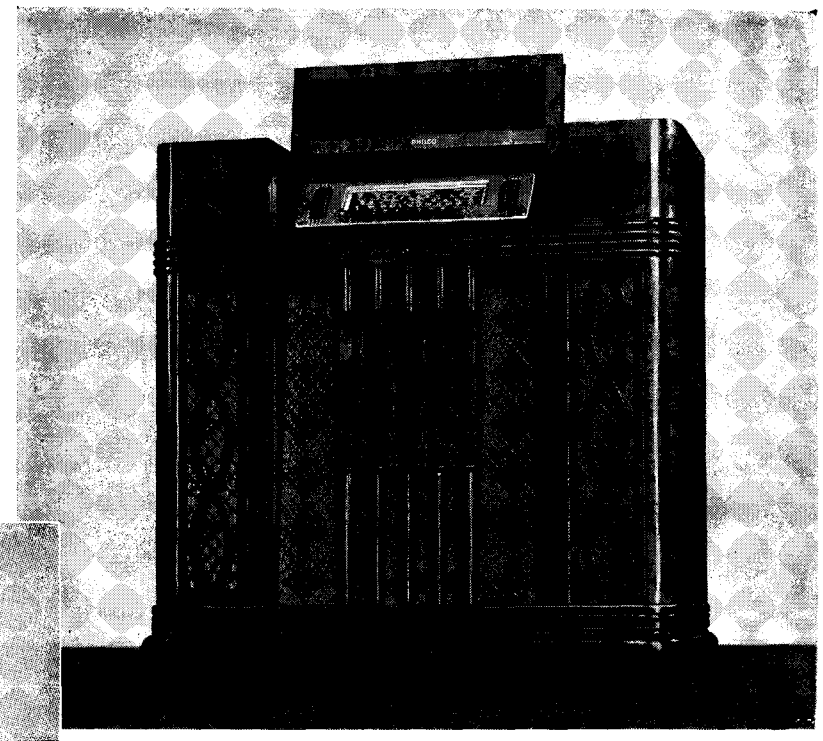

PHILCO 201XX CONSOLE OF EXQUISITE NEW BEAUTY (*above*). A quality radio in a gorgeous cabinet of highly figured Walnut. The low, wide outlines, the scroll panels, the graceful lid that covers the controls, all combine to create an air of luxurious richness, enhancing the setting of any room. A super-powerful American and Foreign receiver with Built-in Super Aerial *System.* No outside aerial needed . . . just plug in anywhere and enjoy purer tone, greater freedom from noise in any location. 11 tubes, Electric Push-Button Tuning. *Yours for only $13.95 down.*

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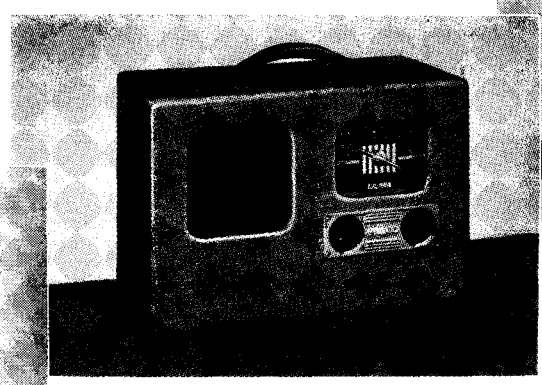

PHILCO 84T BATTERY OR "PLUG-IN" PORTABLE (*above*). Operates either from self-contained battery or from any AC or DC electric outlet. Saves battery where house-current is available. Plays anywhere, indoors or out. Compact, attractive airplane cloth case.

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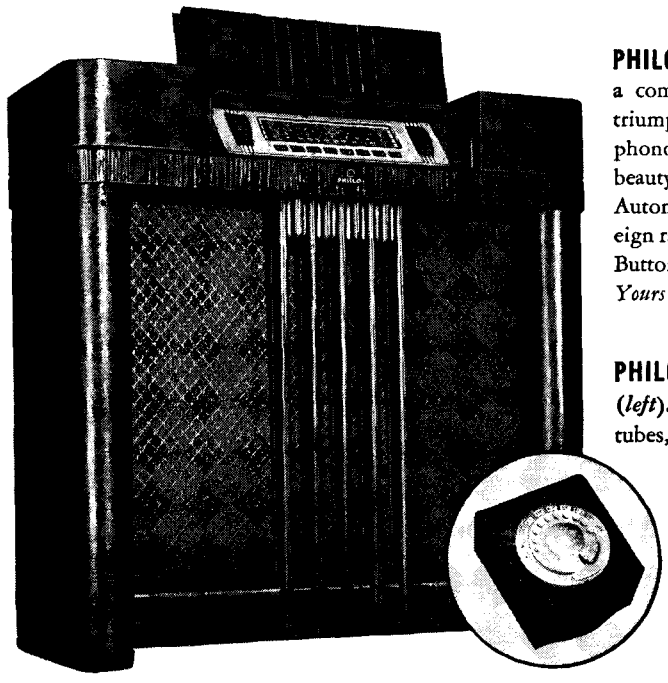
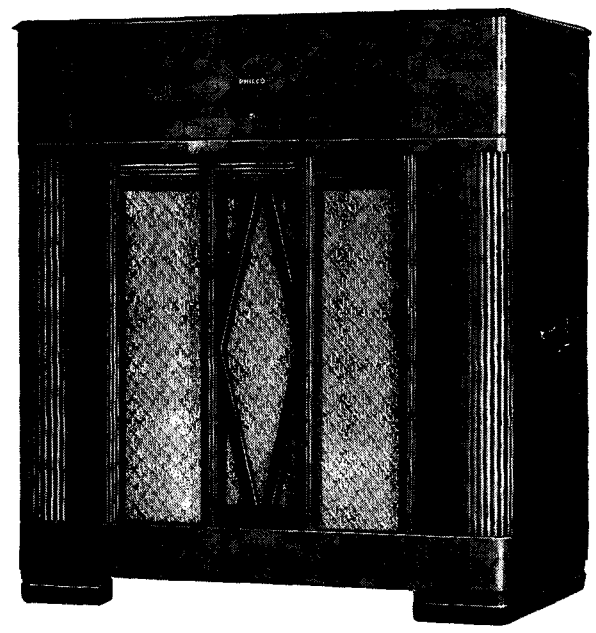


PHILCO 508 RADIO-PHONOGRAPH (*right*). This is one of a complete selection of radio-phonographs, presenting new triumphs of tone, operation, cabinet beauty and value! Special phonograph circuits with doubled sound output give you new beauty of tone at every price. Model illustrated has improved Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. American and Foreign radio reception. Built-in Super Aerial *System*, Electric Push-Button Tuning. Richly figured hand-rubbed Walnut cabinet. *Yours for only $14.95 down.*

PHILCO 217RX WITH WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL (*left*). A new version of the world's most thrilling radio! 12 tubes, American and Foreign reception, Built-in Super Aerial *System* . . . *plus* Wireless Remote Control of favorite stations. You tune from any room in your home *without wires or connections to the radio!* Magnificent Inclined Sounding Board cabinet of costly Walnut woods, with folding lid that covers the Inclined Control Panel. Liberal trade-in allowance and convenient monthly payments.



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Collier's The National Weekly for January 20, 1940

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Blood on the Snow

By Martha Gellhorn

BY RADIO

Over mined bridges where skidding means death, over icy roads and paths where skidding is the least of dangers, Collier's Martha Gellhorn visits the front in Finland and sees there the things she tells about in this vivid article

DRAWINGS BY GREGOR DUNCAN

THE road was just wide enough for the car and here it narrowed at a bridge. The blued lamps of the car only dimly lighted the frozen snow four feet ahead. "Be careful," the soldier said to our driver.

We had been driving in low and now seemed barely to move. Suddenly the tail-light showed a red-painted pole to the left. The bridge felt different from the road, smoother and even more slippery. When we were across, the soldier let out his breath. "That's pretty dangerous," he explained. "Those mined bridges—if you skid, I mean. One of our men hit such a mine and we couldn't even find him. There's another to cross now." The car had cleared the side of the bridge by less than a foot.

Our civilian driver turned on his full lights; he wasn't crossing any more of those bridges in the dark. The black, close-growing pine forest stood out against the snow, and the ice on the road flickered. We crossed the second bridge and the driver sighed and the soldier offered me a cigarette. Ahead of us a staff car painted dead-white—the camouflage color here—blinked its lights twice, turned a corner and suddenly sped along a narrow road past an open, snow-covered field. We followed with full lights at a more sensible pace. The soldier muttered something, then the forest closed in again and the soldier spoke in a pleasant, conversational voice to the driver. The driver answered quickly. I asked what they were talking about. Finnish is not a language you can pick up in a short time. "He says," the driver translated, "that I really should not have kept my lights on going past that field, or else I should have gone faster. The Russians can see you from there, but he says they are poor marksmen and they have not managed to hit the road yet."

Nothing surprised me any more. This night war in snow and ice with unending forest hiding the armies was too fantastic to be true.

Our soldier guide, a lieutenant, wore a gray astrakhan cap and a romantic-looking but practical coat with astrakhan collar and trimming, and high, over-the-knee leather boots with turned-up toes, and he was twenty-one and answered to the nickname of Viskey. I had no idea where we were or where we were going because we had been driving for three hours since leaving Viipuri on these unmarked glassy roads.

Now Viskey said stop, and we piled out and joined the four staff officers from the car ahead. We spoke in whispers. Gun flashes from the Finnish batteries burned like summer lightning against the sky and the noise of the outgoing shells was very loud and blurred, and, like an echo, we would hear the explosions as they landed. For an hour I had been waiting to hear the Russian batteries reply and still they were silent.

Ahead of us a line of soldiers loaded the small lightweight sledges they use for transport. Sledges are the nearest you can come to mechanized efficiency in these forests and on these roads. The line of soldiers stretched far forward into the darkness. I thought it was

The talk was friendly and unrevealing, as it always is with high army officers, and at last I asked for permission to go to the front

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probably a company of 150 men but couldn't be sure; most of them, wearing white overalls over their uniforms, seemed part of the snow and the dark-dressed ones were lost against the dark trunks of the trees.

They moved fast but in absolute silence, and from time to time the gun flashes would light up a man bending to fix his boots or another slapping his hands for warmth.

Then a clear, crackling word was shouted down the line. It came from the leading officer commanding this action and was passed on by every twentieth man, and now it sang out over the road, and the sledges and men began to move forward. "Follow!" called a voice from the darkness. "Follow!" the other voices echoed.

This was the first big night operation of the war. The Russians were less than three quarters of a kilometer ahead, and all that day they had been maneuvered into a trap. The Finnish colonel in command of this sector believed there was an entire Russian division caught in the pocket.

The Army Takes Precedence

Two battalions of soldiers with sledges, moving into the darkness, were to circle and pass the Russian lines and attack from the rear while other mobile units attacked from the front. So now we watched these go, and heard behind us the rumble of trucks and we stepped backward into the ditches to leave the road clear as heavy ammunition trucks, burning glowworm lights, drove up and stopped. The road seemed to be blocked with incoming supplies.

An officer I had known for three hours, and who was therefore an old friend, loomed up and said, in German, "Get in your car. You must go back. This is the height of stupidity, and besides your cars are in the way." He said something sharply to Viskey, who laughed and took my arm.

The officer who ordered us back had been an assistant professor of sociology at the University of Helsinki. He had a puckered, thoughtful face and wore glasses and took his responsibilities seriously. We returned as we came, following the almost invisible white staff car. We drove on the slant toward the ditch to let more trucks pass and behind them came caravans of supply sledges, and three Red Cross sledges that would serve as ambulances. We brought Viskey to what seemed nothing more than one pine tree out of many but was actually the point of entry into the clearing where his tent stood. Later we drove slowly alongside a company of soldiers returning from the front. Their light field guns were on horse-drawn caissons; their sledges were piled high with bicycles and skis, the cavalrymen slept on their horses, the wagon cookstove smoked faintly, and in two large trucks men slept rolled up together, dark and shapeless.

Half-frozen and very tired, we reached the great bombed city of Viipuri at five-thirty in the morning. We had left Helsinki at five-thirty the morning before. That was the end of the night but all of it had been strange enough.

At eight o'clock, in the beginning of the night, we had come upon GHQ. It was on a large, rambling country estate with many barns, stables and outbuildings. We found staff headquarters and were ushered into a ballroom with pale blue walls, lace curtains, cut-glass chandeliers and a grand piano. From this we were led into a small, equally elegant salon where scale maps were pinned on the wall and a long, businesslike table was the only furnishing. The general, a gray, slender, shy man, came in presently from a trip to the front.

The talk was friendly and formal and unrevealing, as it always is with high army officers, and at last I asked for permission to go to the front. The general said presently that it would be impossible—I would have to walk eight kilometers through these forests where every inch of ground seems either taken up by a tree or a granite boulder, and between rocks and trees the snow drifts as high as your neck. I said, from French to Finnish via the aide de camp, that I was perfectly prepared to walk through anything. I had argued with officers before and knew that it was a losing game. Nothing was decided, as far as I could make out, though a rapid discussion went on in Finnish.

We shook hands with the general, and a sentry guided us across the grounds to a remodeled church where supper was being served. You helped yourself from a side table. Piles of butter over a foot high stood on the table and there was macaroni with cheese and fine meat in a creamy brown sauce and every kind of bread and many pitchers of milk and lemonade. This is the sort of extraordinary food that is given the army everywhere. The entire army—officers, men, and even aviators—function on total prohibition, which is a comment on its discipline and the excellent state of its nerves. After dinner we were told to get in our cars. I still did not know where we were going. It took us two hours to drive twenty-five miles. We stopped at a farmhouse and picked up a guide. After a few minutes we stopped again and followed our guide into the forest and almost stumbled on a large round tent. The troops who had been fighting a retreating guerilla action for five days, giving the army time to get in its present position, were now encamped invisibly in these woods and catching up on their sleep.

We crawled through the tent opening and twelve soldiers woke up in surprise. They were all very young—boys who were doing their regular military service and had gotten a war instead of academic practice. They came mostly from central Finland and were farmers' sons. The tent was the warmest place I had been in that day. Their officer, a young man with Prince Albert sideburns, spoke English and translated as they recounted how they had stopped tanks at twenty meters and how Russian infantry attacked.

Here, as everywhere else, I heard the same story about the Russian infantry column. They attacked en masse in line, and the hidden and dispersed Finns mowed them down with machine-gun fire. And here, as everywhere else, I heard soldiers and officers express regret that other men should have to die stupidly and wastefully like slaughtered animals.

We connected with Viskey here and the next step was field headquarters, another tent equally warm and comfortable and lost in the woods. The colonel showed us positions on his scale map and answered questions and joked and all this time an attack was starting.

It is not usual to find a field headquarters so calm and good-humored when real business is under way. Only once division headquarters telephoned to ask how things were going, and the answer was, "Fine!" Meantime, the Finnish batteries, scattered through these woods, were preparing the attack with a fairly heavy bombardment. The sound of an outgoing shell is a cozy thing.

In Indian Fashion

The Finnish batteries, eighteen guns here, were using three- and six-inch shells. The colonel told me that the Russians used ten-inch shells but that the firing was inaccurate, there were many duds, and the shells had a low explosive value. He also said that the Russians used 150- to 250-kilo bombs on this front, and despite low flying they were inaccurate in their work. He showed me on a map how his men, divided up into small, swift units, attacked in five different places over a fifty-kilometer radius in one day. They can and do fight like Indians, in woods which they know as well as we know the orderly streets of our own neighborhoods. The weather now was not the best for them, as it was too snowy for bicycles and too early for skis, but the snow had started and the whole army would soon change to skis, which gives them a tremendous advantage of speed. Every Finn moves on skis as other people walk.

From this place you could see the sky marked with fire from burning villages, and we had passed on the road numerous small fires reflected in a lake. These small fires were from burning hay; the Finns systematically destroy anything that may be of use to the enemy, and the burning villages before the lines were either fired by occasional Russian shells or by the retreating villagers themselves or by the Finnish army. The Russians come to a bare and unfriendly country where there is nothing to eat and little or no shelter.

Also in the dark, we had passed the Mannerheim Line; the Finnish army was still in front of its own fortifications.

The Mannerheim Line crosses the bottleneck of the Karelian Peninsula in a triplicate defense of granite border tank traps, barbed wire and trenches. But nature itself has provided the Finns with the best defense—the forest studded with rocks and broken with countless lakes, icy weather and a gray, cloud-thick sky. I don't know what is going on in the north, where it is no more than 125 miles from the Russian border to the Finnish coast of the Bothnian Gulf and the vital railway line that connects Finland with Sweden. Nor does anyone know what the Russian army has in store or what the Russian aviators can produce. But, those days on the southern front, I thought it would not be fun to be a Russian soldier.

At eight-thirty in the morning, after three hours' sleep, we heard the siren wail over Viipuri and we descended to the concrete-walled hotel garage. Nothing happened. Then the snow started, soft and steady, and the day promised to be safe.

We went to the Viipuri prison to visit the captured Russians. The chief warden of this prison was a spare gray man with pince-nez and a stammer and the gentle manner of a professor. He was talking in Russian with a Soviet flier.

The flier was a man of thirty-two with

Skis give the Finns an advantage in speed. Every Finn moves on skis as other people walk

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a sad, tired face and two days' growth of beard, and he stood as straight as his fatigue would let him and answered questions in a humble, soft voice. I asked whether he had any family. He did not move and his voice did not change, but standing so, tears rolled down his face, and the warden and the jailers turned away because they did not want to look at this.

The flier said in the same soft voice that he had two children, one so high and the other so high, and his beloved wife and another child on the way. He simply stated these facts, not asking for pity, but his loneliness was terrible to see.

We walked down stone steps into the cellar and two Russian soldiers were let out of barred cells. They also stood in this tight, rigid manner, and I thought probably they expected to be shot every time they were called out of their cells. One was a tall man of thirty-seven, and the other a boy of twenty-three. They had had two and three months' military training respectively. They were very thin, their clothes were the crudest cotton pants and coats in this desperate climate, and the Finns were shocked because they were so louse-infested. These prisoners answered questions shiveringly also, and repeated what all the others had said: They were told Finland was attacking them, and so they were fighting to save Russia. The individual man, in trouble and alone and lost, is pitiful, and these were as pitiful as any I had ever seen. The warden allowed me to give them cigarettes, thus breaking a prison rule of seventeen years standing and proving also that he was a kind, unhating old man.

Fog Aids the Finns

The roads are as ghastly by day as by night. The cars spin like coins, skidding on ice and gently descending into ditches. We arrived in the dark at the town where we were to sleep, and the next morning they gave a fine imitation of the best London fog. The Finns seemed very lucky in these matters. This town was a bombing objective for the enemy and an unhealthy place to be in clear weather.

I was taken to the great airfield of this sector, where fighting planes are stationed. Not much can be written about it. Even when you were on the field you could see nothing. The planes were hidden in the woods and in their own dugouts and all the vastly complicated organization work was carried on in dugouts which looked from the ground like snowdrifts. The planes—fast single-seater pursuits—were imported from Holland; some of them had been copied in Finnish factories.

We stepped over sweet-smelling pine boughs that camouflaged a dugout where the crack pursuit squadron of Finland has its quarters. As always, one is astounded by the age of the pilots; they ought to be going to college dances, you feel, or cheering at football games. Their dugout was warm and cheerful and one of the pilots played a guitar. The squadron commander, a new hero of Finland, answered questions for a time politely and then said, "Do you want to hear a sad Finnish love song?" I said I would be delighted, and one aviator sang while the blond one played his guitar and the squadron commander, when it was over, remarked with a lovely quick, humorous smile, "*Paris et l'amour.*"

The flight lieutenant, a tall man of thirty with a beautifully chiseled face, brought down two planes in one day. The second one, from a distance of thirty meters, splashed him with oil as it fell. All these men were modest and jolly, the way the brave men are. I learned that they go up, alone or in twos, to fight off any number of oncoming bombers. The flight lieutenant on his big day had been fighting alone against thirteen Russian bombers. He told me, in passing, that some years ago he tried to get a job flying transport between New York and Boston but that he failed to get the job because the American company didn't think he was good enough. He said, of course, it was much easier to fly pursuit planes in war.

WANT TO PLAY BALL, TOVARISCH?

DRAWN BY **LOW** FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

Stalin Won't Win Easily

The colonel of this air regiment told me about the Russian bombers. He said he thought they were good planes but slow. The Finnish pursuits have a greater speed at low altitudes and their speed increases with height. The Russians' top altitude for maneuvering is eight thousand meters, but they have been flying low throughout this war, both over the cities and above military objectives because the ceiling forces them down.

A Russian squadron is nine planes and they have been flying bombers without any accompanying protective pursuit planes, which he could not understand. The colonel believed they were flying now from their field at Nogorod, which is several hundred kilometers inland from the Russian coast, and their pursuits simply did not have enough fuel capacity to convoy the bombers, fight and return. The bomb load of these Russian planes is approximately a thousand kilos and they carry their very light incendiary bombs in barrel containers. At this field all the captured Russian pilots were interviewed and the Finns were surprised that such inexperienced men had been sent against them. They found that the average actual flying hours of these Russian pilots was ten hours per year, and one Soviet flier stated that in Russia the aviators have been told the Finns have neither anti-aircraft nor pursuit planes. The Finns have both in small quantity, but splendidly manned.

One cannot know what will happen in a war from one day to the next and certainly guessing is even more hazardous in a war between such unequal forces, but it is safe to say that the Finns have a trained army, helped by knowledge of the terrain; the soldiers are well equipped and wonderfully fed and the pilots are apparently, from results already shown, extra good. The army has that sound and comforting gaiety of good troops. It has confidence in its leaders. And it has the determination of those who fight on their own soil. The flight lieutenant spoke for them all when he said, "They will not get us as a present." ★★★

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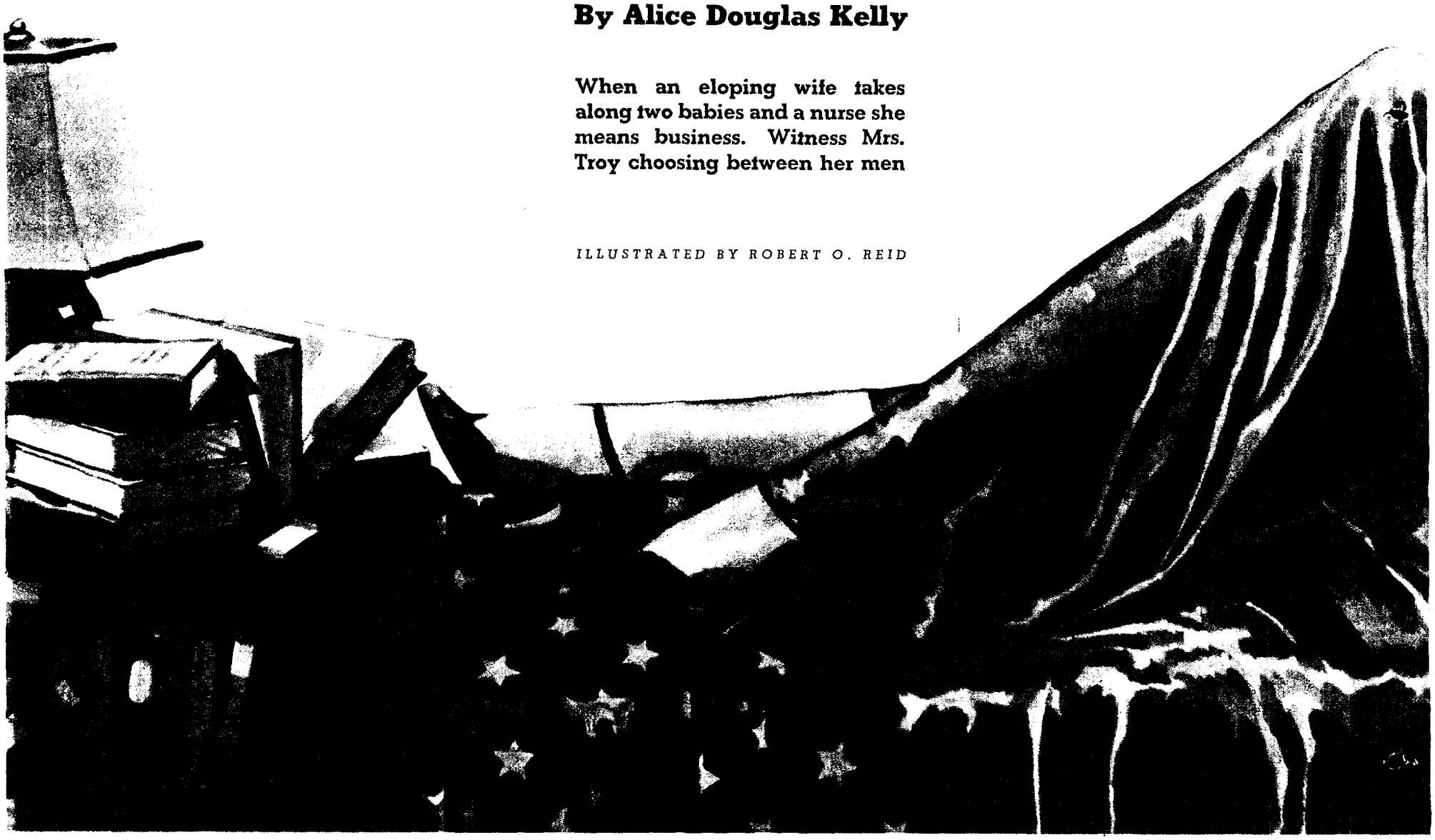
COFFEE FOR TWO

By Alice Douglas Kelly

When an eloping wife takes along two babies and a nurse she means business. Witness Mrs. Troy choosing between her men

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



ON ANGEL'S way to the bathroom she glanced into Ritzy's room. He was sound asleep, making a huge bunch under the blankets, his long legs sprawled, only his thick, fair hair visible.

That was a relief, but Angel still let the shower drip instead of flow. Her morning baths were always furtive. Ritzy, who could not be aroused without dynamite to keep an important appointment, wakened at the merest ripple of domestic activity.

Furtive or not, the water did, however, take some of the ache out of Angel's bones. She prolonged the moment and made up for it by rapid dressing, thanking her stars that her coppery hair curled naturally and that her dark skin glowed with color.

In the living and dining rooms there was a horrid shambles. And Angel practically ran from room to room, scraping and piling dirty dishes and ash trays, tidying and dusting. . . . Neither Hinckes nor Judy ever minded piles of dishes or a depleted larder, but if they got up to find a clutter they sulked and Ritzy noticed it and raged and wouldn't work and Angel didn't feel that she could change servants again.

She rubbed her forehead irritably. She was tired of headaches. She thought wistfully of coffee and the cinnamon buns she had bought the day before. She had an inordinate sweet tooth, but Ritzy hated even to see desserts and she had very little time alone.

Even now, as she went hopefully toward the percolator, a gurgle like doves under eaves reached her ears and she moved as if the soft sounds had been gunshots. But the minute she got into the nursery she forgot her headache and fatigue and the horrible day ahead of her. Boy and Girl were up on fat legs in their apple-green cribs and they said, "Mum," in an enthusiastic duet. She grinned at them but she said, "*Sh-h-h,*" in response. She sometimes wondered what it would be like not to have to hush the twins. As she kissed each one under its second chin she thought once more how lucky she had been to have the two at once. For an only child seemed to her forlorn, but she knew that she could not have seen Ritzy going once more through the upsets of her motherhood.

Katie came in and beamed upon Angel, then she frowned. She had been Angel's own nurse and she did not approve of seeing her tired and harassed. "You sh'd have called me," she said severely. And then swiftly: "Now then, now then, Richard! What kind of a boy is it would pull his sister's hair, and her with only one lock at that? Poor Angela!"

She picked up the whimpering girl and soothed her. Angel patted the erring and furious boy. "Never mind," she said. "You'll break lots of girls' hearts before you're through."

KATIE looked at her sharply. "You're tired out," she said.

"A little," Angel admitted. "But I'll rest this week end."

Katie nodded. "That's right. You're five years married, ain't you?"

"Yes." Angel drew a deep, quick breath. "And we're going off by ourselves, not even a typewriter with us, and we're going to stay in the House. You and the babies, of course . . . but not one single dull thing. . . ."

"That'll be nice," Katie answered noncommittally. "Well, I'll just put this girl down an' go get her cereal an' some for himself, too. . . ."

She put Girl down and the baby stared at her incredulously. Then she opened a small mouth very wide, inflated her lungs, and called upon Heaven and the entire apartment to witness the faithlessness of friends. Both women laughed at her, but their laughter ended abruptly. The nursery door exploded inward and Ritzy strode in, blond hair on end, his handsome face scarlet and irate.

"For Pete's sake!" he bawled. "It isn't enough that I work till I drop trying to keep this household . . . that my nerves are in rags and my head is splitting, but I have to be wakened at dawn by squalling infants. . . . What do we hire servants for? What's anything for . . . ?"

Katie, with outrage in all of her big, square body, gathered an interested twin on each arm and left.

"Never mind, darling," Angel said. "Come back to bed. Oh, yes, you can rest. Come on now. . . ."

She went with him back to the bedroom and chatted affably as he climbed between the crumpled sheets. She brought him black coffee and aspirin. And presently he smiled at her and his smile always tore at her heart.

"Am I a beast?" he asked.

"Yes," Angel assured him.

"But you love me?" He laid his hard cheek against her hair.

"Heaven help me, I do!" Angel answered. She leaned against his chest for a moment. "Oh, my heart . . . my dear heart . . ." she murmured barely audibly, and his big arms tightened around her. Presently she sat up. "You'll have to get started right away," she reminded him. "That story's got to be over at Jake's office by eleven-thirty."

Ritzy laughed. "Oh, yes?" he asked lightly.

Cold dread clutched at Angel. She sat up abruptly.

"Richard Troy!" she said heatedly. "You aren't going to refuse to finish that story just because you have a headache, when you know he's counting on it. . . ."

"But he isn't counting on it," Ritzy interrupted her calmly. "I told him last night that if I starved I'd never do another line for him as long as I lived."

There was a silence. Angel looked blankly ahead of her. She had had to pull every wire she knew to persuade Jake to take Ritzy back after their last quarrel. Since his first best seller, Ritzy had budgeted on a best-seller scale without regard to ups and downs.

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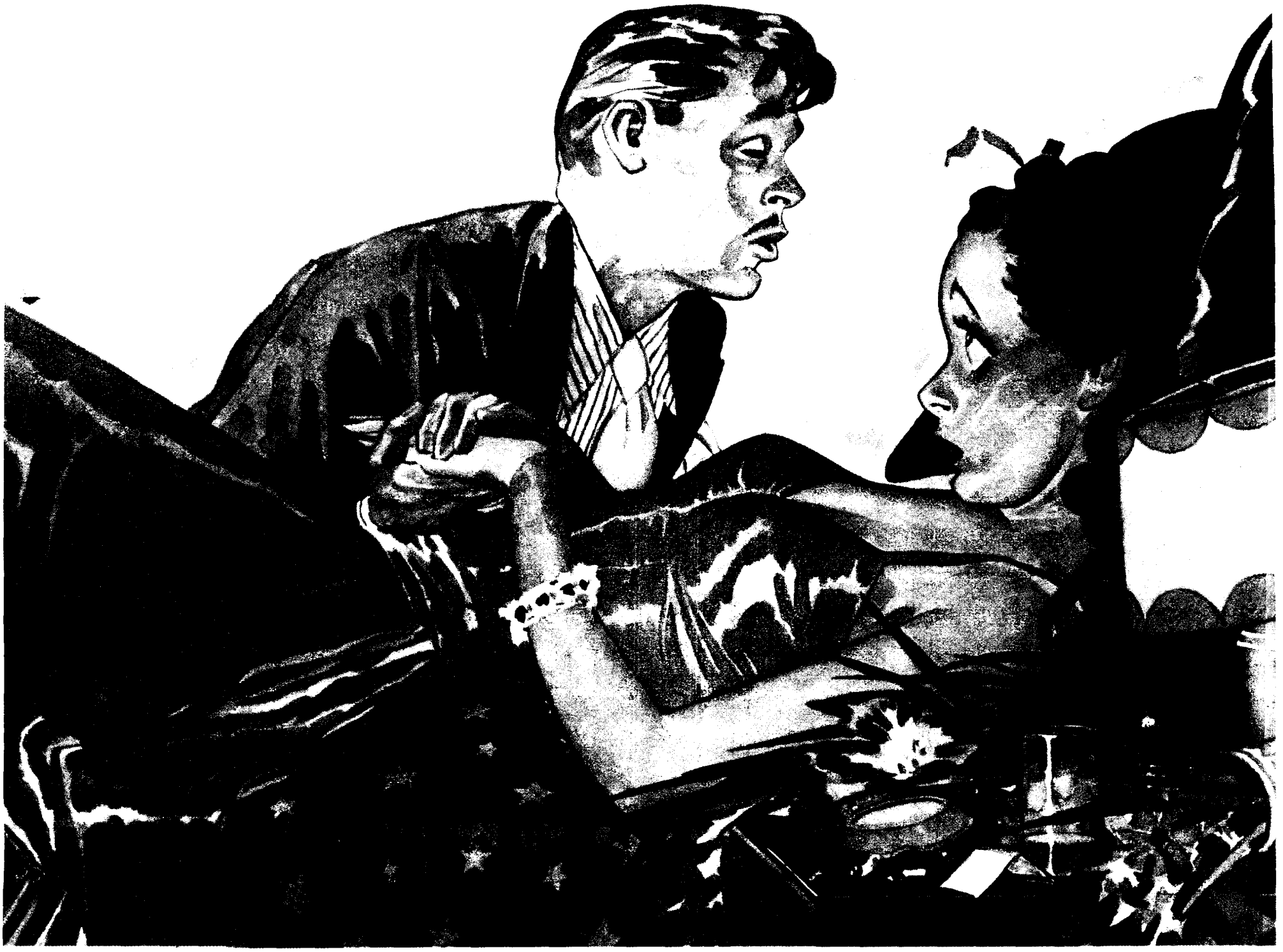

And he fought with everybody. But as long as Jake Oliver's syndicate signed on the dotted line, Angel didn't need to worry. If that failed there was plenty to be frightened about.

There was, however, no use showing panic, it would just make Ritzy obstinate. She said casually, "How come? Jake's paying you enough, isn't he?"

"It's not that," Ritzy said, "but he's trying to write the stuff now. Picked the last thing all to pieces. I argued with him and he got insulting, so I thought, 'To heck with it.' There are plenty more markets for my kind of stuff."

"Not so many," Angel said curtly.

SWIFT alarm came into Ritzy's eyes. "Am I slipping?" he demanded. It was his one fear and Angel played on it unscrupulously.

"Not when your stuff appears," she said slowly. "But when it doesn't . . . when Jake advertises you and then you don't come through . . . do you think your dear public blames Jake? No—they just *forget* you, and somebody else takes your place. You can't do it too often."

She paused and reached for Ritzy's half-empty cup of black coffee. It was stone cold but it made her feel a little less gone.

Ritzy said, "We-ell. . . . Only," he hastened to add, "if you think I'm going to apologize to that sublimated jackass. . . ."

"Nuts," Angel said succinctly. "You leave Jake to me. Only get busy and finish the revision. I'll take it over to him."

Ritzy swung his long legs out of bed. "Okay, Mrs. Legree," he said. "Tell Judy to swing a ham steak in the general direction of the frying pan and I'll be ready for my pick and shovel."

Angel got up, looking miniature in the lee of his vast size. "And darling," she said, "don't forget. . . . Falcon Book Club at two, Stacy's to autograph novels

What she had not expected to find was June lying on the couch, her blue eyes tearful, her hands in the tender clasp of a distraught crumpled Ritzy who was reasoning with the weeping woman

at three, lecture to Federation of Eastern Literary Societies at five. And this evening you go to the Publishers' Guild Banquet, *the* most important appointment of all. . . ."

"Just tell Judy to season that ham lightly with arsenic!" Ritzy said desperately.

"Well, you would write glamor and look it," Angel pointed out. "In a love-starved world you would find your mission." She giggled when he shook her. And, as he started for the door she said, "We spend the week end at the House, remember."

He looked bewildered then. "'At is so!" he said. "My, my, my, you've had almost five years of bliss, haven't you? What're you going to give me?"

"The House," Angel reminded him. "It's too beautiful."

"No phone?" he said. "No easy way of getting there? No mail delivery? You're darn' right it's beautiful."

As a matter of fact the House was only a glorified shack in the Connecticut woods. Angel had bought it on impulse. She wouldn't have lived in the country if the state of Maine had been sent her postpaid, but she did love the idea of getting Ritzy and the babies away for odd week ends.

And too, she wanted to get back to Ritzy. The Ritzy she had known before success made a third at every tête-à-tête they had. And she wanted to get back before a recent little touch of appraisal which had crept into her love became a permanent boarder in her heart.

She was counting the hours to the week end and the thought of it sustained her through a hectic morning, even through the moment when, going into the library for copy, she saw Ritzy's elderly and devoted secretary furtively slipping a note into his hand. This was the third time it had happened in seven days, and Angel realized that he must be encouraging a fan again. She sighed. She wasn't jealous. She had been jealous of June Seymour until June married. But June might have been serious. These others were not.

Angel knew that these "I-could-kick-myself-for-not-seeing-this-coming-little-girl" interludes served only to feed Ritzy's vanity and give him material for bigger and better stories. If he had attended to them himself, Angel wouldn't have paid any attention to them. But it always fell to her to provide balm for the eventual broken hearts and often inconvenient sums for return fares and she was tired of it. However, she couldn't stop to worry now. Jake was all-important.

SHE found him in his office looking managerial in a swivel chair. He smiled at Angel, but Angel knew that he was furious.

"Jake darling," she began, "I brought your story."

Jake's nice, wry face hardened. "What story?"

"Oh, dear!" Angel tried not to show how tired she was. "Don't be that way, Jake," she begged. "Ritzy was high last night. . . ."

"He was damned offensive last night."

"But he's sorry," Angel insisted. "And he's written a swell story, and he's going to change the other one and he won't drink again for ages."

"Meaning," Jake said scornfully, "that you persuaded him to stick to his contract and told him you'd manage me and save his mangy pride. . . ."

Angel blinked. Little black spots danced disconcertingly before her eyes. Jake took one look at her face.

(Continued on page 50)

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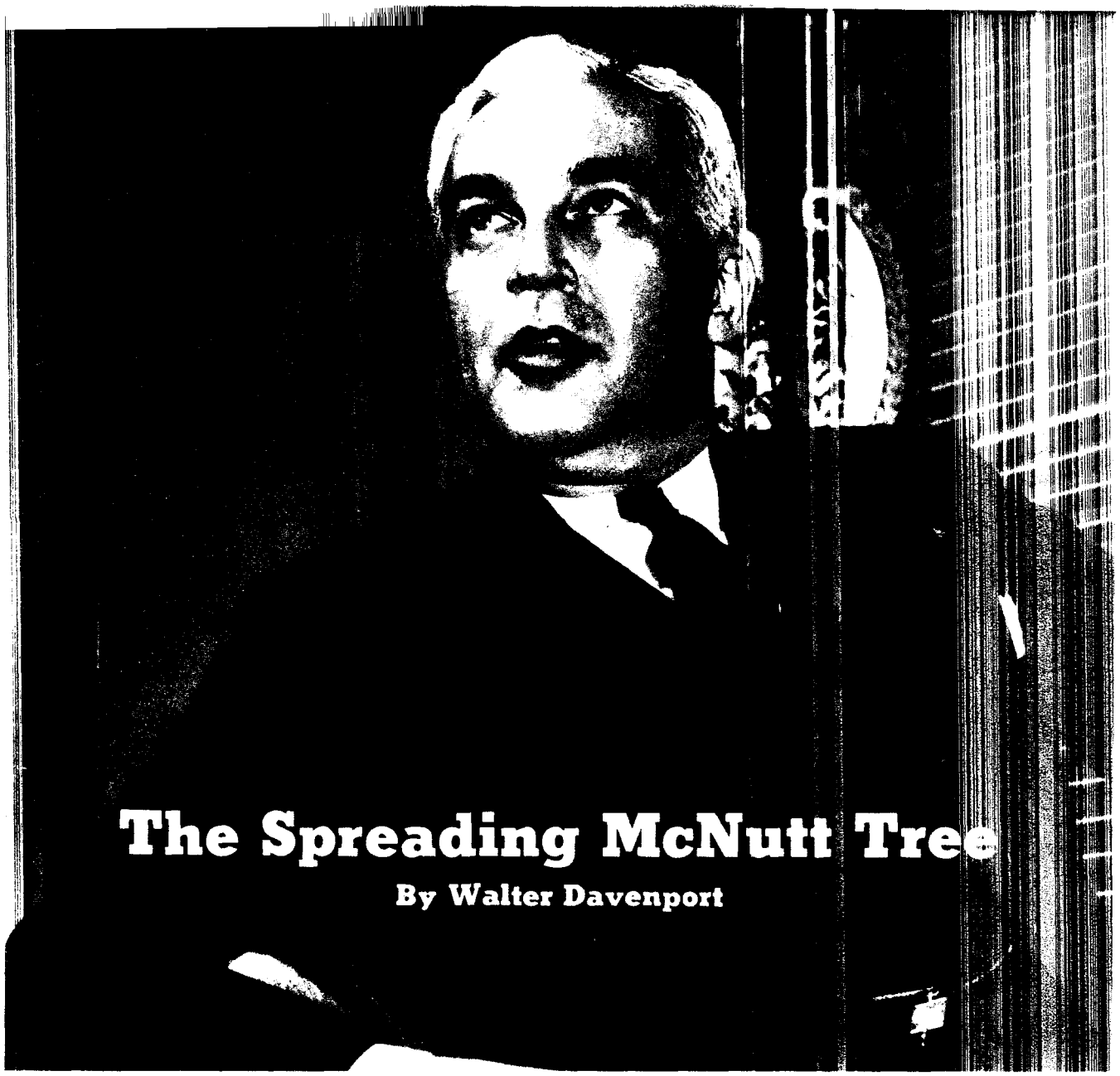

The Spreading McNutt Tree

By Walter Davenport

Indiana's Two Per Cent Club is justly proud of the job it has done in grooming Paul V. McNutt (left) for presidential candidacy. Below are Frank McHale and Bowman Elder, the Indiana political impresarios and two-per-cent specialists who discovered McNutt and have brought him to national prominence

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VALENTINO SARRA

IT WAS in the golden autumn in 1925 that Mr. Frank McHale of Indianapolis, sitting well up in front in a hall full of enthralled Hoosiers, turned to his immediate neighbor, Mr. Bowman Elder, and whispered: "Bo, do you see what I see?"

And Mr. Elder, a more impulsive person than Mr. McHale, controlled himself by closing and opening his eyes several times, and replied: "I was just going to ask you."

Neither Mr. McHale nor Mr. Elder, a stupendous team who were soon to take over the management of the Democratic party in Indiana, can clearly recall what they had heard that evening. Not that it made much difference. Until that moment they had been but two producers in search of a star. And now before them the heavens had opened. What they saw was a one-man galaxy—a promised land in pants.

So, taking one more look at the radiance there on the platform, they tiptoed forth into the night. And there they solemnly, wordlessly shook hands, a little fearful, perhaps, that someone would overhear and make off with their inspiration. On the morrow, steadied by sleep and somewhat calmer, they would interview this state college Siegfried whose name, albeit an ancient and honorable one, was the only note in their hymn of hope that might conceivably be called sour—McNutt. But McNutt it was, and nothing could be done about that. And even so, such was the magnificence of the fellow—limb, body, face and thatch—and such was the splendor of his speech and bearing, that all three of his names might be McNutt, and, properly sung, it would sound like a magnificat. Moreover, he was young—thirty-four. And he had brains—Dean of the School of Law, University of Indiana.

And thus it was, in effect, that Professor Paul Vories McNutt was discovered by the two prodigious impresarios who were to shepherd him skillfully, remorselessly, relentlessly to his current precarious prominence.

To step back a bit, there has, unhappily, been too much of the Jovian legend woven into the story of Mr. McNutt, able as the gentleman is.

When Messrs. McHale and Elder (Frank and Bo to you) saw their great light, the control of Indiana's democracy was slipping from the tired old hands of the Honorable Tom Taggart, the elder. Mr. Taggart, one of the last of that vanishing race of political bosses which gave us the Crokers, Penroses, Crumps, Pendergasts and Roger Sullivans, had been Democratic National Committeeman for Indiana since 1916. And very successful he was too, having given his country a Vice President—the Honorable Tom Riley Marshall, who served under Woodrow Wilson.

But since Wilson, the party had come unstuck and Mr. Taggart's years were bearing him down. When he died in 1929, his son Tom succeeded him as national committeeman and no one could have injected less enthusiasm into the job, there being nothing in particular to be enthusiastic about. Mr. McHale has since taken over—and you'd be surprised.

Indiana's Twin Political Geniuses

Such an unsalubrious situation was made to order for the Messrs. McHale and Elder who, hand in hand, have waxed rich and happy in their specialty of distilling profits out of other men's mistakes. Mr. Elder is a real-estate promoter. Mr. McHale is a lawyer. Mr. Elder, a man of vast and reverberating popularity, is the finance-minded one. The man's ability to summon money out of pockets and other dark repositories amounts to first-rate genius. What few of his business and social associations he isn't treasurer of he is receiver for—from the Indiana Railroad System, the American Legion and a number of realty corporations to a Methodist Church whose processional seems to have been Upward instead of Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Too, Mr. Elder was treasurer of the Hoosier Democratic Club, a populous but unpopular racket known as the Two Per Cent Club. We shall tell you about it in a few moments. With Mr. McHale, a director, he resigned his post in November. Maybe it was just as well. Both Mr. Elder and Mr. McHale—to say nothing of Mr. McNutt—would be better than satisfied if they never heard of two per cent again.

But now we must have you meet Mr. McHale, quitting this all too brief sketch of his partner by saying that Mr. Elder is a Presbyterian, fifty-one years old—two years older than Mr. McHale whom he outweighs by three pounds. Mr. McHale, a Roman Catholic, weighs a scant three hundred and seventeen.

Unlike Mr. Elder, Mr. McHale was not born to wealth. He is the suave son of a Fort Wayne saloonkeeper. In the University of Michigan, where Mr. McHale studied law, he roomed with another Democrat destined to rise—Mr. Frank Murphy, the mystical Attorney General of the United States. Without utter disregard for the truth, Mr. McHale is credited with being mentally somewhat more agile that Mr. Elder, although these gentlemen are remarkably complementary. Cryptically, Indiana sums it up thus: that Frank brings 'em in and Bo counts 'em. However, Mr. McHale's is the more fertile brain and the more serious; Paul McNutt was his idea.

Besides being attorney for virtually all of Indiana's brewers, Mr. McHale is Mr. Elder's lawyer, advising him in his many receiverships and real-estate promotions. Long before he became Democratic National Committeeman for Indiana, he was the brains and actual boss of his party in his state. He is a past commander of the American Legion, Department of Indiana, and might have been national commander—Mr. Elder being treasurer—had he not preferred to manage Mr. McNutt into that honor by way of measuring *(Continued on page 46)*

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"You're a mighty stubborn brute when you start after something, Charley," Hack said calmly

Saddle and Ride

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

ALTHOUGH he is well aware that pretty Lila Durrie is engaged to Ben Herendeen, a neighboring ranchman in the Powder Desert country, Clay Morgan courts her, wins her, marries her. From that time on, Morgan and Herendeen are bitter enemies. They do not come to an open break, however, until nine years after Lila dies, following the birth of a girl baby.

Trouble begins when Herendeen begins persecuting a number of destitute homesteaders and several unattached punchers —notably Ollie Jacks, whom his gunmen kill, and Hack Breathitt, who happens to be a friend of Clay Morgan. . . . Two girls—Ann McGarrah, with whom he frequently leaves *Janet, his motherless child, and Catherine Grant are in love* with Morgan. Long a close friend of Clay, Gurd Grant suspects that Catherine and Clay are having a secret "affair." So, deserting Clay, he allies himself with the Herendeen faction.

Two of Herendeen's men—Bones McGeen and Liard Connor—attempt to assassinate Hack Breathitt. Breathitt shoots, and kills, Connor; then, riding away, he goes into hiding. . . . Some "free" land (Government Valley) near the little town of War Pass is to be sold at auction. Herendeen and Clay both want that land. And Clay finally gets it (although Herendeen bribes a number of officials and almost succeeds in tricking him out of the chance to bid) by outbidding Charley Hillhouse, Herendeen's foreman.

Infuriated, Herendeen orders Pete Borders (a puncher whose reputation is none too savory) to go to Government Valley and "work over Morgan's stuff." Then, accompanied by a number of his gunmen, he rides to Freeport, some thirty miles distant from War Pass, where he has been told Hack Breathitt is hiding.

There he and Clay meet in a general store owned by Kern Case, one of Clay's closest friends. Hack Breathitt, it appears, *is in Freeport—he is hiding in a small hotel. . . . Following* some heated words, Clay and Herendeen have a knock-down-and-drag-out fight. They do not use their guns, and Clay gives Herendeen a terrible beating.

Then—after Herendeen's hirelings have set fire to the hotel and attacked Breathitt—Clay and Kern Case assist the poor fellow in making his getaway.

Slightly injured in the fight, Clay spends a restless night at home. And, in the morning, he rides to the house of the nearest doctor: Charley Padden.

VI

CHARLEY PADDEN was the only doctor in the country, a man turned rough and blunt by the kind of practice he had, somewhat profane and apparently calloused to pain in others. When he saw the broken finger and the bruises on Morgan's face, he said: "The other customer came in before daylight. I took four stitches in his lip. This is going to make you squirm, Clay. Want a drink of whisky first?"

"No," said Clay; "go ahead and don't talk so damned much."

Half an hour later he left Charley Padden's with his hand splinted and wound in tape, leading his horse. He stood a moment at the corner of the post office, dragging in the smoke of a cigarette Padden had rolled for him. He was damp and cold with his own sweat and his lips were narrowed down at the corners. Parr Gentry was, at the moment, opening up the stable doors; a roustabout swept the sawdust and debris of the previous night's play out of the Long Grade. On the edge of riding back to the ranch, he saw Ann McGarrah come to the door of her store. He turned that way.

Her eyes, so large and so dark, went over him swiftly, seeing the damage of the fight. The story was on him and she was wise enough to draw her own conclusions. She showed no sympathy and she said nothing but she put her hand to his elbow and drew him into the store. She had her back to him for a moment. When she turned, facing him again, he noticed the dramatic change in her eyes. They were black, they were alive with old, deep feeling. She touched his chest swiftly and lightly and afterward jerked both hands behind her, as if startled by that impulsive act.

"Clay," she said, "the Burnt Ranch stage came through here an hour ago. I know what has happened."

"You're up early. And you look fresh enough to kiss."

She spoke, half in anger and half in appeal: "Don't say that to me. Not like that. Not so—not so easy and so casual. Like a whisky drummer chucking a waitress under the chin." *(Continued on page 27)*

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Little Red Riding Hood

By H. I. Phillips

As a dictator would tell it

ONCE upon a time there was a poor, weak wolf. It was gentle and kindly and had a heart of gold. It loved everybody and felt very sad when it looked around and saw so much deceit, selfishness, strife, treachery and cunning on the loose. All it wanted was to be let alone.

Now in a cottage near the edge of the forest there lived a little girl who went by the name of Little Red Riding Hood. (It was obviously an alias.) She was a spy, a vile provocateur and an agent of capitalistic interests. Anybody could tell by one look at Little Red Riding Hood that she was full of intrigue. Her golden curls reeked with base designs. Her pink skin showed tyranny in every pigment.

To the casual spectator, perhaps, Little Red Riding Hood might seem just a pretty, little ten-year-old child, but this was a superficial piece of character analysis. The kid was not to be trusted an inch. She was a rattlesnake, a viper and an imperialist. And on top of all that she was not interested in peace or a better world order.

Little Red Riding Hood had a grandmother who lived about two miles away. Grandma was a louse too!

No wolves liked her. They never invited her anywhere.

It came to pass that one day the poor, weak, helpless wolf took an aspirin and some spring tonic, to brace himself up, and then went for a little walk.

When the wolf walked he liked to think things over. He liked to dwell on the unhappiness in the world and to think up ways for ending it and making everybody happy and self-sustaining. This took a lot of concentrating and when he was concentrating the wolf sometimes got lost in thought and didn't know what he was doing. Suddenly, and before he knew what was what, he found himself not only in Grandma's cottage but in her bedroom!

He had kicked down the door.

Grandma was pretty startled and demanded, "What is the meaning of this?"

"I am repulsing an invasion," the wolf explained, scorning all subterfuge.

Grandma was an aggressor. That was clear.

So the wolf ate her up.

It was a counterattack with pursuit.

Then the wolf heard footsteps in the hall. He was terribly frightened by this time. It had been such a harrowing morning.

Suddenly there came a faint knock on the door. The wolf realized at once that he was in for more persecution.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"Little Red Riding Hood," came the reply in a child's voice.

The wolf saw it all now. He was surrounded!

So he put on Grandma's nightgown and nightcap and jumped into bed, to do some more thinking. He liked to think in bed. It was next best to thinking when out walking in the woods.

"Come up, my child!" the wolf cried to Little Red Riding Hood, his teeth chattering with fear and apprehension.

Little Red Riding Hood started upstairs, and, oh, what an ordeal that was to the poor little wolf! It seemed that she would never make the top landing. "Clumph, clumph, clumph!" came her footsteps, stair by stair. "Clumph, clumph, clumph!"

The wolf was in terror, but he summoned all his courage and waited.

At last Little Red Riding Hood came striding into the bedroom. She was very overbearing, the big bully!

The wolf watched while she put down her huge basketful of groceries. "Poisoned food," he thought. The wolf was no fool. The wolf had been around.

"I've brought you some nice goodies, Grannie," said Little Red Riding Hood with a smile that might have fooled the democratic states, but that made no impression on the wolf. He knew that kind of smile. He had seen it on all photographs of international bankers in the newsreels. He saw that he was now in greater danger than ever.

"I don't feel like eating now," said the wolf, "we'll come to that later." He was just stalling for time, of course, as his eyes ran over Little Red Riding Hood from her ankles to her head. "Come, sit over here on the bed!"

Little Red Riding Hood jumped at the invitation. The wolf was now in a panic. Never had he been in such danger.

"Why, Grandma, what big eyes you have!" exclaimed Little Red Riding Hood, after a moment.

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"And, Grandma, what a big mouth you have!"

The wolf didn't like that crack. "The better to kiss you with, my sweet," he stalled.

"And, Grandma, what big teeth you have!" said Little Red Riding Hood.

THIS was too much. She was getting too personal. In fact she was exhausting the patience of the wolf. And if there was one thing the wolf couldn't stand it was having his patience exhausted.

"Ah, let's quit stalling!" the wolf cried, rebelling against deceit and trickery in any form. "I'm not your grandma. I'm a wolf. I'm a good wolf, a nice friendly wolf. I don't want any trouble with anybody. And what happens? First your grandmother ambushes me . . . and now you try to cut off my retreat!"

"What became of Grandma?" asked Little Red Riding Hood, always looking for trouble.

"I question the propriety of your asking me that question," said the wolf, who was a stickler for international law. "But if you insist, put it in writing and address it to me via the proper diplomatic channels."

"I want to know what happened to Grannie," repeated Little Red Riding Hood, pulling a knife on him.

Well, no self-respecting wolf could stand for a brazen attitude like that. And besides there was the matter of candor and honesty.

"Oh, well, since you want to know. I ate her up," the wolf announced. "I ate her in self defense."

Little Red Riding Hood got off the bed and stood looking at the wolf now. The wolf watched her weep and wring her hands. She gave way to all these emotions of ferocity, barbarism and hatred.

"Ah," said the wolf. "So now you are going to attack me, too!"

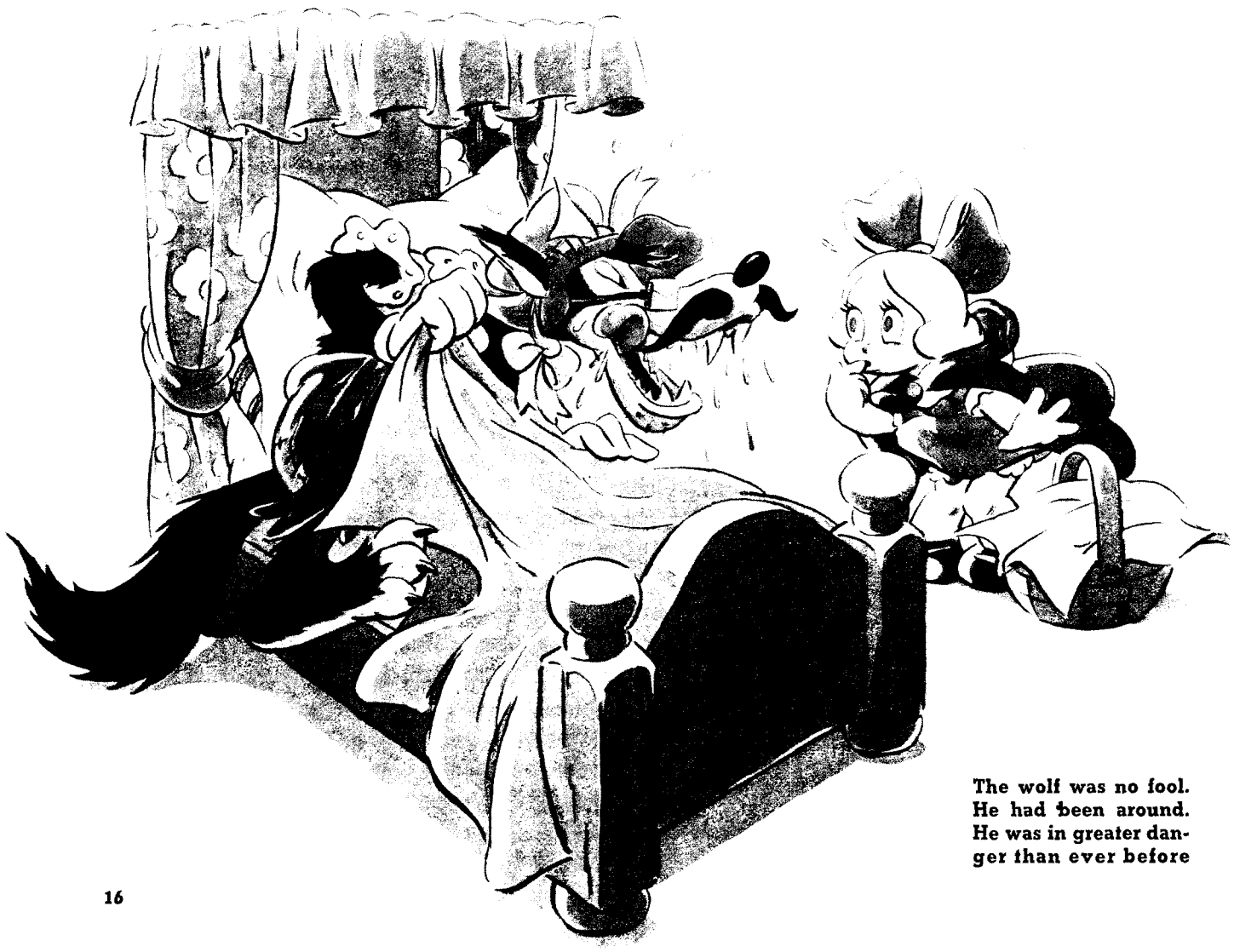
Little Red Riding Hood now got onto the floor on her hands and knees and showed her teeth. She crouched for a spring. She began growling.

There was not a minute to lose. The wolf was in deadly peril. He was encircled. This was a fight for his existence. Leaping from the bed, he struggled with Little Red Riding Hood, using nothing but his superior strength, his long claws, his enormous teeth and his jaws of steel, while the kid used brass knuckles, knockout drops, poison gas, a magnetic bomb, a sledge hammer and a hatchet.

Little Red Riding Hood fought savagely and barbarously, violating all the rules, ignoring all treaties and showing contempt for ethics. It was a terrific struggle. But the wolf won by sheer courage. He tore Little Red Riding Hood to pieces to preserve his dignity and ate her as a matter of principle.

"I'll teach 'em not to terrorize me," said the wolf, resuming his walk through the woods, thinking and thinking.

He was getting his patience back now.



The wolf was no fool. He had been around. He was in greater danger than ever before

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Wild Wheat

By Margery Sharp

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The rapier edge of irony cuts a delicate design among many human lives

ON AN afternoon in July, Sherrard was crossing Curzon Street at the Park Lane end when he saw on the other side of the road a woman he rather disliked. But there was no avoiding her, and within three minutes she had dragooned him into taking her to tea at Gunter's.

Though no longer a beauty, Mrs. Brocard still behaved like one, and Sherrard, who remembered the days when she and her husband were the best-looking couple in the army, had not the heart to disillusion her. Major Brocard was long dead, leaving no heir to his Greek profile and thick russet locks; the dark handsomeness of his wife had not so much faded as it had been swallowed up by increasing flesh. But she was still very pleased with herself. She always had been.

"This is evidently my day for meeting people!" exclaimed Mrs. Brocard, as she sat down at the tea table.

"Who else have you met?" asked Sherrard politely.

"My dear!" Mrs. Brocard's eyes sparkled as she reached to the tray of cakes almost at random. "My dear—of all people in the world—Phyllis Enwright!"

Sherrard took a cake for himself, and waited.

"You don't remember her?"

"Not from Eve."

"Well, I don't suppose you would." Mrs. Brocard seemed rather pleased. "Because it all happened at Goorie Pahar before the World War, and you were never there long enough, but we poor creatures—my dear, year in, year out, one of the *few* places in India where there's no excuse for going to the hills, and why that's considered an advantage I can't think—well, of course we couldn't help being interested. At least you remember Goorie Pahar?"

Sherrard nodded. Anglo-India of 1913 seemed inconceivably remote, but already Mrs. Brocard's disconnected chatter was bringing it back to him. Over a hundred bridge tables, in a hundred cantonments, such talk had identically and interminably flowed. It was probably flowing still. . . .

"And why," asked Sherrard, "were you so pleased to see Phyllis Enwright?"

"Because now I have her address I can go and call. Not that I care twopence for Phyllis—I never did—but I want to see her daughter. I've been wanting to see her daughter for years and years and years. For years and years"—Mrs. Brocard lifted her teacup and held it dramatically poised—"I have been a prey to the most burning curiosity! And so has every other woman who was at Goorie in 'thirteen. We want to know *who* the daughter looks like."

Sherrard digested this along with his éclair. Memories were coming back; he had a dim recollection of Phyllis Enwright.

"Didn't she play the piano?"

"She played my accompaniments," said Mrs. Brocard. "I expect that's why you remember."

Suddenly Sherrard had a very clear picture indeed—Mrs. Brocard in rose silk, teeth and eyes flashing, bosom aheave to the strains of Funiculi-Funicula; Phyllis Enwright, in muslin, perched like a white mouse on the piano stool. They were both women, as champagne and milk are both liquids; but there could have been no greater contrast. Sherrard even remembered catching the major's eye and surprising in it the same thought.

"That, of course, was why *(Continued on page 49)*

"However," said Mrs. Brocard, "all that was put a stop to, because her husband came home"

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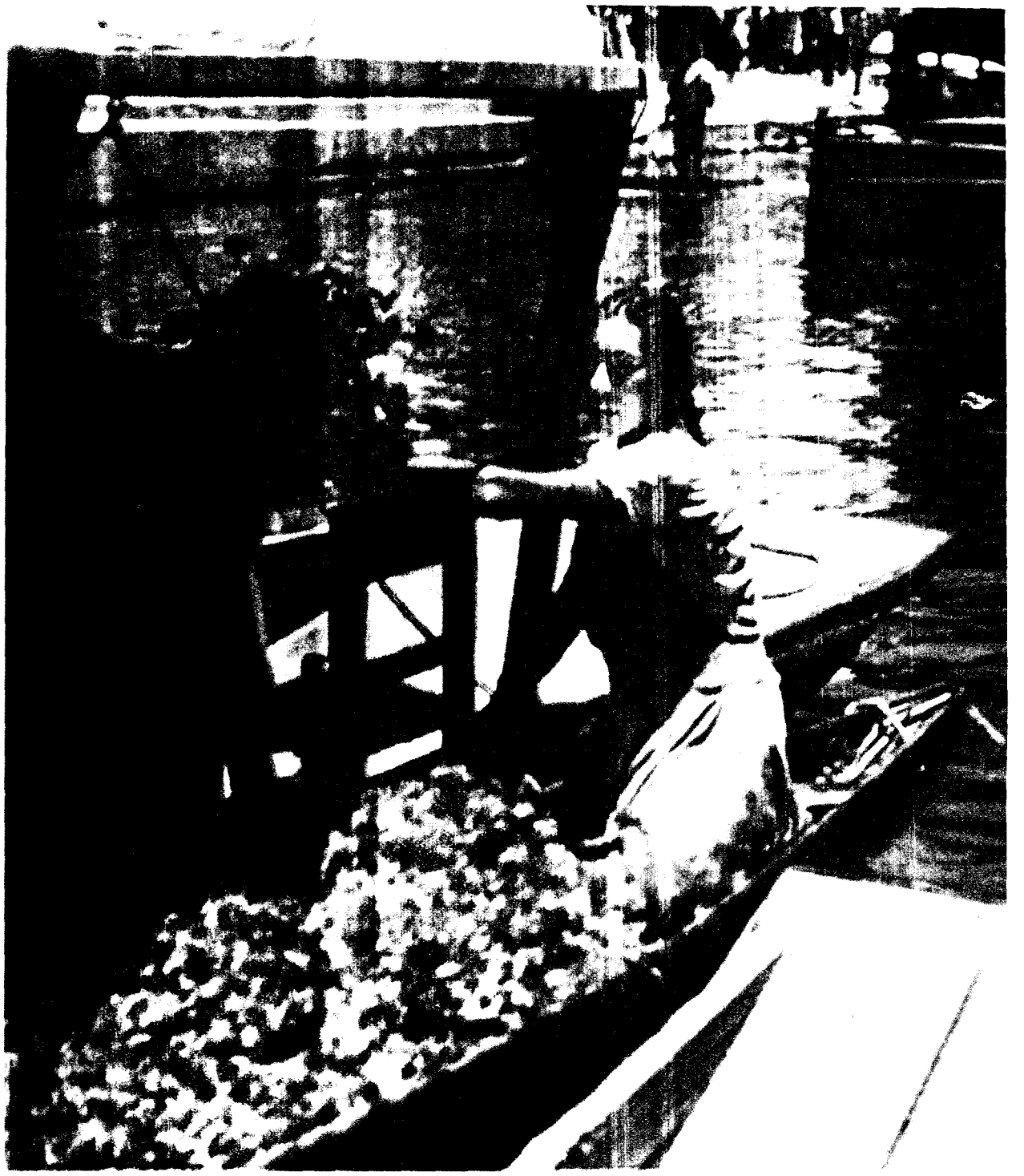
A bullfight in Mexico City is practically a "must" on the sight-seeing list of American visitors. This one is in the Plaza de Toros, the world's largest



A native flower vender in her boat in the floating gardens of Xochimilco. This is one of Mexico's most widely known beauty spots, only a few miles from the capital. It's a favorite Sunday resort of the native population, and swarms with venders of food, flowers, vegetables and beer. A nickel buys all the flowers you can carry

The Mexican Way

By Jim Marshall

Below the Rio Grande where time and dust go on forever and gardenias are a dozen for a nickel, you'll find an outlet for your thwarted desire to travel abroad. And you can pick up some colored pottery to break on the way home

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

THE tourist from Crooked Branch put aside the menu and instructed the pretty, brown-eyed, black-haired waitress: "Señorita! Make the eggs three minutes. You savvy? *Los huevos tres minutos.*" He paused a second and added: *"Por favor, Señorita!"* The phrase book said the Mexican people were very polite and broke down and cried in a hot, moist manner unless spoken to gently.

"Okay," responded the waitress—omitting the sir because the Americanos were a barbaric, graceless race who wanted things done right now with a minimum of formality. Like thousands of Mexicans, she had spent most of her life in southern California and had been shipped home by the taxpayers when the burden of supporting her and her family had become too great.

She knew very well that the tourist didn't want any three-minute eggs. You can't eat a three-minute egg in Mexico City. The place is 7,300 feet high and a ten-minute egg is about right if you like 'em medium. But the waitress didn't tell the tourist that. He would find out in time, like all the others. There was plenty of time—always had been, always would be.

With Europe, Asia and most of the rest of the world out of bounds for American gadabouts this winter, Mexico's getting quite a play. Droves of trippers, wearing dark glasses and carrying cameras and Spanish-English dictionaries, swarm over the border by train, plane and car, and disappear in a cloud of dust.

They emerge from a week to a month later, bearing loads of colored serapes, brittle pottery, filigree silverware and eighteen-gallon hats. Usually some of the pottery gets broken by *cargadores* along the way, but that doesn't matter. It can be replaced, along with other lost souvenirs, at the home-town five-and-dime.

And the tourists can still tell their stay-at-home friends: "I picked this up at Waddle-a-harra"—which is touristese for Guadalajara. Or "Michigan"—alias Michoacan. Or "Y-mass"—otherwise Guaymas.

You can get into Mexico by plane from half a dozen cities between Los Angeles and Brownsville, Texas. By rail you go through Nogales, Arizona, for the West Coast route; El Paso or Laredo, Texas, for Mexico City. There are through cars all the way. You drive in through Nogales or Laredo.

Practice Up on Lethargy

The Laredo-Mexico City route is a fine all-year highway through magnificent scenery. The Nogales road is good only as far as Guaymas, a Gulf town eight hours south of the border. In theory the road runs on to Guadalajara, but is not so good in winter.

Before starting across the Rio Grande it is well to assume the Mexican mood. This mood perhaps is best illustrated by the favorite statuette of the Mexicans themselves—a peon, arms clasped around his knees, sombrero pulled down against the sunshine, serape draped about his shoulders, sitting dozing away the hours. You can hardly go a block in Mexico without seeing this figure, either alive or done in everything from wood and obsidian to leather and silver.

If you adopt this comfortable attitude toward life, and remember that time is limitless and that whatever is to be, will be—you will have a good time. If you try to rush the country, or expect the brusque efficiency of the North, you will just wear yourself out.

If you are interested in "studying human nature" or "surveying conditions"—favorite tourist gags—Mexico is a swell spot to see what happens when a few politicians up at the top try to insert a lot of new and startling ideas into the minds of fifteen million peons whose chief ambition is to be let alone.

One thing the politicians told the workers was that the revolution gave the peons the power and ability to operate such capitalistic intricacies as railroads, oil refineries, airplanes and modern machinery. The results are fascinating and sometimes downright incredible to look at.

The Mexicans are pleasant people, wishing only not to be annoyed by new ideas and to be left alone with sufficient tortillas, peppers and frijoles to sustain life without creating too much surplus energy to be worked off. This benign way of life has been little disrupted by the communistic enthusiasms of President Cardenas, although several hundred new city and rural schools are "indoctrinating" Mexican children with the necessity for being up and doing to keep ahead of the capitalistic nations.

A great many things in Mexico are being administered and operated by idealism-stuffed amateurs, the

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idea being to show the United States that when it comes to cracking oil or getting a train over a mountain division on time, a political notion is superior to four years at Massachusetts Tech plus a few years' rough-and-tumble experience.

Political education for the city worker is partly an intramural affair, many of the walls being used either for ferocious political manifestos or for the murals of Diego Rivera and fellow propagandists.

In pre-revolution days most Mexican walls were pock-marked by bullets—people used to waste half their time standing against walls to be shot at—or else covered with ads for bullfights, lotteries and headache pills. Most of the cathedral walls were likewise covered, with the addition of painted revolutionary slogans ranging both ways from *Viva la Libertad!*

Today the cathedral walls are blank save for large black government signs: Post No Bills. Churches are all federal property and maintained partly by the state as tourist attractions.

Before you go to Mexico you get a tourist permit from a Mexican consulate, but that's easy—the railroad or plane line or tourist bureau does it for you for about a dollar. You have to promise, too, not to work while you're there. That's easy, too. Nobody has felt like working in Mexico for centuries.

Twenty M.P.H.—If You're Good

Most visitors get shot for cholera and scratched for smallpox, which isn't so easy and more expensive. But it's comforting, especially if you get off the trail and happen to run into local water supplies.

Outside the main roads, highways are few and far between. Returning travelers refer to them as "Highways without curves." All corners. You may be able to average twenty miles an hour over them, if you're good. You have to be good to keep from running down burros, cows, horses and natives.

Normally, it's a three-day drive from San Antonio, Texas, to Mexico City. Some drivers, though, go helling through in twenty-four hours, which leaves them pretty tired by the time they roll into Zocalo and pant, "Well, here we are!" The West Coast route can be driven in about eight hours, Nogales to Guaymas. There also is a road from Mexico City down to Acapulco on the southwest coast, where there is good fishing.

Best fishing, however, is at Guaymas, where there is an American-run hotel in which it is safe to drink water and eat fresh fruits and vegetables. The sport here is almost unbelievable. Anyone can catch fish, from foot-long red snapper up to huge marlin and shark. Most of the angling is from motorboats and sometimes it gets rough out in the Gulf, but the fish always bite.

While we go in for dated food, Mexico goes in for dated buildings. The guides reel off the dates ten a minute. The tourists say uh-huh and forget at the same rate. In Mexico City itself a great many of the old buildings have sunk below street level, the place being built on a swamp. Even the ornate marble National Theater is some feet below level.

The visitor usually puts in a morning trying to pronounce Xochimilco and an afternoon looking at it. Xochimilco is poetically called a water garden and is really a maze of canals winding through the countryside a few miles from the capital. On the canals flower-decked boats are poled lazily along through swarms of itinerant photographers, flower girls, beer salesmen, string orchestras, tamale makers and souvenir sellers. Flowers are almost given away and a nickel will get you a dozen gardenias.

Best time to see Xochimilco is on a Sunday, when the streetcar lines roll thousands of Mexicans out to the place and everybody has a good time—provided you have discarded your terrible American efficiency and are content to eat highly spiced meat wrapped in soggy tortillas and drink warm beer and load down your sweetie with a dime's worth of blossoms.

Good way to see Mexico is to hire a car and drive around over the mountain roads. There are a dozen interesting old towns to look at and some good national parks to have lunch, or camp in, if you want to.

No tourist has as yet succeeded in unraveling the taxi system. You can hire a car in the city for sixty cents an hour, which seems cheap, and is. So you say to yourself: "Swell. We will hire a car for twelve hours and go all over hell to Taxco and Patzcuaro and Pueblo and the Pyramids for $7.20." . . .

You discover, though, that if you take a car for a trip outside the city the rate is about $30 a day. There seems no reason for this, except the taxi business is part of the Marxian concept, or something, and operated by politically potent unions. Incidentally, the unions are so strong that if a taxi driver gets pinched for speeding—quite a feat in itself—his fine is automatically cut in two when he furnishes his union card.

If you have your own car it's just as safe driving around the touring areas of Mexico as anywhere else. The picturesque *Rurales*—Mexican version of the Texas Rangers—are no more, but the country is well policed. Revolutions break out from time to time, but there is usually some warning and it is pretty hard for the natives to summon up enough energy to shoot at their fellow countrymen, let alone bothering about foreigners. ★★★

Patzcuaro Indian woman brings her chickens to market. This tribe inhabits islands in the lake for which they are named. Below is an entire family leaving for the market via boat

Fiestas, or feast days, are numerous in the Mexican calendar, and bring out all the natives in colorful processions. Many tourists time their visits so as to be on hand for this prime attraction. This festival, held in Tlaxcala, was the occasion of prayers for a productive year, especially for the cattle. Note paper calf carried by one of the celebrants

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Smart Money

By John T. Flynn

Part Two of the life of Moe Annenberg is a lesson in the technique of competition—the ancient art of "taking over." Here's how he made himself supreme in the rich field of supplying the horse players with their dope

IN THAT queer, twisted world of the horse races the *third* most important thing is the horse. The *second* most important are the men who fool around the horses—spin 'em, roll 'em like dice, deal 'em like cards. The *most* important is the dope. The dope is the medium in which horses and men swim.

The horse, of course, is the central figure of the dope. He is not permitted to have any private life whatever. Armies of men watch him, spy on him, record his movements and moods, his idiosyncrasies and little failings, the life and times of his parents and grandparents. To the insider at the track and around the feedbox the past performances of the ponies are as essential as the balance sheets and market history of stocks down in Wall Street.

About twenty-five or thirty years ago a gentleman named Frank Bruenell—a Chicago newspaperman—discovered in this hunger for past performances an opportunity to make money. He started a small daily paper which he called the Racing Form. Each day it printed the names of the horses that were to appear in the races of the day, with their histories, their records in other races and a large amount of other statistical data about them. Thus he made the past performances of the horses available to the public or sucker element of the race tracks as well as to the insiders.

Bruenell was not primarily a businessman. He had found something—a means of sluicing dope to the horse fans—for which there was a big demand. He made money out of it. But he let the business rock along leisurely. His wife was the managerial brains. They started in Chicago, later opened a place in Buffalo and finally moved to New York City. There the Racing Form became an immensely valuable property.

It was about this time—in 1922—that Moe Annenberg found himself sitting in power in the job of circulation czar of all the Hearst newspapers and magazines. Money was rolling in to him from his $50,000 salary, from his thirty news agencies all over the country, from his various business enterprises in Milwaukee and his general investments totaling several million dollars. He had plenty of money to invest. And someone called his attention to the Racing Form—Frank Bruenell's easygoing but profitable sheet in New York City.

The races were reviving. They were recovering with explosive energy from the doldrums of the World War. The handbook industry was spreading like wildfire. The number of bookie customers was growing by leaps and bounds, and with them the consumers of dope. Annenberg, Joe Bannon, circulation manager of Hearst's New York Journal, and Hugh Murray, also a Hearst man, looked into this Racing Form business. And Moe decided that, infused with the Annenberg energy, it would be a gold mine. He marked this side of the street as his own and he and his colleagues made that fact known to Bruenell. They were prepared to go in the business with a zip and a bang if Bruenell did not sell out to them. Bruenell sold for $400,000. Annenberg, Joe Bannon and Hugh Murray put up the money and bought the Racing Form and Annenberg proceeded to run it. William J. McMurray and Joseph Moore, friends of Annenberg, took small shares.

Annenberg Sees the Light

This was Annenberg's introduction to the racing world, in which he was destined to find the materials for a business that was to yield him a bigger income than that of any other man in America. He would let others have the men, the tracks, the horses. He took the dope as his share of that world. And that, apparently, is where the big money was. The Racing Form was just a beginning. He made an immense sum out of it every year but it was just chicken feed to the big take.

He and his partners established branches of the Racing Form in Toronto, Chicago, Miami, Cincinnati, Los Angeles, Houston and Seattle, with complete plants in those towns for getting it out. And when, in later years, Moe bought out his partners, he paid them over two million dollars for their combined shares.

To see clearly the march of Moe Annenberg as he moved along the road to millions by cornering the racing dope and data, it is necessary to take a swift look at his customers.

They were found in three places—at race tracks, in bookie joints and out in the wide world.

There are twenty-nine race tracks. They do not all operate at the same time, but in groups of three, four, five, six and more. The horses follow the good weather. Groups of tracks will be found in operation in the summer around Chicago, New York and Toronto, and as the days shorten and the sun dims, the ponies and their retinue of handlers, bookies, clockers and touts move south, keeping well ahead of the frost. At most of the tracks are to be found bookmakers or the pari-mutuel machines and many thousands of persons each day *(Continued on page 54)*

Customers of a Chicago horse parlor got last-minute betting information via the Annenberg wire service from every track in the land. This picture was made before the service was suspended

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The Manner of Heaven

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Sin-Splitting Samuel says: "No good ever come er axin' a chicken whar he comed f'm." He should know, brothers—that man certainly should know!

MOST of the time, the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel was a roaring lion, battling in the wilderness of sin. North Louisiana was his field of operations and he rode hither and thither, striking old Satan suddenly and viciously, and riding on before Satan had time to strike back.

People knew him and welcomed him. "Yonder come de Sin Splitter!" somebody would announce. And by the time the old Free Will evangelist had arrived, a chicken would be squawking in the back yard and word was being relayed to the neighbors that a meeting was about to take place.

Today, as the Sin Splitter rode along the red clay farm road, fighting Satan was not uppermost in his mind. Old Balaam, his bony sorrel mule, was foxtrotting with customary relaxed rhythm, one ear pointing stiffly forward and the other flopping sidewise, just below the horizontal.

"I feel," observed the Sin Splitter, "dat a bait er fried chicken would about fix me up."

Balaam almost missed a step, and his ear ceased to wag.

"Fried chicken," continued the preacher, "cut at de j'ints, and rolled thick in wheat flour. And den fried brown in hog lard. Yep, dat's jest about what I needs to fix me up."

The country through which he was riding, he knew, was peopled by poor farmers. Chicken was a luxury few could afford. Ordinarily, collard greens boiled down with side meat was the best to be had; ordinarily such food would have satisfied the Splitter.

"Dave Rucker," the preacher remembered, "live down dis road, and f'm what I hyars, Dave is a well-off man. Hit ought to be some chickens at his house."

That decided, he relaxed and listened to the clippy-clippy, clippy-clippy sound of old Balaam's feet beating out a rhythm against the dusty red clay. Presently a song that incorporated Balaam's rhythm came to the Sin Splitter's mind. He sang:

"De poor shall live
And de rich shall die;
And de camel shall wawk
Th'ough de needle's eye.
So, John, John, drap yo' pen
And stop yo' writin' to dyin' men."

It was not long until the preacher drew rein before Dave Rucker's house. Many a time he had stopped at homes that bespoke less affluence and yet had heard a fryin'-size pullet squawking her last by way of welcome. No such sound greeted him at Dave's house. Callie, Dave's wife, was sitting on her porch, and she did not even take the trouble to rise to greet him.

"HY-DY, Sister Rucker," the Splitter greeted as he climbed off his mule. "How you and Dave makin' out dese sinful times?"

"Aw, you must be old Sin-Splittin' Samuel," Callie said. "Git down and come in. I hyared a heap about you."

"Hunh?" demanded the Splitter. "Ain't you Monroe's gal, Callie, dat got married up wid Dave Rucker?"

"Dat's me," Callie assured him.

"And you jest hyared about me?" insisted the Splitter. "Gal, I baptoze you over at Frogjump, fifteen years ago, and you's ackin' like you don't know me."

"Dat's a fack," Callie admitted. "You baptoze me a long time ago. Well, well, efn I'd 'a' knowed you was comin', I'd 'a' choked a chicken."

"You knows hit now," suggested the Splitter. "I'm hyar."

"But de times is so tight," Callie went on, "dat I and Dave sell we's chickens over at town. By sellin' we's chickens and gittin' de guv'mer's check and all, and livin' rale close, we kin jest about make hit."

The Sin Splitter was surprised at the blatant lack of hospitality. He did not like it. But until he could do something about it, he decided not to let Callie know how he felt.

"Times do be tight," he agreed, "but de times ain't too tight for you to gimme a drink?"

Callie brought out a bucket of water with a gourd dipper, and the Sin Splitter drank. Then he carried the bucket to the front gate and let his mule drink.

"I and Balaam thanks you kindly," the preacher said. "Ev'y time somebody favors I and Balaam like dat, hit puts me in mind er what John de Revelator writ down in de Book er Seven Seals."

"What did John writ down?" Callie asked.

The Sin Splitter raised himself to his six feet of gauntness. His eyes narrowed to gimletlike points and his voice dropped to its lowest register.

"You'll never know!" he bellowed. He swung upon Balaam's back and was off down the road.

It was a moral victory for the Sin Splitter. He knew the word would get around. He knew Callie would repeat his cryptic remarks and that the neighbors would figure out the sarcasm. And ever thereafter Callie would have a name for stinginess.

The sun was getting low and it would be miles to the next "well-off" farmer. The Splitter still wanted chicken.

He stopped at the next cabin, a good mile from Callie's house. It was anything but prosperous-looking. However, Balaam turned in from the road and stopped without a signal from the Splitter. True, no chicken squawked a welcome here, either, but the place had a friendly feeling about it. On the shady side of the house a woman was cleaning fish on a stump.

"Hy-dy, Sister," the preacher called.

The woman turned and looked out from under her calico bonnet.

"You're right, Balaam," said the Sin Splitter. "Dave and Callie is as ripe a pair er sinners as me and you bofe ever seed"

"Well, I be dog!" she exclaimed warmly. "I bet you's de Sin Splitter. I hyared tell er you and I bet dat's 'zackly who you is! Git down and come in."

"Dat's what dey calls me when hit's time to eat," the Splitter said easily. "And yo' name is—"

"Ethel, dey calls me," she told him. "I's a widow woman, now. My husband died off jest about layin'-by time. Name er Henry."

THE Splitter dismounted and walked to the porch, where he sat down.

"Henry?" he repeated. "Kind er tall and skinny dark man? I remembers him, I b'lieve."

"Dat's de same man," declared Ethel. "Kind er puny, too, he was."

"I knowed him," the preacher said. "Come f'm down twarge Alden's Bridge."

"Dat's right," Ethel agreed. "But he died off."

"And how's you makin' out?"

"Hit's tough," Ethel told him, "but I'm still pullin' on hit. My brother f'm Minden gonter he'p me pick de crop out and all, and dat'll see me th'ough de winter, I reckon. I don't has much credicks left, but I got a piece of meat and some collards, and wid de berries I picks and de fish I kin catch, I makes out."

"Fish is mighty fine eatin'," the Splitter suggested.

Ethel almost choked.

"De catfish ain't so bad," she said. "But de cats quit bitin' when de bayou got high. I ain't caught me nothin' but shoe-picks in so long—"

(Continued on page 37)

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Surprise Marriage

By Sidney Herschel Small

In the East they have not succeeded in killing romance with bayonets

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

WHAT Andrew Kendall saw, in his first instant of shock, were blazing gray eyes under lashes of gold. The girl's face was dead-white, her lips were colorless; but, although she stood stock-still, a statue, her furious eyes gave her away. Shadows from girders fell across her, forming a zigzag pattern also where her dress lay spread on a table. Two Japanese officers, one with her passport, were beside the table; they were blank of face, but the audience on the bridge leading to the foreign concession commented and tittered, natives and invading soldiers alike. A bombing squadron, headed for China's interior, droned overhead.

That was what Andy saw, and his heart began to pound. He'd heard about this type of searching. Seeing it was worse than having learned that he needed more than routine Tokyo signatures to ship out the soybeans he'd bought in Manchukuo for his company; he needed army permission. Major Sugimatsu was the man to see, which wasn't so bad, because he'd known Sugi in the States, had done him a favor and thought him a decent little egg. He had come here to find him; and Sugimatsu was the officer standing beside the rigid young captain who held the girl's passport.

But Andy had forgotten all about soybeans and the things manufactured from them. He knew what he wanted to do, but getting knocked on the head by a rifle butt wouldn't help the girl. He guessed that in the old days, in China, a fellow would have waded right in; but a man had to be careful in the Orient now.

The captain said something, and dropped the passport to the floor of the bridge. A second movement of his arm pushed the dress off the table; it fell on the document, and a little yellow dust rose.

Kendall knew that he must mind his own business, which was the shipping of beans; he didn't realize that he was actually storming through the crowd, taller than the natives, dark face grim. Then he was handing the girl passport and clothes. Her hand was ice, but the captain's order was hot and angry. Before soldiers could grab Kendall, Major Sugimatsu, recognizing him, gave a hasty countermanding order.

"It is lucky I am here, Andrew," the major said.

Andy didn't doubt it; but even if Sugimatsu hadn't been in charge of the search Kendall knew that the girl couldn't have been permitted to stoop. It hurt to see her, the way she was standing, as if putting on the dress were something she couldn't quite accomplish. As if she herself had been in the dust.

THE captain continued sputtering, and the sound bothered Andy. He looked at the officer and didn't like him. Until now Kendall'd adhered to *mo t'an kuo shi,* meaning a fellow should tend his own affairs, but, "An ass," said Andy, eyes on the captain, "brays a good deal before he shakes down the stars. Hello, Sugi."

"Please, no jokes," the major pleaded. "They are out of place now. What do you want here, Andrew?"

"Permission to ship . . . wait a minute. What're your men doing with the girl?" Soldiers had surrounded her, were pushing her off the bridge, although not toward the concession. "What's she done?"

The major was smiling. "What do you wish to ship, Andrew? You know I will not refuse you. The girl?" He shrugged. "She has not been helpful, so we are holding her for further questioning. Her attitude is exceedingly arrogant."

"That all?" said Andy. They'd hold the girl just to provoke trouble, to start

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another endless diplomatic exchange. No one could help her, here, unless he did. He said, "She was always hotheaded, Sugi, but that's one reason I love her." He called to the girl, "Aren't you glad to see me? Darling, you do get into the lousiest jams. No wonder you're ashamed of yourself."

Maybe that wasn't the perfect thing to have said, because miserable heat flushed the girl's face; but if it worked it really didn't matter how it sounded.

"You know her?" Sugimatsu asked.

"I'm going to marry her," said Kendall, to make the story stick. "So, Sugi, if you don't mind, the lady and myself will wander away in order to greet each other a bit more privately." He glanced at the major, and he had completely forgotten soybeans and permission to ship them. "I'm collecting, Sugi," he said.

The major halted the detail with the girl. The captain, standing stiff-legged like a belligerent crow, waited, but Sugimatsu stared at the sky, although the bombers were out of sight and there was nothing to be seen.

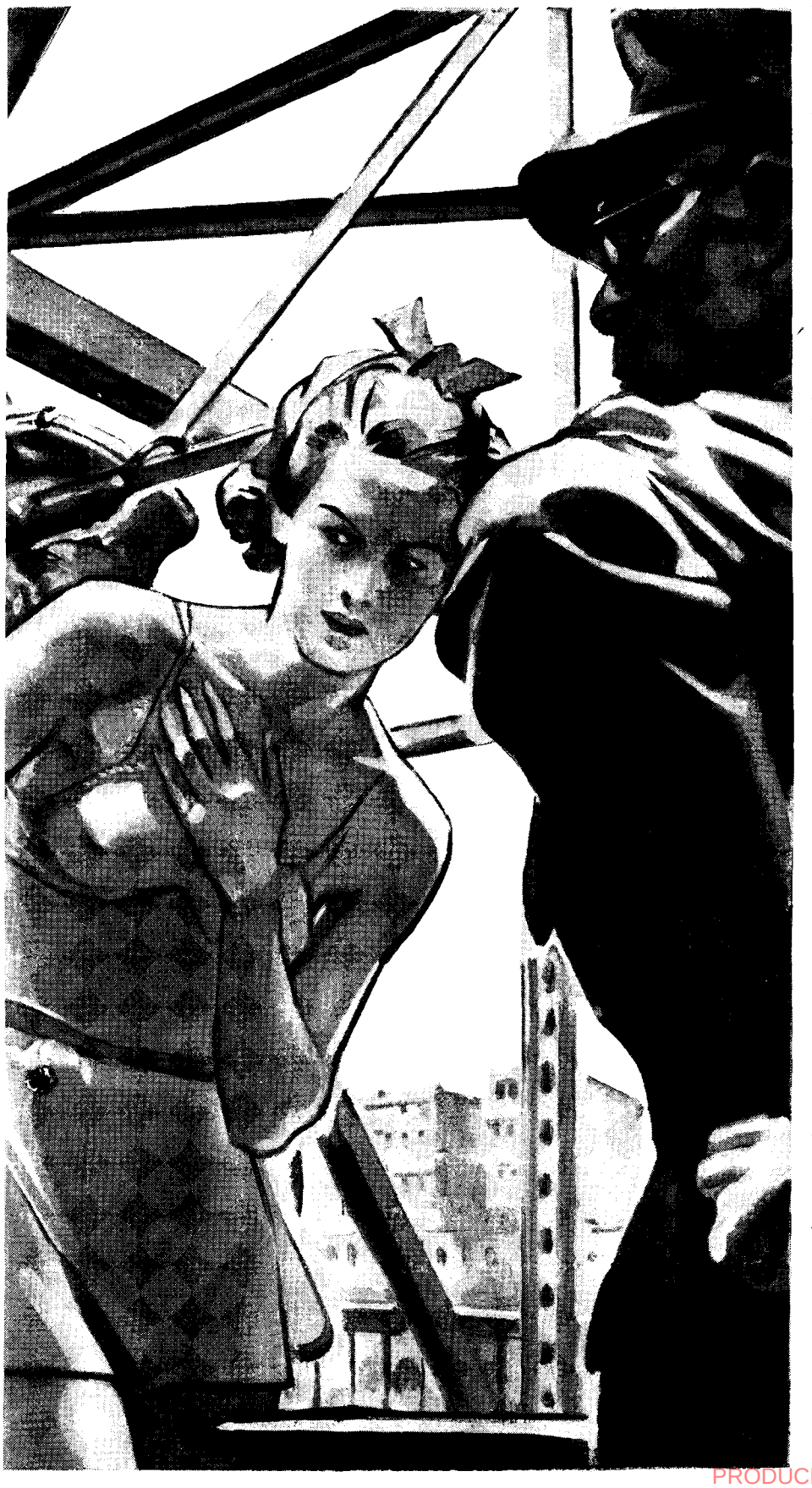
Over to the right, Kendall heard the clatter of a machine gun; some poor devil of a native must have tried to cross the wire into the concession, with food, and been caught at it. The whole business was similar to the Boxer affair, except that then all of the nations stuck together—British and German, Russian, Italian, Japanese, American; now, the bundle of sticks had been pulled apart.

Andrew knew the predicament in which Sugimatsu found himself. The major was high enough to exercise discretion in carrying out orders regarding the searching. However, with an audience, Sugimatsu didn't dare lose face. On the other hand, Kendall knew how deep Sugi's debt was to him; repudiation of that would cause lost face also, since some people in Japan knew that Kendall had arranged to have Sugi's father's ashes returned, with honor, to the empire. It all hung in the balance. If Andy had said, "She's just a pretty gal I've never seen before, but I'm sorry for her," Sugi might have crawled out; with the matter of family concerned, it was far tougher on the major. Sugi'd be forced to come through.

He did. He said, "In former times I was indebted to you, and it must be repaid. If," said the major, watching Kendall slyly, "the lady becomes your wife, she will no longer be a subject of an unfriendly nation, and we would not hold her. So you will marry her here, now, and so the matter is settled to the contentment of all concerned. You, and *sai-kun,* your wife, may then go where you wish."

"Without orange blossoms?" demanded Andy. Oh, Sugi had trapped him magnificently; the Japanese were smart. Throw them a coconut and they'd pull off all the coconuts on the tree and hurl 'em back. Andrew played for time. "A fellow isn't properly married unless he marches up the aisle. You know that, Sugi. If—"

"It is the best I can do," Sugimatsu stated; Andy was sure that the other grinned briefly, pleased with himself. "Otherwise—"



IT WAS the otherwise which bothered Kendall. The girl would be carted off, held in some stinky jail, on a fictitious, seemingly Chinese warrant, for weeks or months. The cables would buzz, but she'd remain in a dirty hole. He was hugely sorry for her, and he was getting angry because he'd made a monkey of himself, and Sugi knew it. Well, what to do?

Then he realized that it was a sort of affair for the gods, and wasn't in his hands for decision at all. "Darling," he said loudly, "I've told the major that we are that way, but he wants proof. Here and now. No bridesmaids. No cake. I might whistle the wedding march; maybe I can swing it. After that, you're free."

Wasn't she going to say anything?

Possibly what he'd said was so American that she didn't understand. "The major," Andy explained precisely, while Sugimatsu chuckled and rubbed his hands together, "insists we be married before freeing you."

Kendall felt the scrutiny of her eyes. She said, automatonlike, "Yes," which had no meaning, and walked stiffly over to him. Her dress was on, and Andy brushed street dust from it. He dared whisper nothing, dared not tell her that this was meaningless. "Rifles instead of shotguns," was the best he could do.

The girl put her hand on his arm. It remained there while Sugimatsu sent into the town for a missionary; only when the brief ceremony was concluded did Kendall feel how her fingers fastened spasmodically on his arm. He didn't look at her, because he was afraid she might be crying.

"Many congratulations," said Sugimatsu, grinning. "I regret," he said, showing he had made the right guess, "that I cannot do anything about releasing the goods, whatever they are, which you mentioned. That would have been my payment, not this."

Kendall knew that Sugi had him. However, "We'll talk it over later," he said. To the girl, "Well, Mrs. Kendall, let's go break the news."

Sugimatsu said, "I think it will be a big surprise."

"You think of everything," said Andy.

The girl walked beside him; Kendall heard her catch her breath as the gate of the barrier was opened for them. The young officer there said, "I sent an immediate message to the colonel. The situation's delicate. But a stiff protest is bein' drafted. We didn't suppose they'd dare . . . damnably sorry, Miss Howe."

"Mrs. Kendall now," said Andy, because the news would be all over the concession as soon as servants' tongues wagged. "Book, bell and something. Or hook, line and sinker." He glanced at the girl now; she'd pulled herself together.

"The . . . the padre wasn't merely vouchin' for Miss Howe?"

"Oh, no," said Andy. "We're really married."

The officer stood stiffly, badly puzzled, when the pair moved off.

The girl said, "You must have tea with us." She laughed. "That is silly. Inviting one's husband. As if you were a stranger. Of course, that's what you are, but it's so silly. Isn't it?"

"I hope neither of us can be pinched as bigamists," said Andy. "Have you a stern parent waiting? My prospects aren't as good as they were. If I'm going to support a wife, whatever the style she was accustomed to, we'd better tell our yarn quickly, so I can see what can be done about a job I've bungled."

"Business on your wedding day? You Americans!"

"I didn't kiss the bride, either," said Andy; and that silenced her.

She stopped in front of a high-walled compound; a Chinese boy swung the gate open, at the same time shouting that Missy was home. Then a tall, elderly man hurried out of the house and met the pair on the flower-bordered gravel walk. "What's this nonsense our number-one boy's tryin' to tell your aunt?" he demanded. "Eh, Cynthia? More damn' gossip. Somethin' about a somethin' on the bridge, only, of course, I told you not to leave the concession. Or I was goin' to tell you, if I didn't." He saw Andrew. "Who's he?" asked the girl's uncle. "New man, eh? Afternoon, sir."

Andrew said, "How do you do, sir."

"Ha," said Mr. Howe. "American. Come in. Back Cynthia up, eh? Her aunt's at the mutterin' stage. Thinks Cynthia's done somethin'. Er . . . has she?"

CYNTHIA said soothingly, "I was going out to the French shop for face cream, because you said I looked like a sepoy, and on the bridge—"

"Never said it. Some jumpin' jack of a subaltern said it. Feller admired your tan. You went, found a new feller, and that's all. Good. Tell your aunt."

"But, darling, I . . . you see . . . he . . ."

Mr. Howe fumed, "What's *he* done?"

"Married me," said Cynthia. "I was—"

"Eh? How about George? Freddy? Had ten dollars Mex on Freddy." Mr. Howe began to chuckle. "Chuck it," he said. "It won't wash."

"We are married, sir," said Andy.

Mr. Howe rubbed his chin. He said, "Are you? That's very nice. Congratu . . . *eh?* What d'you mean, marryin' my niece?"

"I'll make up the ten, sir. Seriously, your niece was on the bridge, and—"

Mr. Howe looked at the pair. "Don't give me details," he said. "Less I know, the better. Go tell your aunt. Wash my hands. What'll people say? Got a d'fense committee meetin'. Important."

Off he went, with great, long strides. "He's a darling," said Cynthia, "and everything has been upsetting. Aunt Charlotte will listen. You'll have your tea, too." Because he was nice she gave him a sidewise glance. "Come along," she said.

The glance was disturbing. Andy said, "Isn't it customary to carry the bride across the threshold?" There'd be nothing wrong with having her in his arms. "And who," he demanded, "is George, to say nothing of Frederick?"

"I despise a jealous man," sniffed Cynthia.

The nonsense, letdown after stress, ended in the cool, dark room of the house. Mrs. Howe listened quietly, if grimly, to the story, while the ice melted in Kendall's glass and the tea cooled in

(Continued on page 44)

"She was always hotheaded, Sugi, but that's one reason I love her." Andy called to the girl, "Darling, you do get into the lousiest jams"

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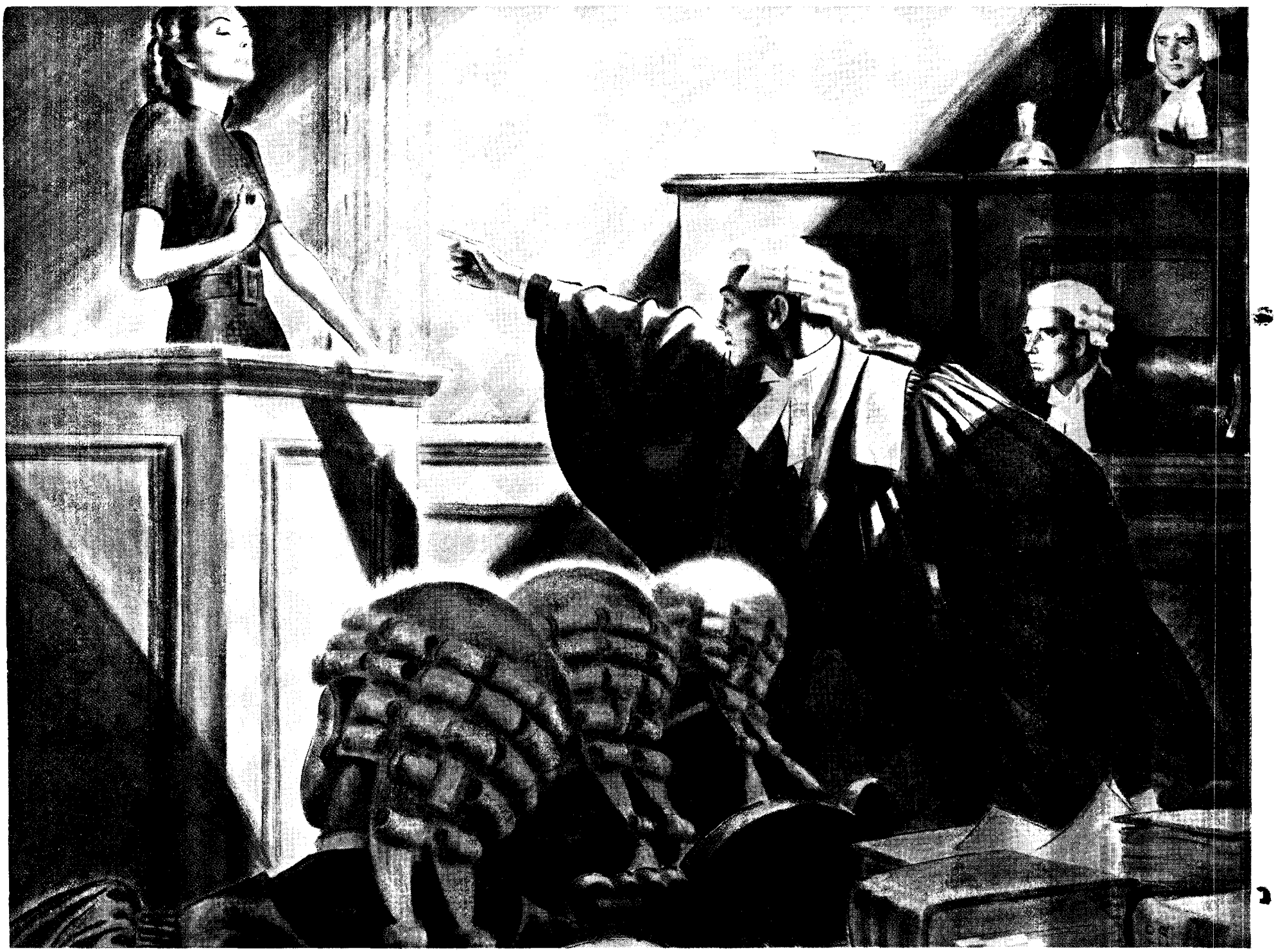

"I put it to you that you deliberately planned to put this girl out of the way!"

Sad Cypress

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

ATTENDED by young Dr. Peter Lord and two nurses (Jessica Hopkins and Eileen O'Brien), wealthy old Mrs. Welman dies at Hunterbury, her country home near London. Among those in the house at the time are: her niece, Elinor Carlisle; her dead husband's nephew, "Roddy" Welman (who is engaged to Elinor); her housekeeper, Mrs. Bishop; and Mary Gerrard, her lodgekeeper's attractive daughter of whom the old lady had always been fond.

Since no will can be found, Mrs. Welman's entire estate goes, automatically, to her next of kin: Elinor Carlisle. Another surprise awaits the girl—Roddy confesses to her that he has fallen in love with Mary Gerrard; after which, he goes away, "to think the matter over." . . . Hating the lodgekeeper's daughter, but aware that Mrs. Welman had planned to leave her something, Elinor settles two thousand pounds on her. Both girls then make their wills: Elinor names Roddy as her beneficiary, and Mary names an aunt, in New Zealand, as hers.

Mary's father dies. Elinor (who has run down from London) invites Hopkins and Mary to share some sandwiches with her. Mary eats one of the sandwiches—and dies. She dies of morphine poisoning and, since the evidence is strongly against her, Elinor is arrested and charged with murder. . . . Summoned by Dr. Lord, Hercule Poirot, most brilliant of Europe's criminal investigators, comes to Hunterbury. He decides to take the case.

Following a series of interviews with leading witnesses, he is in possession of these salient facts: (1) Shortly before Mrs. Welman's death, one of Nurse Hopkins' tubes of morphine tablets had mysteriously disappeared; (2) Roddy Welman had slipped into the old lady's room, just before she died; (3) Mary Gerrard had been the illegitimate daughter of Mrs. Welman —not the lodgekeeper's daughter; (4) At the time Mary Gerrard died, Dr. Peter Lord's car had been seen parked near the rear entrance of Hunterbury (although Lord stoutly denies that the car had been there). . . .

The trial begins. Several witnesses testify. Inspector Brill of Scotland Yard describes the fragment of a morphine bottle label he had found at Hunterbury, after Mary Gerrard died.

IX

NURSE HOPKINS in the box, her face red and self-righteous.

All the same, Elinor thought, Nurse Hopkins was not so frightening as Inspector Brill. It was the inhumanity of Inspector Brill that was so paralyzing. He was so definitely part of a great machine. Nurse Hopkins had human passions, prejudices.

"Your name is Jessica Hopkins?"

"Yes."

"You are a certificated district nurse and you reside at Rose Cottage, Hunterbury?"

"Yes."

"Where were you on the 28th of June last?"

"I was at Hunterbury Hall."

"You had been sent for?"

"Yes. Mrs. Welman had had a stroke —the second. I went to assist Nurse O'Brien until a second nurse could be found."

"Did you take a small attaché case with you?"

"Yes."

"Tell the jury what was in it."

"Bandages, dressings, a hypodermic syringe and certain drugs including a tube of morphine hydrochloride."

"For what purpose was it there?"

"One of the cases in the village had to have hypodermic injections of morphine morning and evening."

"What were the contents of the tube?"

"There were twenty tablets, each containing a half grain of morphine hydrochloride."

"What did you do with your attaché case?"

"I laid it down in the hall."

"That was on the evening of the 28th. When did you next have occasion to look in the case?"

"The following morning about nine o'clock, just as I was preparing to leave the house."

"Was anything missing?"

"The tube of morphine was missing."

"Did you mention this loss?"

"I spoke of it to Nurse O'Brien, the nurse in charge of the patient."

"This case was lying in the hall where people passed to and fro?"

(Continued on page 41)

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AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS

Present

EDSON SMITH, driver for Kirk Transportation Co., associate of Geo. F. Alger Co. of Detroit, wins World's Truck Driving Championship second time in a row. Here he is being congratulated by Ted V. Rodgers, president of the A.T.A.

FRANK STEED—Runner-up from the Southland. The second-place winner, both 1938 and 1939, drives for Georgia Highway Express of Atlanta.

Both DROVE INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS IN THE FINALS AT CHICAGO

Three cheers for the men who make their living driving trucks —the "Gentlemen of the Highway" from whom we can all take lessons in courtesy and safety on the road.

To top that army of commercial drivers is an honor of which any man might well be proud! That is why the American Trucking Associations are honoring Edson Smith of Michigan, twice champion of the truck drivers' world.

The American Trucking Associations are keenly aware that *manpower* is the heart of the network of highway transport. A very important part of the Associations' organization work throughout the year is devoted to raising the standard of driver safety, morale, efficiency, and courtesy, culminating in the annual National Truck Rodeo, for which all drivers with a one-year accident-free record are eligible to compete.

International Harvester publishes this page in tribute and compliment to the highly constructive work of the A.T.A. and is justly proud that both the winner and the runner-up in the 1939 contest drove International Trucks.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
182 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Copyright 1940,
International Harvester Company, Incorporated

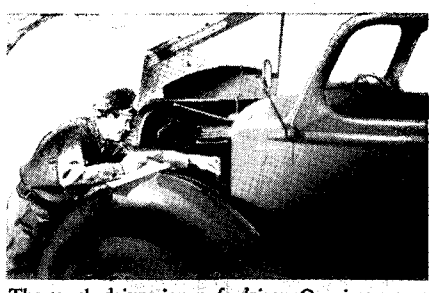
Powerful New Cab-Over-Engine Internationals
Model D-500
Nominal gross weight rating 18,000 lbs.
Model DR-700
Nominal gross weight rating 24,000 lbs.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

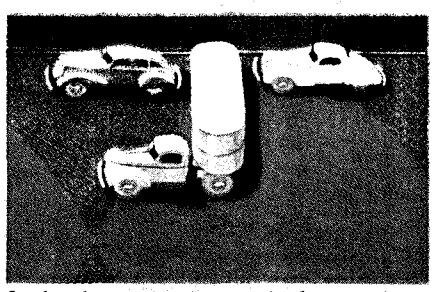
What it takes to be A CHAMPION DRIVER

Every year, in conjunction with its annual convention, the A. T. A. sponsors the National Championship Truck Rodeo as the final contest to select the National Truck Driver Champion of the year. To participate in state contests whose winners compete in this annual championship rodeo, a driver must have had an accident-free record for at least one year prior to entry.

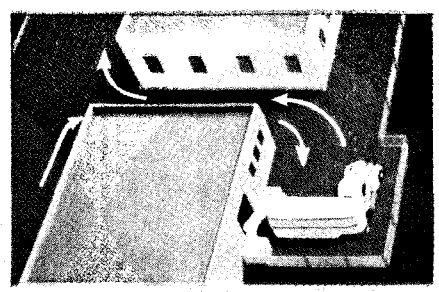
Each eligible driver is judged on his knowledge of Interstate Commerce Commission safety rules and safe driving practices, his mental alertness, and his familiarity with the basic principles of highway transportation.



The truck driver is a *safe driver.* One important test in the championship contest is a safety inspection – a thorough check-up of equipment having to do with safe operation.



In the above operating test in the 1939 finals, drivers were required to back the 8-foot-wide semi-trailer between two automobiles parked 10 feet apart, without touching either car, and at the completion of the test have the truck-tractor parallel with traffic.



In this test, drivers were required to drive a 35-foot tractor-trailer through a 16-foot alley leading to a court and back the 24-foot semi-trailer squarely against the loading platform, then drive into the street through the same alley as indicated in this diagram.

• • •

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

The American Trucking Associations, an affiliation of 50 organizations in all the states, the District of Columbia, and Hawaii, will be glad to have truck drivers, everywhere, qualify and compete in the 1940 contests. The A. T. A. has prepared an illustrated booklet telling the intensely interesting story of the annual Truck Driver Championships. This booklet will be sent to you free, and postpaid. Send in the coupon or address a card as below:

MAIL THIS COUPON

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(INCORPORATED)
182 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Without obligation, please send me the A. T. A. free book on the annual Truck Driver Championships.

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City _____ *State* _____

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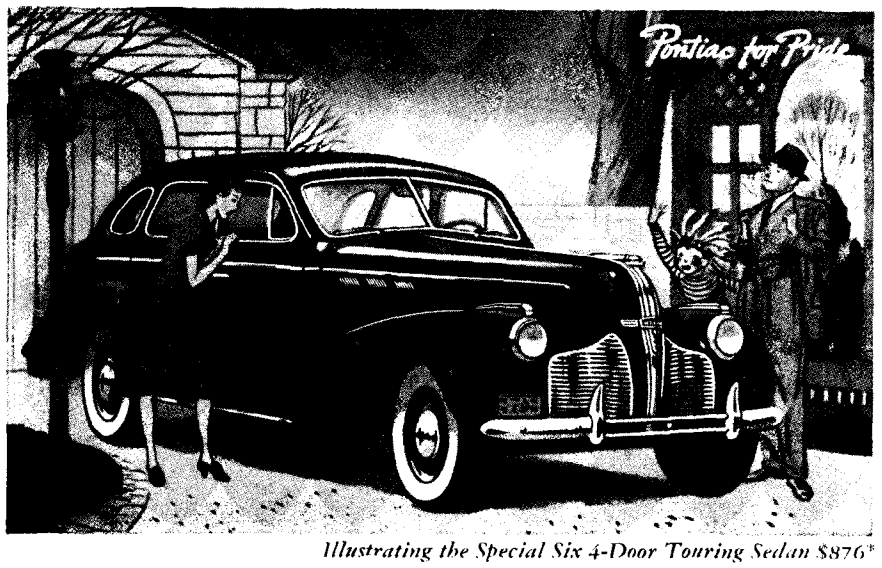
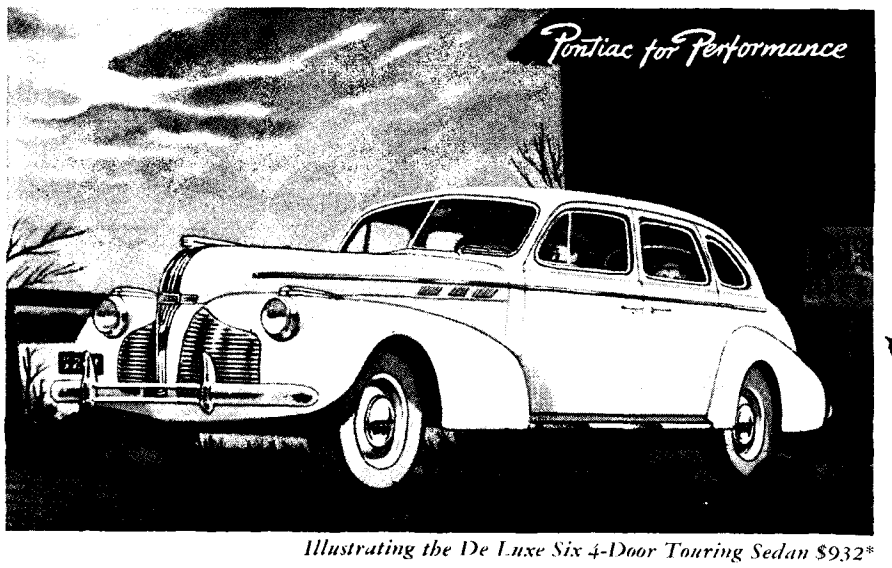


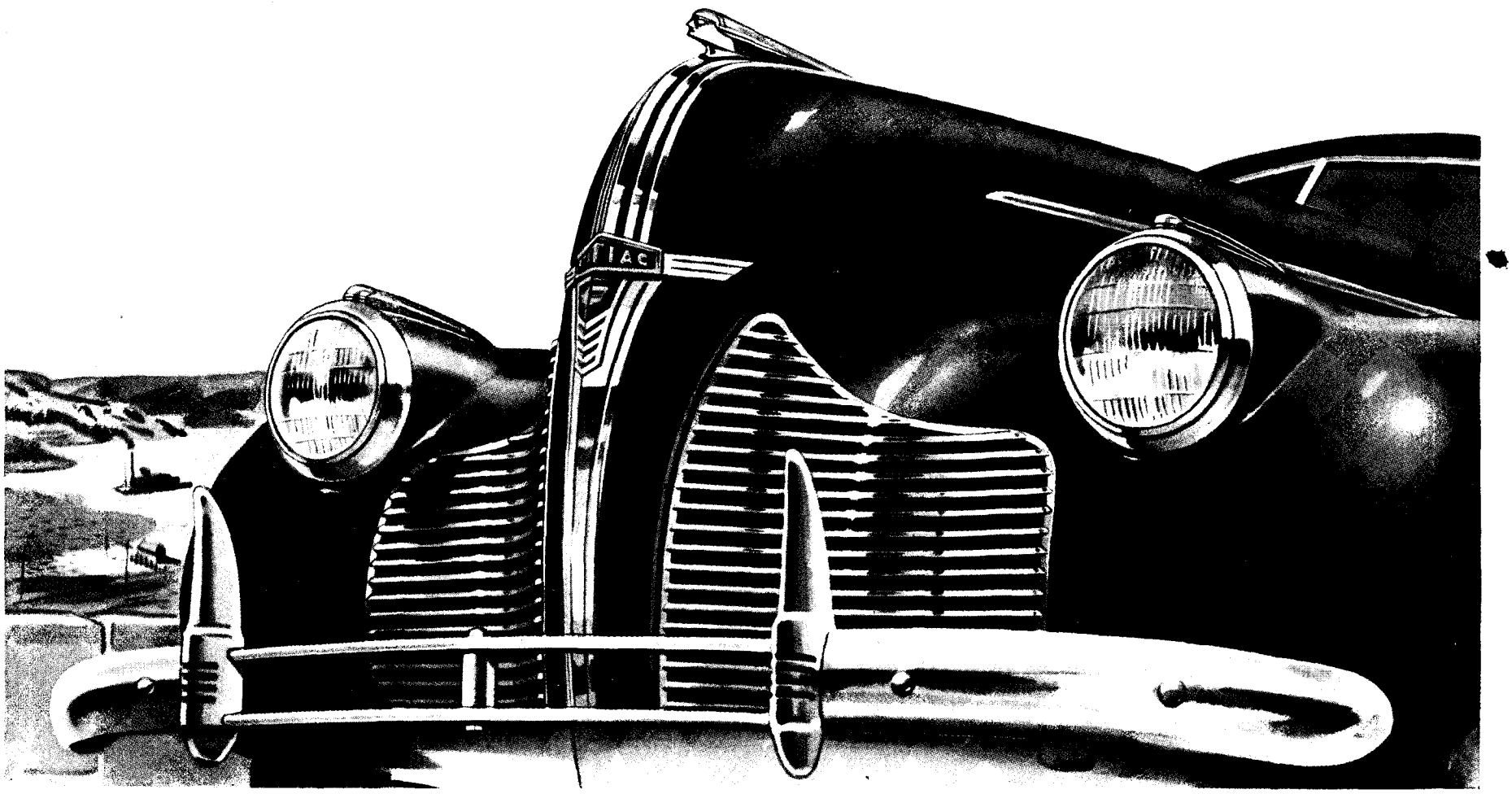
*Illustrating the Special Six 4-Door Touring Sedan $876**



*Illustrating the De Luxe Six 4-Door Touring Sedan $932**

Pontiac

MOVES TO THE HEAD OF THE "CLASS"



When a car as good as Pontiac can be styled to match its in-built quality, it automatically moves to the head of the "class."

That is what happened to Pontiac this year. It *looks* as *good* as it is! Its impressive beauty and luxury match the brilliance of Pontiac engineering and performance. Indeed, Pontiac is now one of the greatest cars in America, any way you view it.

Many people don't appreciate this—because the car is priced within so few dollars of the lowest. But don't *you* be fooled. Even if you have your mind set on the peak of luxury, you'll do well to visit a Pontiac dealer before you make your final decision. Pontiac is the low-priced car with a fine-car name—and *one* ride behind the wheel will tell you why!

$783 *and up *delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white sidewall tires and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors terms to suit your purse.*

AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

Pontiac for Pride and Performance

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Saddle and Ride

Continued from page 15

He was weary to the bone and his nerves had him edgy. He had never spoken a sharp word to her but he came close to it now. He held it back until his voice was severe: "I made a pretty general statement, not poorly meant. You don't need to fly at me for it. I've observed you carry a chip on your shoulder toward most men. If you think it necessary to do that to me I won't trouble you again."

Her breath fell out of her in a small gasp. Completely puzzled, he saw her eyes show tears. She said: "Clay—I didn't mean it that way! Do you have to be brutal?"

"It has been difficult for me to know what you do mean, most any time. You never let a man see inside. There is such a thing as being too proud, Ann, and there's no use despisin' the world because you don't like the way it is made. You could have this town eatin' out of your hand, if you wanted."

She said: "I don't want this town or anybody in it."

"That's what I mean," he told her quietly. "I guess it is because you've got to have things too perfect—and what you see around here isn't like that."

She bowed her head, shutting away his sight of her face. Her shoulders were small and pulled together.

"Is that what you have thought all this time, then? That I won't smile at

things I hate? That I won't praise things that are cheap and second-rate? Is that the reason?"

He was still puzzled. "Reason for what?"

"Never mind. I know what is inside me, Clay. If I don't show those things to everybody in town, as I'd show goods on a counter, it is because I can't." She looked at him with a strange, dark intensity; she seemed to be waiting for him to understand. "Good things and real things don't come often, Clay. They are worth waiting for, I think. And if they never come, how could anybody be content with only half of what they dreamed?"

HE SAID in a kinder voice: "I guess it is a question of what you want."

"Yes," she murmured, "that's it. To have something you want—all of it—or nothing." She didn't meet his eyes at the moment. She turned away, her hands running the edges of the store's counter. She said: "Clay—don't go on as you are. Don't fight Herendeen. You will lose everything."

He said, with a dry amusement: "Maybe it is as you say, Ann, with me, too. I want something—and nothing else will do."

She came around quickly, her voice anxiously sharp: "What do you want, Clay?"

But he shook his head, more and more amused by his own uncertainty. "I don't know, Ann. I don't know." He smiled at her, saying in a rare, teasing tone: "What were we arguing about? That you were pretty enough to kiss. Someday a man will—and maybe you'll forget to push him back."

She was in the corner of the room now, her face shaded and her voice tonelessly low. "Maybe," she answered.

He left the store, reached his horse and rode from War Pass. This time, instead of taking the desert route, he kept on with the Burnt Ranch road, passing into the pines and curving along the narrow-walled canyon whose creek boiled shallow and noisy beside him. Day brightened overhead but the heat was no longer in the sun and all things lay still and clear and fresh before him.

At the head of Herendeen's valley, four miles from town, he swung into the Dell Lake trail and quartered up the slope of Mogul, intending thus to cut his range on the west side. Beyond the lake, he veered aside to have a look at the campfire made by Hillhouse the night before and noticed that it had been carefully put out. Hillhouse had not left it burning. Satisfied, he entered the pines, constantly climbing. At the first bench he let the horse breathe by Stark's line cabin; and pushed on. Rounding the bend of the trail, a few minutes later, he saw Catherine Grant dismounted in the trail, waiting.

WHEN Morgan dismounted before Catherine her eyes showed him something that warmed him through and through; it was a swift personal interest, a little saddened by what she saw, as though his injuries hurt her heart. "Bones McGeen came by the ranch late last night and told us what happened." She watched him quite closely, one strong line of worry across her forehead. "I was afraid you were badly hurt. I hope you paid him back. I hope you smashed the lights out of him!"

He managed a grin. "He'll take no beauty prizes for a spell."

"If I'd been there I would have shot him, Clay. I swear I would." Then her smooth, strong face lighted and she answered his smile. "You're a tough brute. It is good to know that."

They had this power to be pleased with each other, to cover up seriousness with a light, touch-and-go humor. Always when they met, something got into the day that had not been there before; something changed them both, lifting them from the slow and customary channel of their thoughts and their habits. He said, "Sit down," and settled himself at the base of a tree. She dropped near him, in front of him, her legs half folded beneath her symmetrical upper body, her hands gently touching the earth. He liked to watch her hands: they were long and square, with fingers that had grace in the way they gently turned. For a while he forgot the throb of his knuckles and the swollen stiffness of his cheeks; he was aware of her presence and its effect on him. The day was better and some of the trouble went out of his head.

He said: "I'm glad I crossed your trail. What are you doing?"

"I was coming your way. I wanted to see how you were."

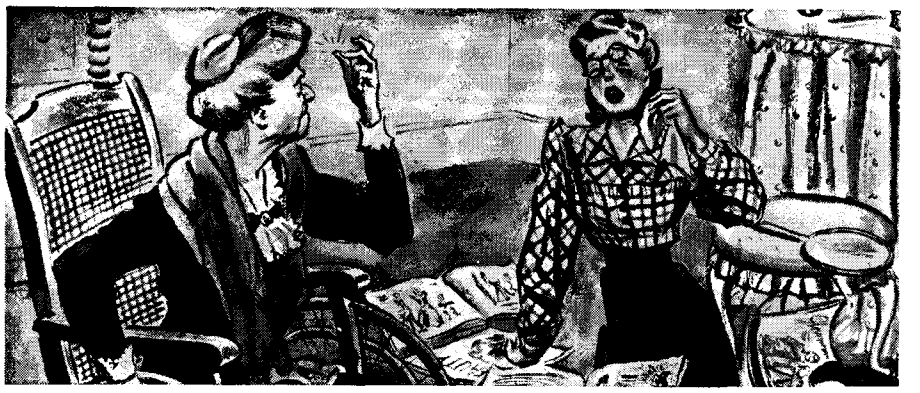
She lowered her head and drew patterns on the soft forest soil with her finger point. Her hair glowed darkly in the morning's light, it deepened the color of her cheeks.

She said: "Do you remember the night we rode to Freeport in the rain and ate Kern Case's flapjacks and coffee, and played rummy until he got scandalized at our conduct and sent us away? It was awfully dark in the Potholes that night."

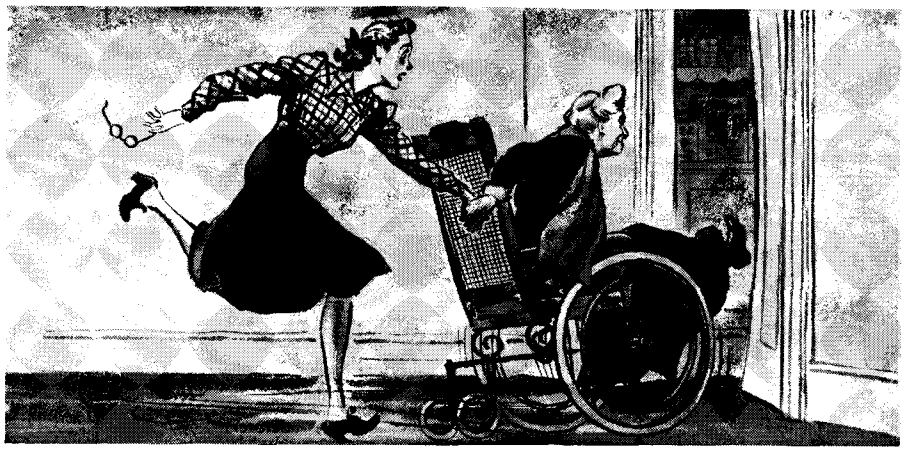
"Whatever happened to that brown dress?"

She said in a wondering tone: "You

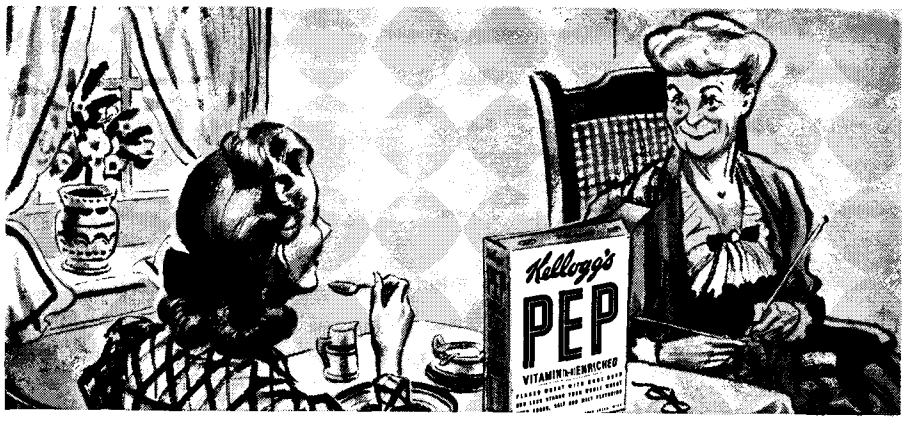
How's your "Pep Appeal"?



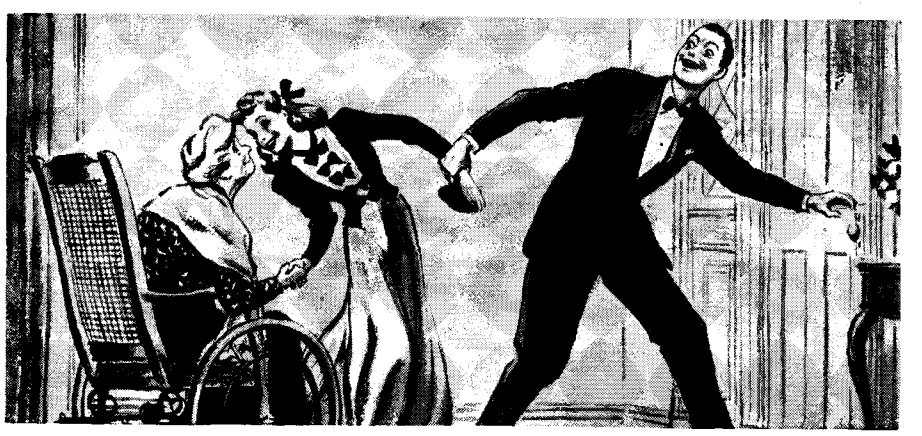
Gran'ma: Fiddlesticks to "glamor"! What you need is some pep appeal!



Cinderella: What the dickens is "pep appeal," Gran'ma?
Gran'ma: It's "oomph" and zest and zip-zip! You haven't any! You don't eat right. Don't get your vitamins. You come with me and we'll make a start right now.



Gran'ma: Now remember this! We can't have pep without vitamins. And one of the best ways to get *two* of the important vitamins (B_1 and D) is right in that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP.
Cinderella: Never mind your old vitamins, Gran'ma. Your PEP *tastes delicious!* So crisp and flaky and full of flavor! I'm going to have it every breakfast!



Cinderella: (*sometime later*) I'll see tonight if your idea works.
Gran'ma: Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of Vitamin D. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Copyright, 1940, Kellogg Company.

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IF NURSES COULD ONLY TELL!
HERE'S ONE STORY YOU MIGHT HEAR...
IT WAS YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. STEELE. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL TO SEE YOU TONIGHT
I THOUGHT MY ILLNESS MIGHT CHANGE THINGS...
BUT HE'S STILL NEGLECTING ME—AS HE HAS FOR MONTHS
MRS. STEELE, I'VE SEEN BAD BREATH BREAK UP SO MANY MARRIAGES THAT—WELL, WON'T YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
MRS. STEELE'S DENTIST TOLD HER...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth...helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB, NURSE, AND I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU
I THINK YOU KNOW HOW GRATEFUL I AM, NURSE—FOR EVERYTHING!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!
Accepted 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

still remember it?" Then she added quite gently: "Somewhere in the attic, Clay. It is up there with all the other things I outgrew and put away to forget—and never quite forgot. Would you want to go back to those times, Clay?"

"No," he said, "I guess not."

She said: "There's something else I came up here to tell you. Herendeen has sent over the mountain for the Ryder boys. They're gunmen, Clay."

He said, "Time to go," and held out his hand. His fingers were warm and strong, they had a pressure as she pulled herself half upright and for a moment, her shoulder softly touching his chest, she watched the dust dancing in a shaft of slanting sunlight, her eyes half closed. "No," she murmured, "I guess I wouldn't either."

"What?"

"Go back to old times. We'd do the same things, and make the same mistakes. Nothing changes."

SHE turned her head to him, her lips pressed in soft humor. But the expression on Morgan's face sent the smile away and for this short, heady interval of time they were remembering the same things, hard-touched by them, dangerously stirred by them. That old closeness came back, that old reckless, sweet wildness came back and shook them; and for a moment he was shocked alive by the things her nearness did to him. The past rushed up and he saw her as he had once seen her—a girl holding him away with a gay insolence even as her eyes pulled him on. He saw now the faint freckles at the base of her nose and the curve of her eyebrows and the close texture of her skin, gently browned by the sun—and the reflection of himself in her pupils.

She rose and stepped away from him and did something then that told him of her thoughts; she lifted her chin, her face tightening against a flare of excitement, and pulled her hands behind her back as she had done in those old days when she was afraid of what was to come. "My boy," she said, breathlessness in her throat, "it is time to go."

"Back home?"

She shook her head. "I'm riding with you. There's something on Long Seven I want to find out. You don't mind, Clay?"

He had his awkward moment in mounting with his bad hand. They traveled single file up the trail to Mogul's plateau, and afterward rode abreast across the dun-yellow surface of the high meadows, beneath a half-warm sun. High on the tawny ribs of the Mogul ridge, cattle grazed; a puff of dust rose from the bounding flight of an antelope.

Catherine said: "Clay, I'm afraid."

He saw a worry on her face that had not been there before. She looked far ahead into the long yellow flush of the meadow floors, her mind troubled.

"Of what, Catherine?"

She shook her head, only repeating, "I'm afraid." Turning the foot of the Mogul Mountains, they came upon the Long Seven yard. Janet was waiting in the doorway, her hands primly folded in front of her dress. Harry Jump and Cap Vermilye were near the corral talking to the nester from Salt Meadow, Fox Willing.

These three moved toward Morgan, but he ignored them for this moment, caught by this scene of Catherine facing his daughter. Catherine walked forward, tall and pleasant in the sunlight, not smiling but near to a smile. Janet's small hands remained locked across her dress. Her face held its precise gravity, its unmoved reserve; her eyes were quite cool, yet Morgan, who knew his daughter thoroughly—the shaded meaning in her various degrees of silence and politeness—recognized an odd restraint in his daughter at the moment. It was a mirrored resentment, the cause of which he understood at once. Somewhere along the last year or two his daughter had absorbed the viewpoint of Ann McGarrah. Somehow Ann McGarrah had mysteriously instilled in Janet her own dislike of Catherine. These were the ways by which women sent their feelings intuitively across space to other women. Janet was Ann's partisan and her small, clear face, so exactly neutral, could not quite hide her jealousy. He stood by, quietly angered at Ann McGarrah for what she had done to Janet, knowing he had no way of changing Janet's expression. She was no longer a child to listen implicitly to him. In her own mind, in that shadowland between childhood and wisdom, were beliefs she held by her own judgment.

All his life Clay Morgan had believed in self-decision. As he made his own judgments, as he had lived by them and taken the rewards or the penalties they had brought him, asking no help and caring little for outside advice, so he gave to others the same right. Every human being had to stand on his own feet and reach wisdom by his own errors and tears. Remembering this, he stood back.

Catherine was at the porch. She said: "I haven't seen you for a very long while, Janet."

Janet's voice was slow and cool: "Thank you. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"No," said Catherine, and settled on the steps of the porch. She looked at her hands a moment, drawing a deep breath; she was sober and restrained. "No, but thanks. That's a pretty dress. I had one once, almost the same color. I wore it to a lot of dances."

"Were you my age then?" asked Janet.

"I was older. But at your age I used to dance by myself when nobody was watching."

"I do, too," said Janet. "How long did you have to wait before you could go to dances?" She spoke it and then, remembering her father's presence too late, threw him an embarrassed look.

Catherine noticed it. She said immediately: "It will seem long, as it did to me, but it really will be so short a time."

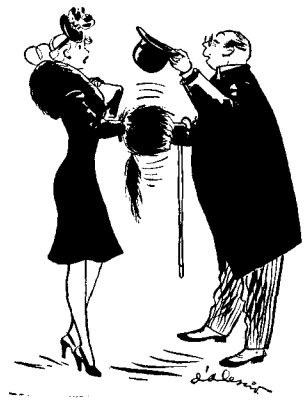
Fox Willing moved around to face Morgan. He said, "Mr. Morgan, I rode over to tell you something—"

MORGAN watched Janet come over the porch to Catherine. She paused there, the polite disinterest gone from her small face. She moved her hands across her dress and suddenly sat in front of Catherine. "Tell me about the time you went to your first dance."

"It was with your father," said Catherine. "I was just sixteen—"

Morgan turned his back to them, astonished at the relief he felt. Willing said:

"I was down at the south edge of Government Valley last night. Coming up from a gully I saw a man bunchin' some of your beef. I got down and watched. It was a pretty bright night but this fellow was a mile away and I wasn't sure. Might have been one of your crew. So I waited till I saw him drive the beef



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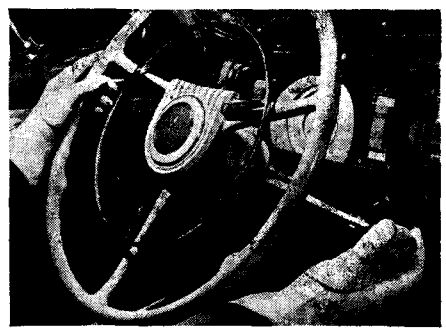

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A new 122½-inch wheelbase—luxurious room for *six grown* people. Seats are wider...more head and leg room. Rear doors full width at bottom...for easy entrance or exit!

100-horsepower engine gives you a new, thrilling performance. But operating costs are low!

See De Soto—today. Take the family out for a drive in it. They'll love it...and you'll like its *New Low Price!* DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

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*DE LUXE COUPE $845 | DE LUXE SEDAN $905

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FLOATING RIDE...now *all* passengers ride smoothly "cradled" *between* front and rear axles.

BIGGER WINDOW AREA...greater vision...Safety Glass all around...Sealed Beam Headlights—50% to 65% better road light!

ADVANCED STYLING...De Soto's back is as beautiful as the front! Higher resale value.

SAFETY-SIGNAL SPEEDOMETER shows green, amber, or warning red as your driving speed increases.

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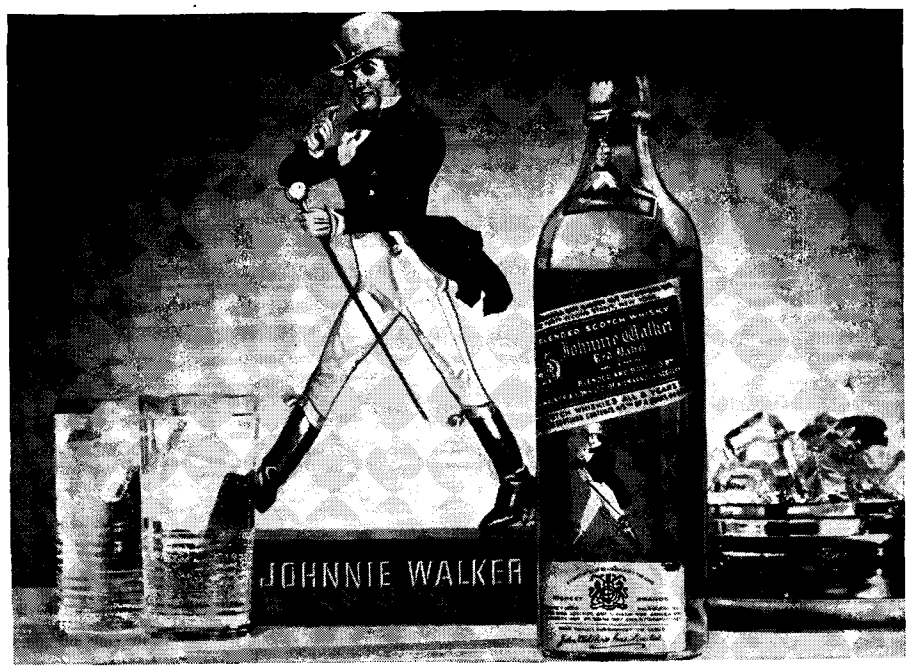
YOU CAN TRAVEL far to find a people more hospitable than the Scotch. Their friendly burr, their comfortable homes, their warm customs are things you will never forget. Nor will you forget a Scottish toast given with fine old **JOHNNIE WALKER!**

THE KILT and the bagpipes stand as unique Scottish symbols to all civilized people . . . and no less a symbol of the rich heritage of this country is mellow **JOHNNIE WALKER** whisky from Kilmarnock, known everywhere in the world for its fine body and flavour.



FOR SCOTLAND at its friendly best, pour yourself a **JOHNNIE WALKER** & Soda. Lift it. Sip it. Don't you agree? There's no finer whisky than Scotch, and among the world's great Scotches, **JOHNNIE WALKER** sets the pace!

Red Label, 8 years old • Black Label, 12 years old • Both 86.8 proof
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE IMPORTERS
OF JOHNNIE WALKER BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

over the ridge, headin' south. I figured to take a shot then, only it looked like he had some friends farther down toward the Potholes, so I didn't risk it." He seemed to be troubled about that, and quietly explained: "I've got a wife, you see."

Morgan said: "Thanks, Fox."

"Well," said Willing, "you gave us a break."

Harry Jump said: "We're wastin' time."

"Yes," said Morgan, "we'll have a look."

Morgan got back on his horse. He interrupted Catherine's talk. "Janet, we'll be gone a while. But Mose and Pancho will be here."

Janet said, "All right." She turned her eyes back to Catherine, whose face, for the moment, swung to Morgan, all soft and stirred. Something came across that space from her to him; he wasn't sure what it meant, but there it was, strong and warm. She said: "I'll stay here a little while, Clay."

"All right."

Harry Jump said some impatient word under his breath, moving away with Fox Willing and Cap Vermilye. Morgan followed, and thus these four headed down the flats in the warm-brisk air of middle morning.

BREAKING a lonely night's camp in the Cache Mountains, Parr Gentry entered Freeport quite early that morning. Smoke eddied up from the street, from still-hot piles of rubbish, from brush and blackened pines adjoining town; there wasn't anything left except one log cabin at the head of the gulch. Parr Gentry sympathetically clucked his tongue at Kern Case.

"Mighty shameful thing to happen. For a fact. Hard on you, too, Kern. If there's anything I can do for you, just drop the word. Meanwhile, I been lookin' for a band of horses up this-a-way. Seen anything of 'em?"

Taciturn from a sleepless night, Case said he hadn't, and walked away from Gentry. Gentry took the Burnt Ranch road out of Freeport, riding the up-and-down grades with his soft body loosely shaking, his toes pointed outward and his moon face tipped. His whole shape was idle and seemed without energy but his eyes showed a lively interest in the tracks on the road and presently, entirely governed by what he saw, he entered the Potholes.

He talked to his horse, he broke into tuneless pieces of song and now and then tried his luck at whistling. A dozen trails led from the main one. At each intersection Parr Gentry paused to read sign and always took the fresher tracks onward, so reaching deeper into the tangled maze of pines and gullies and brush thickets. At intervals he passed the blackened mark of old fires; once got down from his horse to smell the dead coals of such a fire. Three or four miles into the Potholes, crossing a shallow creek, he saw a rider slide through the yonder trees, making little sound. Parr Gentry permitted his horse to drink. He dropped his head and his shoulders sagged down and he whistled without much attempt at melody—a thorough picture of disinterest, though his ears caught every soft footfall of the other man's retreating horse.

Later, Parr Gentry found another trail and left the Potholes by a circling detour, reaching Herendeen's valley. The ranch quarters were a mile or more behind him and for a little while he paused indecisively in the road. While he seemed to debate a course in his head, his quick-rummaging glance saw a file of riders come down the slope of Mogul, through the scattered pines. This apparently determined his direction, for he turned northward on the road, heading for War Pass and eventually, twenty minutes later, was abreast the party as it reached the valley. From a distance he recognized Charley Hillhouse. By arranging the gait of his horse he met Hillhouse as the latter brought his men toward the river, apparently bound into the Cache Mountains.

There were four in the party, Hillhouse, two other Herendeen riders, and Gurd Grant. Parr Gentry's presence stopped the group. He removed his hat to dash the sweat from his egglike forehead and said: "Warm for a man of my bulk; ain't seen any horses, have you?" His glance touched them all, bland and meaningless, yet shrewd enough.

"Haven't seen a thing," said Hillhouse. "You seen anything?"

Parr Gentry murmured affably, "Just a couple of jack rabbits. What would old Parr Gentry, who's gettin' blinder every day, be seein' that you young fellers couldn't see? It is a compliment, Charley, fer you to figure I could make out anything at all. Yes, sir, a compliment."

All this was spoken in a windy, wandering way. Gurd Grant said, somewhat restlessly, "Well, we're wasting time," and started on with the two extra riders. Hillhouse, studying Parr Gentry, delayed following the others until he had shaped up a cigarette. The rest of the party was fifty yards ahead of him and he had a lighted match against his cigarette when he spoke:

"What's up, Parr?"

"Wastin' your time around here, Charley," said Gentry. "He's in the Potholes, by the little meadow on Frog Creek."

Charley Hillhouse said, "Thanks." He rubbed the match between his fingers and dropped it. His glance followed that match downward; solemn and narrow-eyed, he stared at the ground. "Thanks," he said again, and cantered after the others.

FROM a viewpoint high on the side of the Cache Mountains, Vance Ketchell watched the land below with the eyes of a man whose own fortune was pretty much in balance; and this was how he happened to see Parr Gentry come along the Freeport road, disappear into the Potholes, and later emerge from them. At this elevation he had a complete sweep of the valley below, a sight of the south-running road halfway to Freeport, and a bird's-eye view of the small meadows in the Potholes.

All movement in so wide and lonely a stretch of country at once caught his glance; and though he did not immediately identify Parr Gentry, he followed the man's erratic course. There were other riders abroad this morning, creeping slowly in and out of sight on the various trails looping below. He noticed Hillhouse's party come around Dell Lake, and was pretty certain of their purpose from the way they scouted the land as they moved. The Burnt Creek stage passed below his viewpoint and cut over the hills toward the Fanolango Desert. Somewhere in this vast land a gun's report rolled faintly out. Somebody seemed to be breaking horses in the corral behind Herendeen's bit house, with a lot of dust smoking up there. A rider, a woman on sidesaddle, came out of the Crowfoot country, traveling toward Dell Lake. This, he guessed, was Catherine Grant, and it amused him to notice how narrowly she missed riding into Hillhouse. All these shapes, made small and slow by the distance, seemed to weave a pattern around each other. Catherine Grant disappeared near Dell Lake; long later he saw her appear on the side of Mogul, now with a man.

This was when Parr Gentry came along the road below, near enough to be identified by the formless shape he made on his horse. More and more interested, Vance Ketchell saw Gentry meet the Hillhouse group and stop for a word; there was that last delayed conference

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between Hillhouse and Gentry, after which Hillhouse rejoined his party. This was what focused Vance Ketchell's attention. Hillhouse abruptly led his men away from the river and crossed the valley. Climbing the ridge, these men struck the Potholes not far from the place Gentry had left them and disappeared.

Catherine Grant and the man with her had reached the top of the Mogul rim. There was nothing much left to see, and no particular activity around Herendeen's, whereupon Vance Ketchell got on his horse, took the upward trail into timber and reached his own small ranch less than an hour later. The moment he came into his meadow he discovered visitors. Herendeen and Bones McGeen were dismounted by his door.

McGeen said irritably: "Where the hell you been?"

TROUBLE had crept behind Vance Ketchell. He saw it on the faces of both these men and heard it in the domineering voice of McGeen. Vance Ketchell had his shadowed moment of dismal certainty. Before another word had been spoken he knew he had lost his ranch. Riding before these two, he stepped from the saddle, a distinct chill threading his nerves. At that moment he knew what physical fear was. It came to him and held him still—and then because he knew he had already lost, he ceased to be afraid.

He said: "None of your business, Bones."

"No?" said McGeen, rising from the doorstep.

Herendeen shook his head, whereupon McGeen walked to his horse. He propped his shoulder against the pony's side; he had a sudden grin on his face, the drawn, squinted, toothy grin of a man angrily amused. Herendeen, meanwhile, held his bright stare on Ketchell, showing Ketchell the fresh scars on his face, the stitched section of his lip. Now he said:

"Morgan was up here last night, wasn't he?"

"Sure," answered Ketchell. "What of it?"

"You're through around here," said Herendeen.

Facing Herendeen, Vance Ketchell suddenly remembered that Bones McGeen was behind him and for a moment he thought he was a dead man; something in Herendeen's voice had been like a sharp signal to McGeen. And again, at this instant, Ketchell felt that frigid grip of fear. He was a smart young man and knew better than to make any sudden gestures, but he took a slow side step and a turn in order to see both these two. They had him flanked and they were watching him with the steadfast attention of men who had already disposed of him. Bones McGeen didn't move. He had been grinning; he was sober now, not thoroughly certain what Herendeen wanted. It was a little gap in the tightening run of time, and Vance Ketchell took advantage of it. He stepped on backward, using his voice to keep them interested: "What's Morgan got to do with me? I never heard a man had to have a pass from Three Pines to live in this country."

"You're through," said Herendeen again.

Vance Ketchell had meanwhile backed off a good twenty feet and now he saw them both before him clearly. They didn't have him flanked any more.

"All right boys," he told them, very calm about it, "just fly right at it. I know damned well I can beat one of you to the pull."

Bones McGeen drew away from the horse. He set his legs wide apart in the dust. A crease ran across his forehead and he stood with his chin lifted, staring at Herendeen as though something had gone wrong. He called to Herendeen: "You want me to go ahead?"

Herendeen studied Vance Ketchell over the stretching moments; he had the impulse in his mind—Ketchell saw that pretty clearly.

McGeen rasped out: "I never saw the time I was afraid to bust into you, Vance. Say the word, Ben. Hell, he's only got two arms."

"Both good," said Ketchell pointedly.

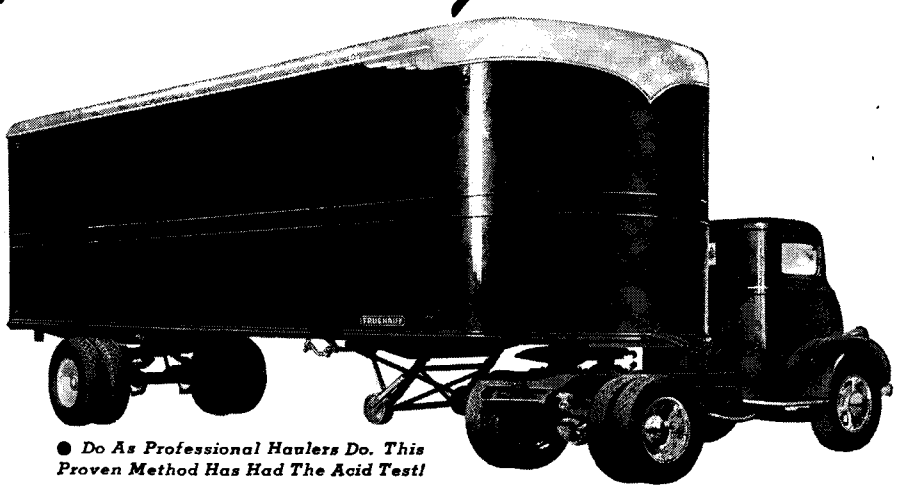
Herendeen shook his head. "Shut up, Bones. Listen, Vance: You be out of here by morning."

VANCE didn't answer. He watched Herendeen limp over to his horse and step up, making a second try before he hit the saddle. Bones McGeen didn't want to leave it like this; he was reckless and sure of himself and hated to see Herendeen back down. He called to Vance: "If it was me, I'd see that hole card, sonny. And damn you, I'll see it yet, if you stick around."

Ketchell laughed at McGeen. "A couple of tinhorn pikers—that fits both of you jaspers. Come on—come on. I'm right here. Just have a try. McGeen, you're a yellow-bellied jackass workin' for a man with putty guts." He let that sink in, quietly turning wild. He wasn't laughing any more. He settled his boots in the dust of the yard and spoke again,

"Please, please! My husband can take care of it!" JOE EASLEY

MAKE REAL SAVINGS On Hauling Costs!



● *Do As Professional Haulers Do. This Proven Method Has Had The Acid Test!*

THE TRAILER STORY SIMPLY TOLD:

Everyone knows that a horse can carry only a few hundred pounds on its back, whereas it can pull many times that much. It follows that a motor truck when coupled to a Trailer and used as a mechanical horse can pull far more than it can carry.

To professional haulers, trucking is not just part of their business. It *is* their business. A few cents saved per ton hauled may mean the difference between a fair return and no return at all. That's why these alert business men have been quick to adopt the Fruehauf "Truck-Trailer" method of hauling. And that's why you, likewise, may find this the very way to lower your hauling costs.

Savings From The Start

You're sure to save on first cost. Instead of buying a truck with the capacity needed to *carry* your loads, you select a smaller truck, add a Fruehauf Trailer and *pull* your loads. The price of the smaller truck and Fruehauf Trailer is much less than that of a larger truck of equal capacity—on an average one-third less.

Savings Go Right On

Your fuel cost will be lower—as much as 30% less—because the truck you use to pull your Fruehauf Trailer is smaller. Your upkeep cost will be lower for the smaller truck. Savings here may be as high as 35%.

Your depreciation will be less since the smaller truck will cost only one-half as much. You'll have a smaller investment to write off initially and when you replace it. The Fruehauf Trailer is good for ten years or more. Many Fruehauf owners have reduced their total depreciation costs as much as 50%. Think of it!

Add "Plus" Advantages

"Shuttle" Operation: With one truck you can handle several Fruehauf Trailers. You simply *leave* one or more Trailers to be loaded or unloaded and use the truck to do a full-time job of pulling first one and then another of the Trailers ready to be moved.

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You can get detailed facts by sending for the booklet "Executive Thinking." It's yours upon request. Or just say the word and a Fruehauf man, a competent transportation engineer, will gladly help you determine if Truck-Trailers will do for you what they are doing for so many others.

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World's Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Truck-Trailers

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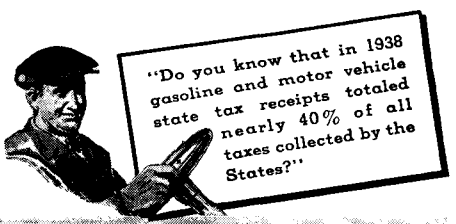
Sales and Service in Principal Cities


"Do you know that in 1938 gasoline and motor vehicle state tax receipts totaled nearly 40% of all taxes collected by the States?"

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS "Engineered Transportation" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MORE FRUEHAUF TRAILERS ON THE ROAD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

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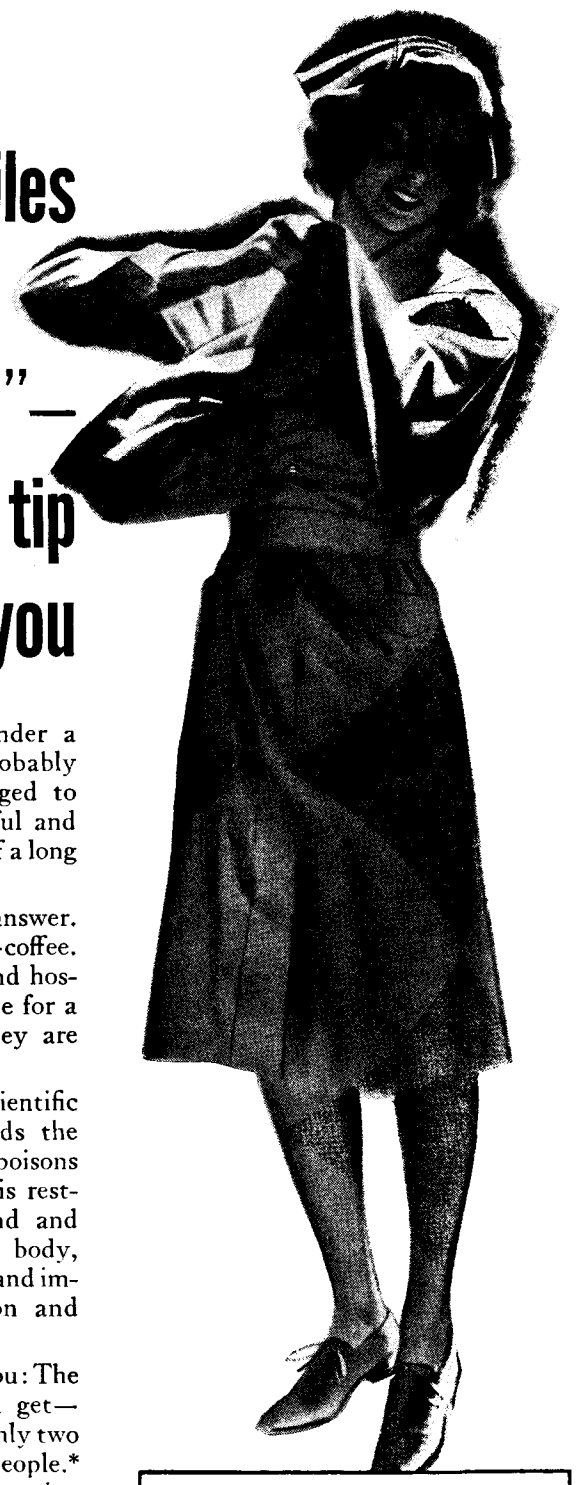
She's all smiles even when she's "all in"—and there's a tip in that for you



IF you've ever been under a nurse's care, you've probably wondered how she managed to keep so bright and cheerful and efficient even at the close of a long and arduous day.

Training, of course, is one answer. But there's still another—coffee. For nurses, like doctors and hospital interns, turn to coffee for a quick "pick-up" when they are tired and tense.

They know from their scientific knowledge that coffee aids the muscles in eliminating the poisons of fatigue . . . that coffee is restful and beneficial to mind and nerves as well as to the body, sharpening the perception and improving judgment, reason and self-control.

This also should interest you: The "lift" they get—and you get—from a cup of coffee lasts only two hours with 97 out of 100 people.* And that means you can enjoy coffee in the evening and enjoy a good night's sleep too.

*Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE IS SERVED TO ATHLETES

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

The fact is, coffee enables the muscles to contract more vigorously, puts new life in them. Also livens up the brain for better coordination. So, many famous coaches have coffee served at training tables and during the rest periods of strenuous football, basketball and hockey games. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE IS HABIT-FORMING

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Of course, coffee is a stimulant. But it is a very beneficial one. For it relieves fatigue instead of merely dulling the sense of fatigue as a narcotic does. And when the pleasing effects of coffee wear off, there is no feeling of depression—no physiological craving for more. Check "Wrong" above.

BREAK THOSE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS?

CHEER UP!—What you need is another cup of coffee!

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough — a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

naming off with biting precision the things he thought they were; it went like this, the list lengthening out until he could think of nothing else suitable. He lifted his right hand, knocking back the brim of his hat. Black hair fell across his forehead and sunlight glittered on the quick film of sweat creeping through his skin. He said as a parting shot: "You're pretty tough on old men and women and babies. If I'm in hell when you boys come along, you can bet your last dollar I'll put the blackball on both of you."

"Herendeen," said McGeen, in a begging voice, "just ride along for a minute."

Herendeen took his tongue lashing with a smart, unmoved coolness. He spoke to Ketchell, "Be out of here by daylight," and turned his horse away, calling up the reluctant McGeen, "Come here, you damned fool." The two crossed the meadow, McGeen starting behind him with a dry, thin look of regret. Ketchell moved along the wall of his shanty to keep them in view. When they passed into timber he stepped back to shield his body, only his head showing. He saw McGeen wheel and lift his gun; a bullet ripped the corner of the cabin, three feet above Ketchell's head, and another shot dropped Ketchell's horse. Ketchell had to step away from the cabin to clear his own gun for an answer. He threw a pair of bullets at McGeen and watched the latter fade back, compelled by Herendeen's yelling authority.

Ketchell squatted by the shelter of the wall, listening to their horses fade on the trail. He stared at his own pony, dead in the sunshine, and softly spoke to himself, "Kind of close, Vance, kind of close." His arms shook a little bit.

AS SOON as Charley Hillhouse entered the Potholes he halted the party to explain what was in his mind:

"Now we'll take up this trail quietly, for echoes run a long way through this timber and Hack has got mighty sharp ears. There's a couple places I used to camp with him and it is likely he'll be at one of them, if he's here at all. If any of you boys see him before I do, draw right down on him. Do not fire. Just draw down. I want to talk to him."

Gurd Grant threw Charley a very odd glance.

"You two were pretty close friends once, Charley.

"Close as they come, I guess," assented Charley.

Gurd said, "I don't get it at all."

Hillhouse shrugged his shoulders. Gravity pulled his face together; his expression was matter-of-fact, seeming to hold away imagination, and his coolness was something that never left him. As they went on, single file, Gurd Grant thought about his own part in this affair with a growing unease. He had joined Hillhouse much in the cheerful spirit a man goes out on a hunting party; now, for the first time on this trip, he began to understand what they were hunting—and what might come when they found Hack. It gave him a distinct chill when he reasoned it out this way. It put a different light on the affair.

"Charley," he said, "I don't want any rough stuff."

Charley rode in front of him, not turning and not answering. Gurd Grant got the impression of a will in Hillhouse as hard as rock. More and more disturbed, he had his fervent wish that he were out of the whole thing. By disposition a sunny and agreeable man, he had never in his life lifted a gun at anybody, and though he had joined this group because of anger toward Morgan—an anger he still nursed—he could not, now that he thought of it seriously, see himself in the role of Hack Breathitt's captor. Squirming around the saddle, he was on the edge of dropping out of the party, when Charley's voice drifted back at him.

"You don't have to go on, Mr. Grant."

THE tone of it affronted Gurd's pride. He said stiffly: "Just do your own thinking, Charley, and I'll do mine." An instant later he wished he hadn't said it. Gloomy and extremely troubled, he fell silent.

The Potholes was a section of land perhaps ten miles square, composed of gulches and ridges shapelessly twisted, as though in olden time an upthrust of the earth's lower levels had lifted and dropped this crust. The trails here, made by wild cattle and antelope and men secretly riding their own ways, circled depressions, sank into ravines, followed these ravines, and went slantwise up stiff grades, to fall again into other pockets. Over everything was the shade created by a dense stand of jack pine whose dry needles fell in a dry shower when they brushed the half-dead branches.

Grant didn't know the region well enough to orient himself but Charley Hillhouse was thoroughly at home, selecting the trails without pause as he came to them. Crossing a creek that rose in the Potholes and died in them, they reached a meadow and carefully skirted its edges. Beyond this meadow the land again broke up. Charley Hillhouse lifted a hand over his head, signaling caution; a mile forward, coming to the lip of a deep glen, he waved his arm by way of command. Grant stopped, watching Hillhouse step from his horse and go forward, drop into the glen and climb the far side of it on his hands and knees. He had drawn his gun; near the top of the opposite ridge he flattened a moment, removed his hat, and thrust his head forward. In a moment he beckoned them to come up.

Grant dismounted and led the other men down the trail to the bottom of the glen. He climbed the far side slowly, abreast Hillhouse. Hillhouse pointed ahead.

Yonder, in a cup-shaped depression as large as a small corral, stood Hack Breathitt's horse. There was a dead fire in the middle of the depression, and Hack's saddle gear. Hack lay beside a log, sound asleep, with his hat pulled over his head. From this distance Gurd Grant heard Breathitt's even, healthy snore.

Grant dropped at the right of Hill-

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Science now tells you what causes

NERVOUS B.O. (NERVOUS BODY ODOR)

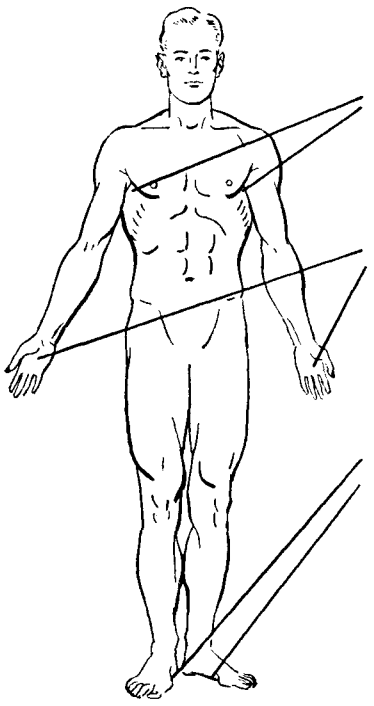
—AND NO ONE IS FREE FROM THE WORKINGS OF HIS NERVES

YOU HAVE over 2,000,000 busy sweat glands in your body. Scientists point out that nervousness, strong feelings... cause sensitive nerves to signal to the sweat glands, and out comes *nervous perspiration.* Unless proper precautions are taken, this soon becomes "nervous B.O."

This perspiration has nothing to do with heat or exercise or season. You may not see it. You may not feel it. But it comes any time to anybody from many causes.

It's so easy to guard against this common fault of *"nervous* B.O." Just change to the tangy Lifebuoy daily bath. You'll revel in Lifebuoy Health Soap... its mild, grand lather... that feeling of "glow," like an expensive massage. Nerves relax delightfully. The crisp Lifebuoy odor's gone in a jiffy, but you have lasting protection from B.O. whether due to tight-strung nerves or to heat, exercise, or hard work.

Underneath the veneer of civilized man



There are about 1000 sweat glands per square inch under each arm. Any confined areas are prime "danger spots." Any little nervous upset brings out nervous perspiration here.

There are about 1600 sweat glands per square inch on each palm. Ever rub off your palm before you shook hands? Then you know what *nervous* perspiring is.

There are about 1575 sweat glands per square inch on the sole of each foot. Nervous perspiring here has caused trouble for millions. And there are other places, too, that cry out loud for the daily Lifebuoy Health Soap bath that makes you protected—poised—pleasant to others—guarded against "nervous B.O." for hours and hours.

WHEN YOU'RE TENSE—Ever make a speech and feel yourself perspiring? People respond to their feelings with nervous perspiration. Your daily Lifebuoy bath with its lasting effect keeps you safe from "nervous B.O."

WHEN YOU'RE THRILLED—You're excited and you perspire. "Nervous B.O." is sure to follow at a time when you're most anxious to please. You go to the movies with an interesting "somebody," get excited, and out comes nervous perspiration. Take care—face life with a confident smile, protected by your Lifebuoy bath!

WHEN YOU'RE SCARED—Driving in traffic is a familiar example of the nervous speed-up, when excited glands cause you to throw off perspiration. For your *own* sake don't offend—use Lifebuoy to protect against embarrassing "nervous B.O."

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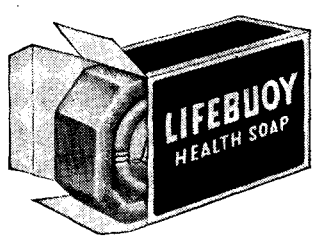
Don't let "nervous B.O." come between you and others. Each day—the warm Lifebuoy Health Soap bath. You'll meet up with a new bathing experience! That mild, generous Lifebuoy lather makes you feel so clean—so keen—so alive—*safe* from offensive "nervous B.O." Time short? Take a Lifebuoy "quickie"—hands, feet, under arms—you know. You'll feel vastly freshened by this *different* soap. And the more often you use it, the greater your protection.

HOW TO GET FULL BENEFITS FROM YOUR DAILY LIFEBUOY BATH

Have water warm. Massage with Lifebuoy's mild, creamy lather. Lifebuoy contains a deodorizing, hygienic ingredient not in any other popular toilet or bath soap. You sense a new cleanness—refreshed, *toned up!* The crisp, healthy scent rinses away... but you are guarded for hours longer from the offending B.O. that comes from nervous excitement or heat or exercise. Keep Lifebuoy handy for washing hands. Children *love* to use it. The big cake lasts a long time. More folks like Lifebuoy than any other bath soap.



LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP —ITS CRISP ODOR GOES IN A JIFFY —ITS PROTECTION LASTS AND LASTS

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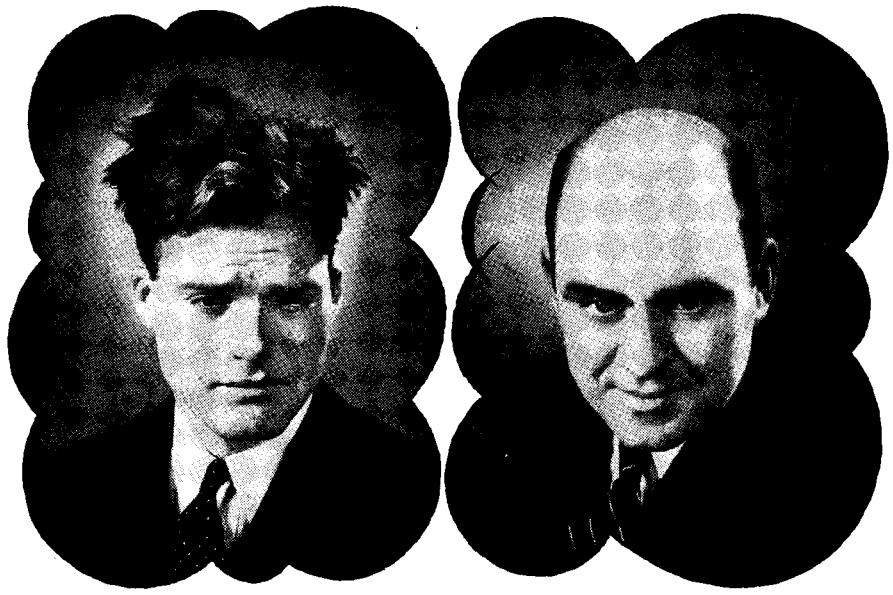
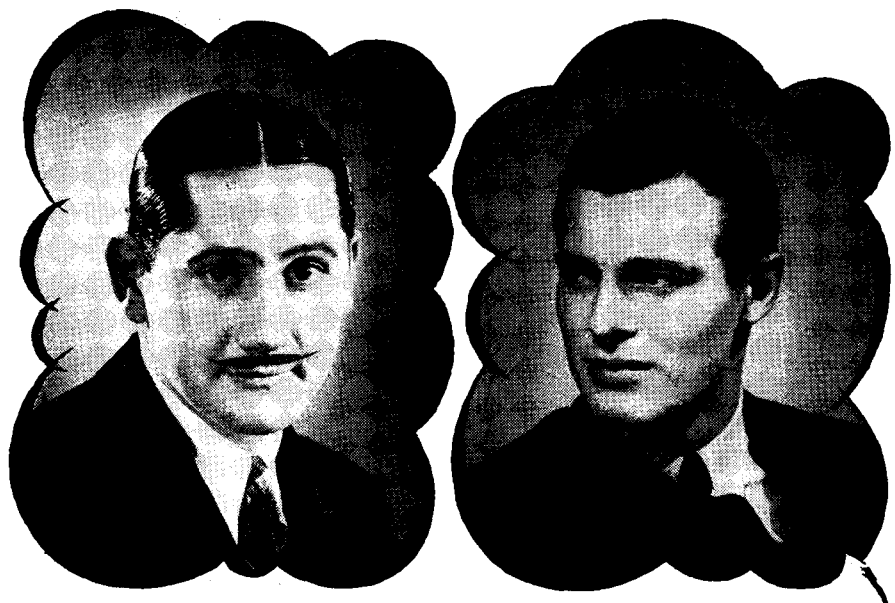
I'VE GOT A NEW DREAM MAN



Last summer I dreamed of Hubert,
But he just got me riled.
He combed his hair with water.
And it was always rough and wild.

My next dreams were of Henry,
But I couldn't learn to care.
He couldn't be helped by Kreml
For his head was shiny bare.



Then I dreamt of Wally,
But he simply wouldn't do.
His hair was slick and oily
Because he packed it down with goo.

Now I'm dreaming of Robert,
And girls I'm here to state,
His hair stays neat with Kreml,
Oh! He'll be a perfect mate!

DON'T soak your hair with water, that washes away natural oils. Don't pack it with gooey dressings and look like a gigolo.

Use Kreml Hair Tonic. It keeps your hair looking its natural best, helps maintain proper oil balance. Not only that, it checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales and relieves itching scalp.

More smart women every day are using Kreml because it puts their hair in splendid condition for permanents—makes permanents look lovelier.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves the hair easy to manage.

KREML

Accepted and Approved — Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

house, the two other riders crawled to the foreman's left and thus the four of them watched the loose-sprawled shape of Hack Breathitt. In this still moment Gurd became fully aware of what he had committed himself to do and had his moment of bitter regret. Dreading what was next to happen he looked to Hillhouse.

The Three Pines foreman had let his gun and arm drop along the ground and on his face lay shadows darker than the dull light of the Potholes. Yet on that face was no particular sadness and no visible eagerness. All Gurd Grant saw was a gray, steadfast certainty. Then Hillhouse lifted the gun, sighted it on Breathitt and spoke quietly:

"it is a hell of a time to be poundin' your ear, Hack. Wake up."

Soft as the call was, Hack Breathitt's awakening was instant. All in a motion he flung his blanket aside, sprang upright and wheeled around, reaching for his gun. Hillhouse's flat warning stopped Breathitt's draw.

"Cut that out. You're covered four ways."

THIS was a wrong guess on Charley Hillhouse's part, for only three of them had drawn on Breathitt. Gurd Grant, rising as the others rose, held his arms beside him, refusing to turn a gun on Breathitt and fervently wishing he were out of the whole business.

Breathitt's sandy hair dropped down his forehead, a flash of wildness raced across his lank, whiskered cheeks and went away. He stared back with a narrow, gray-eyed interest. The mark of the wild bunch was on him, Gurd Grant thought. The chase had made him hard and thin-mouthed; it had put a look on him difficult to explain. Hack said calmly:

"You're a mighty stubborn brute when you start after something, Charley. I ought to've remembered that."

"I told you in War Pass, sometime ago, I wasn't your friend if you touched Three Pines."

"Sure," murmured Breathitt. "Sure."

Hillhouse said to one of his riders, "Go get his gun, Riley. And saddle his horse."

Riley walked into the depression, circling Hack so that he would not be in the line of fire. He crept behind Breathitt, closely eying Breathitt's arms; he seized Breathitt's gun at one rapid reach and threw it toward Hillhouse, relief coming to his long face. He lifted the saddle blanket, folded it across Breathitt's horse, and tossed on the saddle.

Breathitt's horse grunted when Riley heaved up the latigo strap. A crow's strident squawking echoed through the timber. Shade pressed around them and even though the day was half warm, Gurd Grant felt a growing chill in his stomach, along his nerves. He could not help asking his question:

"What are you going to do, Charley?"

Hillhouse ignored the question, whereupon Breathitt's grin showed very white against his sandy stubble. "He's prayin' for an answer, Gurd. You don't know Charley like I do."

"No," said Hillhouse softly, "I got the answer."

Breathitt reached into his shirt pocket, producing cigarette material. He rolled a smoke, still showing that thin-lipped amusement. He lighted the cigarette and dragged in a deep breath of smoke. "You won't get far with a jury, son. You know that."

"Yes," said Hillhouse, "I know it. Riley, bring me his rope."

Riley released the rope from the thong of Breathitt's saddle. He came across the depression at a slow, bowlegged straddle and handed the rope to Hillhouse. Hillhouse hooked it over one arm, keeping his gun free; he looked upward at the trees a moment, then back to Breathitt. "Better get on your horse, Hack."

Gurd Grant saw it then. He stepped around in front of Hillhouse, shoving the gun aside. "No, by God, you don't work that while I'm in this outfit. If you want to take him into War Pass, fine. But nothing else."

HILLHOUSE'S eyes showed Gurd a hot flash of intolerance. He moved in, butted the point of his shoulder into Grant, sending the latter violently backward. He said:

"Keep still. If you've got no guts you ought to've stayed home."

Grant cried: "Try anything and I'll throw down on you, Charley!"

Hillhouse spoke to Riley: "If he moves, bat him. Better get on the horse, Hack."

"No," said Hack, "I guess not."

"Listen," said Hillhouse in a jumpy,

"Just ignore them, sir—the National Association of Hotel Detectives is convening here this week" LEONARD DOVE

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hard-pressed tone, "make it easy for a man. What you think I'm thinkin' about now, Hack? What you suppose I feel?"

It was entirely between these two. They faced each other, dismally sober, two tough men who knew each other thoroughly. Breathitt took his deep pulls on the cigarette, drawing the smoke into his lungs with a heavy-breathing relish. His cheeks showed pallor in this shade, his features were thinner, and the look in his eyes had the round, terrible depth of a gun's muzzle.

"Charley," he said, "there's a streak of Injun in you."

Hillhouse's answer held intensity, a dogged conviction. Yet it seemed to Grant that Hillhouse was anxiously trying to make Hack understand.

"I told you in War Pass how it had to be with me. I can't straddle the fence. God hates a man like that. Look at Ollie Jacks. Whut's different between you and Ollie? I'd hang any crook to a tree if I caught him. Whut other way can I handle you? If I see my chore, how can I turn back on it, even for a man I know well? You're a crook, Hack. That's what you turned out to be. And you wound up killin' a man. One of my men. I said I'd stick by Three Pines long as I worked for it—and I will. You see that, Hack? I got no option in the matter." His voice begged Hack Breathitt for an answer: "You see that?"

Breathitt showed his old partner an iron insolence, a black, cutting wisdom. There was something in that look which none of them, long as they lived, could ever answer, or ever forget. Hack said: "There's a knot in your head and nothin' can change it. But put this in your book, kid. You've got a damned good memory, too—and this is something you won't shake loose. It'll go to bed with you and it'll kill your sleep and it'll make your grub taste like sawdust and all the drinkin' in the world won't drown it. Take a good long look at your peace of mind, Charley. It's the last you'll ever see of it."

"Get on the horse," said Hillhouse.

Hack smoked his cigarette to the bitter end, tossed it into the dust. "Before the week's out you'll wish to God you were in my place. Never mind the horse, Charley."

HILLHOUSE pulled his feet together and dropped the rope. His chin came up and the gun slowly rose in his hand. He fired three times, shoving the gun toward his target as though he could not get it done quickly enough. Shocked windless, Gurd Grant saw the foreman's lips pull back at each shot, saw his face snap into grotesque and openmouthed expressions of craziness such as he had never seen on any man's face before. The shot echoes pounded along the corridors of the pine forest. Hack bowed his head and bent his knees as though to kneel. Half kneeling, he fell forward.

Hillhouse walked toward him, the gun sagging at full arm's length. He removed his hat and stood this way, staring down at the dead Breathitt. He said: "Well, he had the last word, like always." And then his lips framed silent words. The vitality left his face. When he looked around to the others he seemed faintly dazed. He said: "We'll take him back to the ranch and get a wagon and run him into War Pass. His family are all buried in the cemetery, which is where he should be. These Potholes ain't fit for any white man." Afterward he added in an aimless way: "I wish he'd seen the way I looked at it. I wish he had."

Gurd Grant swung around, physically sick, and slid down the ravine. He had to stop here long enough to lose his breakfast and catch his wind. Climbing out of the ravine, he reached his horse and turned it back on the trail. This was pretty much a wilderness to him but he was so absorbed by what he had seen that he let the horse have its own head, and so eventually he came out of the Potholes on Herendeen's range. Turning right, he threaded through the Haycreek Hills and reached his own place. He left the horse in front of the house. Going up the stairs he heard Catherine call from the kitchen. She came to the hall and saw his dead-white face swing around.

"Gurd—what's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing."

"You're lying."

"Let me alone," he rasped out and went up the stairs. He locked the door of his room, slowly pacing back and forth from corner to corner. Catherine knocked on the door and called to him. He didn't answer.

LIGE WHITE, who loved hunting as he loved few things, returned to his ranch that day and turned a fat mule deer over to the cook. He had been gone from the house since two that morning, riding down some of the constant physical restlessness which seldom permitted him to remain long in one spot. He ate a late dinner in the kitchen and afterward sat on the front porch to smoke a cigar, meanwhile listening to the soft step of his wife as she moved around the second floor of the house, engaged in those endless little occupations which seemed to fill her day.

It was a pleasant spot, this Running W ranch headquarters—a green oasis enclosed by a white picket fence. Poplars, sixty feet tall, shaded the house on all four sides, and a creek, neatly confined by rock walls, made an oxbow bend from front yard to rear, to irrigate the ranch gardens and the peach orchard. Adjoining this square sat the corrals and sheds and barns in their own orderly arrangement; atop the barn was a wrought-iron weather vane bearing the ranch's name —Running W. All this made a neat little island in the surrounding flats of Fanolango Desert, whose brown surface now shimmered under the late summer sun. Some miles away the rearing bulk of Mogul showed obscurely behind fall's haze.

Relaxed here with his cigar, Lige White had one of his rare moments of complete ease. Outwardly a straightforward man with extremely courteous manners and great personal charm, he had an inner complexity few people fathomed. This ranch, clean and groomed in a land where ramshackle conditions were customary, represented the feeling he had for some kind of method and some kind of beauty around him. He found deep satisfaction in watching its trimmed outline cut a mark against the encroaching desert; he found peace in its shade and in the sweet, dry odors drifting with the impalpable breeze. After his long, hot rides abroad, after the sweat and dust of the day, it was pure solace to sit here, deep-sunk in the chair, and see the evidences of his own handiwork.

But if he enjoyed it, the enjoyment never lasted long. Sooner or later his surroundings ceased to be enough and he was left again with the tantalizing emptiness of his personal life. There were strong appetites in Lige White, a deep strain of robust emotion, a love of laughter and affections—and none of these things were ever completely consummated.

Hearing his wife move around the house he reflected that it had been a good many years since she had come to the porch to watch him ride in. Somehow, early in their marriage, they had been repelled by basic differences—his strong wants against her fastidiousness —and so he lived in his world and she, aloof and serene, lived in hers.

He pitched the cigar across the porch and entered the house.

(To be continued next week)

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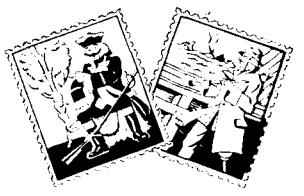

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America's

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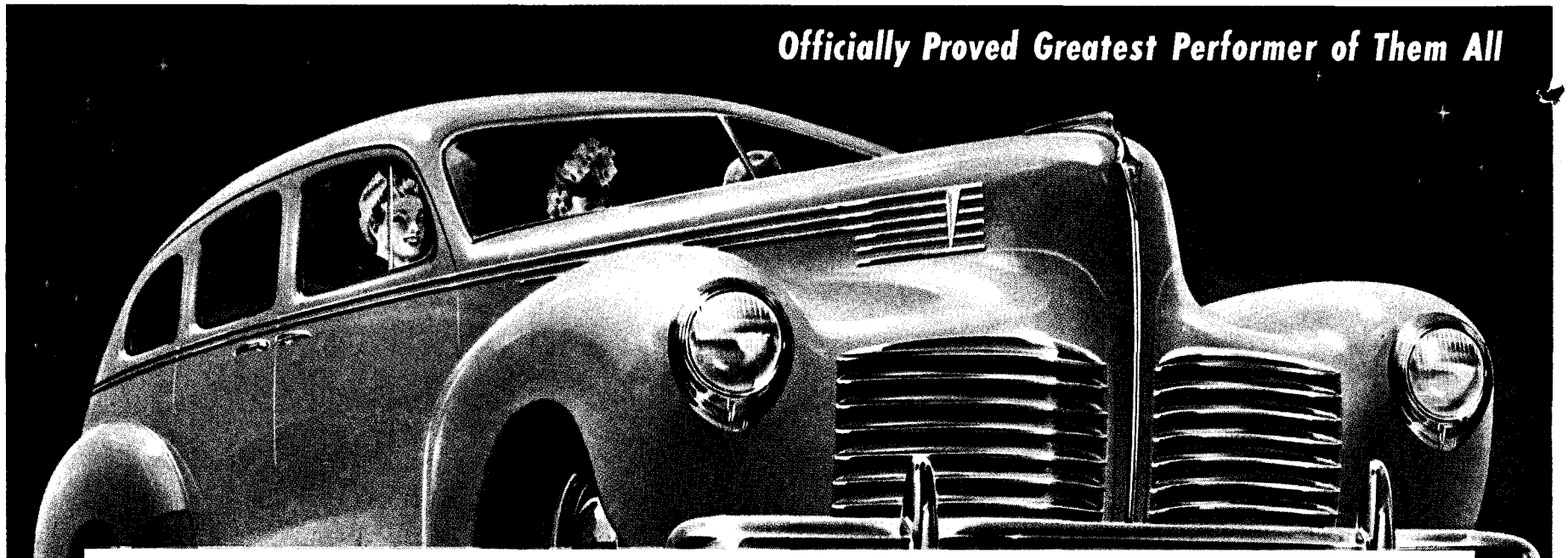

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The Manner of Heaven

Continued from page 21

"Shoe-picks is all right," the preacher told her, "efn you pa'ar biles 'em down and—"

"I knows how to cook a shoe-pick," Ethel said. "But I don't keer how you cooks 'em, he still fish. And I'm gittin' tired er fish."

"How would you like," the Splitter asked mysteriously, "to have a bait er fried chicken? All cut up at de j'ints and rolled thick in wheat flour and fried brown in hog lard?"

Ethel dropped the fish she was cleaning.

"Now!" she exclaimed. She staggered over and supported herself against the side of the house. "Now," she repeated, "I can't even stand to smell dis ole fish."

The Sin Splitter watched her sympathetically. He shook his head. "Ethel," he said, "you raley must be tired er eatin' fish."

"Man," Ethel pleaded, "please don't say fish to me. I ain't had nothin' but fish to eat, for so long."

"What about dat side meat?" the Splitter wanted to know. "And dem collards?"

ETHEL sat down weakly on the porch. "I was jest braggin'," she said humbly. "I was afeared efn I told you I didn't had nothin' but fish to eat, you'd think you wa'n't welcome, and ride on. And you know good as me when you don't welcome de preacher at yo' house, hit'll bring bad luck."

The Sin Splitter nodded.

"Yep," he agreed, "dem which don't welcome me most gen'ally gits overtook wid bad luck, sooner or later."

"And so I lied about dem collards and side meat."

"You mean you ain't got none?"

"Not none. I ain't even got no cawn meal to fry no fish in."

"Hmm," ruminated the preacher. "Dat sounds bad. Can't you git no credicks on yo' crop you's fixin' to make?"

Ethel shook her head.

"I done et my crop up," she explained. "Eatin' and gittin' Henry buried and all put me in de debts so bad hit'll take all er my crop to pay out and maybe den some, Dave claim."

"Dave?" repeated the Splitter. "You mean Dave Rucker?"

"Yassuh," Ethel explained. "He's haid er de Buryin' Society. So when Henry died off, Dave say he gonter 'tend to ev'ything, and for me not to weary. So Dave's brother f'm Benton got hired to preach de funeral. And Callie's brother, over Frogjump way, got hired to build de coffin and all."

"Was hit a good funeral?" the Splitter asked.

"Hit done ve'y well, I reckon," admitted Ethel. "Henry had been puny so long, hit wan't much a preacher c'd say good about him."

"I'll drap by one er dese days," the Splitter promised, "and put a little gravy on dat funeral. I knowed Henry when he wa'n't ailin', and I kin put in some strong licks for him, out yonder in dat ole lonesome graveyard."

Ethel wept softly for a few moments. Then she dried her eyes, stood and picked up the fish. "I reckon," she said, "I'll git dis shoe-pick ready for supper. Hit ain't much, but you's welcome to it."

"Hunh?" the Splitter grunted abstractedly. "I was jest studdin' in my mind. I forgot all about you and dat fish. I was studdin' about what John de Revelator said when he was writin' in de Book er Seven Seals."

"I disremember dat part er my Bible," Ethel said. "What did he 'low?"

"He 'lowed fish was mighty good eatin', but a man can't live on fish and nothin' else. And dat goes for de widow womens, too."

"Well, amen," Ethel agreed wholeheartedly. "Hit sho is de trufe."

"And me?" continued the preacher. "I don't crave me no shoe-pick meat, neither. Shoe-picks is all right when you can't do no better. Whar's de store you trade at, when you got credicks?"

"I ain't traded at no store," Ethel told him. "I neighbors f'm Callie and Dave, and dey writes hit down agin my crop. But I done et up my crop, Dave say."

The Sin Splitter did an unusual thing. He fished in the waistband of his trousers and presently drew out a dirty, sweat-stained old tobacco sack. His movement was as awkward as it was deliberate, but finally he removed a single crumpled dollar bill.

"Hyar," he ordered, "you take dis greenback over to Callie and make her gi' you fifteen cents er hog lard and fifteen cents er wheat flour. Make her gi' you some salt for lagniappe, and den borry some er dem bakin' powders for nothin'. Onderstand?"

Ethel did not understand but she nodded her head.

"You bring me back seventy cents worth er hard money change, too," he added.

"Yassuh."

"And take yo' time about wawkin' down and back, too," the Sin Splitter advised, "cause supper fixin' to be sort er late at yo' house tonight."

The preacher watched Ethel walk toward the home of the affluent Dave Rucker. Then he turned his mule in the lot and, after vainly hunting in the barn for feed, he emptied the hay from the sack he used for a saddle.

"Eatin' is thin, right now, Balaam," he told the mule, "but you pull on dis Johnson grass hay a while and hit'll git better befo' long. Cawn, maybe. You can't never tell."

The Sin Splitter returned to the porch and began to pray. A half-hour later he took his empty sack and started down the dusty road for Dave Rucker's house. The sun was just setting when he started out, and there is little twilight in northern Louisiana.

In order to approach the house from the rear, the Sin Splitter detoured through the field. He climbed a fence near the barn and a dog barked. The preacher halted and whistled softly. The dog came up and the Splitter patted him on the head.

"I and you ain't got no call to argy," he told the dog, who promptly accepted him as a friend.

The Sin Splitter searched in the darkness until he found the corncrib. Then he found the henhouse. Although he had not seen that part of Dave Rucker's property before, he knew that Dave and Callie had chickens, because Callie had told him so. And he knew about where to hunt for them.

WHEN he did find the henhouse, however, he was disappointed. The chickens were roosting on cross beams, fully ten feet from the ground, and the Splitter could not reach them.

"Hit ought to be a gooseneck hoe about de place, somewhars," he told himself. He searched patiently in the dark, running his long, bony fingers about places where people were likely to keep a hoe. After some time, he found one.

Returning to the henhouse, he sat down and looked toward the chicken roost until his eyes grew accustomed to the blackness inside the shed.

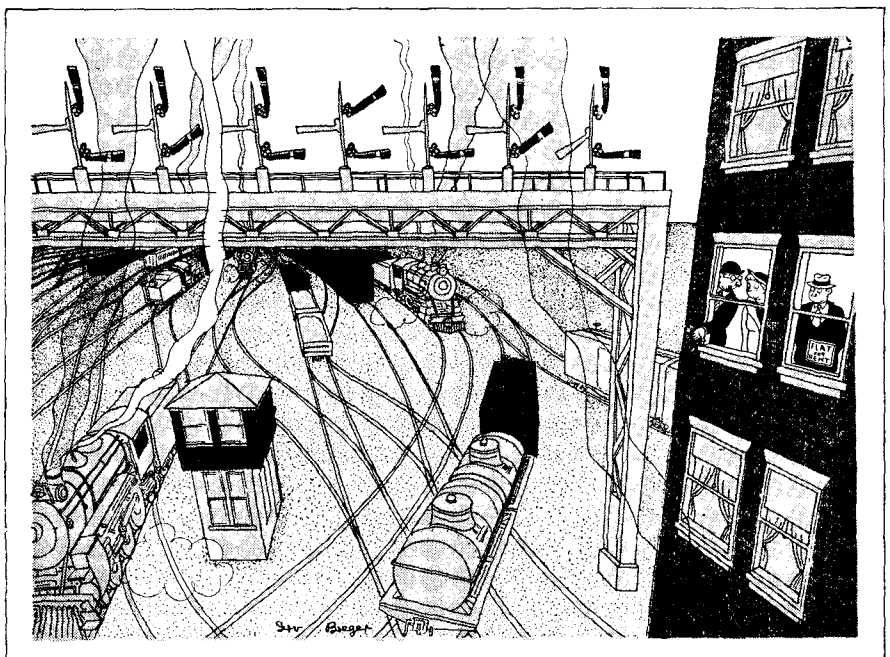
"De ole rooster ought to roost on one end er de rail," he reasoned. "And den de ole hens in de middle. And de young fryin' sizers ought to be at de yuther end."

He did not, of course, want the rooster. Which end?

Mumbling aloud, and pointing alternately to either end of the roost, he "counted out":

"Minnie-minnie, tickle-tickle,
Heavy-heavy hangs over yo' haid.
So say de Lawd unto Nebby-ka-neezer,
And dis day shall you eat grass
Like any yuther mule. Amen."

When he finished his count, his finger was pointing definitely toward the left end of the roost. Without a doubt as to the result, the old preacher raised the hoe cautiously until the neck of the implement rested gently against the breast of the sleeping chicken nearest the end of the roost. And that chicken did exactly what any other chicken would have done under the circumstances; without waking up or uttering a sound,



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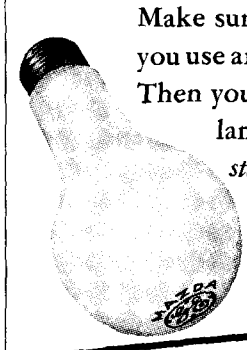

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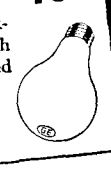

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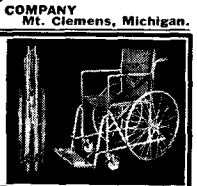

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the chicken stepped stupidly from the roost to the hoe.

The Sin Splitter lowered the hoe handle until the fowl was within easy reach. Then with a deft twist, he turned the chicken's head back under its wing and placed it in the sack.

"Felt like a ha'f-grown pullet," he calculated. "Hit'll take about four er dese to fix me and dat hongry widow woman bofe."

Quietly and efficiently the Splitter repeated the process until four chickens had been lowered. And then the Sin Splitter did a strange thing. Instead of burying the fourth chicken's head under its wing, he gave it, instead, a sharp twist and severed it. He dropped the head on the ground and then walked casually out of the yard and up the road. He carried the sack with the corn and the three live chickens over his shoulder, while he plucked feathers from the dead fowl and dropped them into the road, leaving a clear trail of evidence behind him.

Ethel was dozing in a chair on her porch when the Sin Splitter returned. He shook her and began to hand her the chickens.

"Choke 'em and pick 'em," he said briefly.

"Lawd!" exclaimed Ethel. "Chickens! You mean us is raley fixin' to eat dese chickens?"

"Efn you stop argyin' long enough to cook 'em," said the preacher.

Ethel was too impressed. "Whar'd you buy 'em at?"

"No mind de tawk," the Splitter said. "No good ever come er axin' a chicken whar he comed f'm."

BUT Ethel had to talk. She was so tired of fish and too poor to alternate her diet with simple side meat and collards. And now, there was chicken!

"I was sort er dozin'," she explained, "and all de time, sort er prayin' in my mind dat de Lawd would send me a chicken."

"Prayin' is good," the preacher said. "I prayed a little, too. But I prayed for de Lawd to send me *to* a chicken. Now, go 'haid and fry dem pullets. I'm gittin' hongry."

The Sin Splitter took his sack to the lot and shucked the corn for his mule.

When he returned to the house, Ethel had a fire roaring. The chickens were scalded, picked and cut up with efficiency and enthusiasm.

"Now," the Sin Splitter directed, "gimme a skillet and de lard and some er dat wheat flour to roll dese j'ints in, and you take de rest er de flour and dem powders and whup up some biscuits."

The Sin Splitter had estimated approximately right. Four half-grown chickens had just about satisfied their appetites. They had eaten every piece, but more would have been too much.

"I feels like de rich man, Dives," Ethel said happily. "Only hit ain't no po' Laz'rus to chunk de crumbs at."

"I feels like sleepin'," the Sin Splitter said. "Pitch me a quilt out on de po'ch for a pallet, and don't make no noise betwixt now and de time I wakes up."

With the coming of daylight, the Sin Splitter awoke.

"You, Ethel!" he called.

Ethel groaned, and got out of bed. "Did you speak?" she asked.

"Git yo' clothes on and git de house straight," the Sin Splitter told her. "You's fixin' to have some company for breakfus'."

"Okay, Rev'end," Ethel said. "Only breakfus fixin' to be sort er slim. I ain't got nothin' but a few er dem biscuits which I kin fry in de lard. Us done et up all er dem chickens."

"What chickens?" demanded the Sin Splitter.

"Suh?" Ethel asked. "Dem fo' chickens I and you—"

"Chickens, de dog's foot!" the Splitter exploded. "You ain't had no chickens, and I ain't bought you none. How'd you git chickens?"

Ethel began to wonder if, after all, that big, soul-satisfying supper had been a dream.

"I don't know, suh," she admitted.

"You et last night," the preacher told her, "de same manner dat de Hebrew chilluns et in de wilderness. Don't you mind how de Lawd marched dem Hebrew chilluns under de p-saltrees ev'y day, and den fed 'em on p-salnuts? Dat's de manner de Lawd feeds preachers and po' widow womens. P-salnuts."

Ethel, now in her kitchen, was about to say something of the feathers still in evidence, but a commotion out front attracted her. When she reached the porch, Dave and Callie were before the house, arguing with the Sin Splitter. Dave had a shotgun over his arm and seemed powerful mad. Callie was standing by his side, interpolating each accusation with "Yah!"

"Never mind, dear—I'll grab something on the way downtown!"

IRVING ROIR

It took less than no time for Ethel to believe what had been lurking in her mind since the night before: the Sin Splitter had stolen those chickens from Dave and Callie.

"She rogued my chickens!" Dave yelled. "After I done neighbored her all summer, she come and rogued my chickens right outn my own henhouse."

"Yah!" Callie put in.

AT THAT moment Balaam sauntered up to the fence, stuck his long ears forward, pointing toward Callie and Dave, and brayed, long and loud.

"You're right, Balaam," said the Sin Splitter. "Dave and Callie is as ripe a pair er sinners as me and you bofe ever seed. But I'm gonter revive 'em."

"I'm gonter put somebody in jail!" Dave shouted. "Roguin' is agin de law—"

"Us all goin' to jail," the Sin Splitter said cryptically. "But first off, I'm fixin' to take me up a collection. Paul say, 'Hit take grace, grit and greenbacks to revive a sinner.' I'm got de grace and grit, and now I'm fixin' to git de greenbacks."

He turned toward Ethel.

"Gal," he thundered, "I kin see in de Revelator's Book er de Seven Seals dat you got seventy cents in hard money change. Gimme."

Ethel did not even attempt to understand what the Splitter was about as she returned his seventy cents change to him.

"Now!" he roared, "Callie, hit'll take foldin' money f'm you. In my mind's eye, I kin read about a greasy ole greenback—"

"A plat-eye!" Callie whimpered superstitiously.

"Seven Seals!" the Splitter shouted.

Callie reached into her bosom and pulled out a crumpled dollar bill.

"What you doin' wid dat dollar?" demanded her husband. "You been sellin' somethin' and not givin' me de money!"

"I was fixin' to, Dave darlin'," Callie began.

"She lyin'," the preacher told Dave pleasantly. "She wa'n't fixin' to gi' you nothin'. But don't mind her for dat. She ain't lied hardly nothin' like you has been."

"Me?" Dave gulped. "I ain't no lie!"

"John done writ yo' name down," the Splitter informed him, "for a solid hund'ed dollars. Gimme!"

"Man!" yelled Dave. "You's crazy!"

"A hund'ed dollars," the Splitter repeated coldly. "All in greenbacks. You got mo'n dat in dat long, twis'ended purse you carries. So you might jest as well untwis' and pay over befo' I turns de Sperrit on you and sets you a-fire!"

DAVE was alarmed but not yet stampeded. The tall, mysterious preacher had a reputation for doing mighty things, but a hundred dollars was a hundred dollars.

"Go 'head, man, wid dat fool tawk," Dave said tentatively.

"A hund'ed dollars," repeated the Sin Splitter, "which you rogued offn a po' widow woman. Buryin' society money."

"Buryin' benefits," Dave explained. "Dey wa'n't mo'n seventy-five dollars."

"You tuck her crop and didn't give her enough credick to eat on, and dat's lettin' you off cheap. A hund'ed dollars, or I turns de Sperrit on you, you low-down, widow-woman-roguin', no-good—"

Dave wilted. "Don't turn on de Sperrit," he pleaded. "I'll give—"

He drew from his pocket a long leather purse, twisted the snap-catch and counted out five twenty-dollar bills.

"Give hit to de widow woman," the Splitter ordered.

Dave meekly handed over the money.

"Now listen, you low-down, sin-bit rogue," the Sin Splitter continued. "Ain't nobody stole nothin' f'm you. I tuck a bait er chickens offn yo' roost, last night, 'cause y'all was too stingy to feed me. And I'll do hit de next time, too. You git on back up de road and stop roguin' f'm de poor, and stingyin' f'm de preachers.

"And you, Ethel," he went on, "take dem greenbacks over to Minden to whar yo' brother is at."

"I ain't got no brother," Ethel confessed. "I was jest braggin'."

"Den git over to Minden and git you a husband," the Splitter suggested. "A widow woman wid a hund'ed dollars in cash money ought to git herse'f a good husband."

"Yassuh," Ethel promised.

The Sin Splitter slipped a hackamore over Balaam's jaw, mounted and rode off. When the mule's relaxed fox trot got steady enough to beat out its usual rhythm, the Sin-Splitting Samuel sang:

"Ef religion was a thing
Dat money could buy,
Well, de rich would live
And de poor would die.
So, John, John, drap yo' pen,
And stop yo' writin' to dyin' men."

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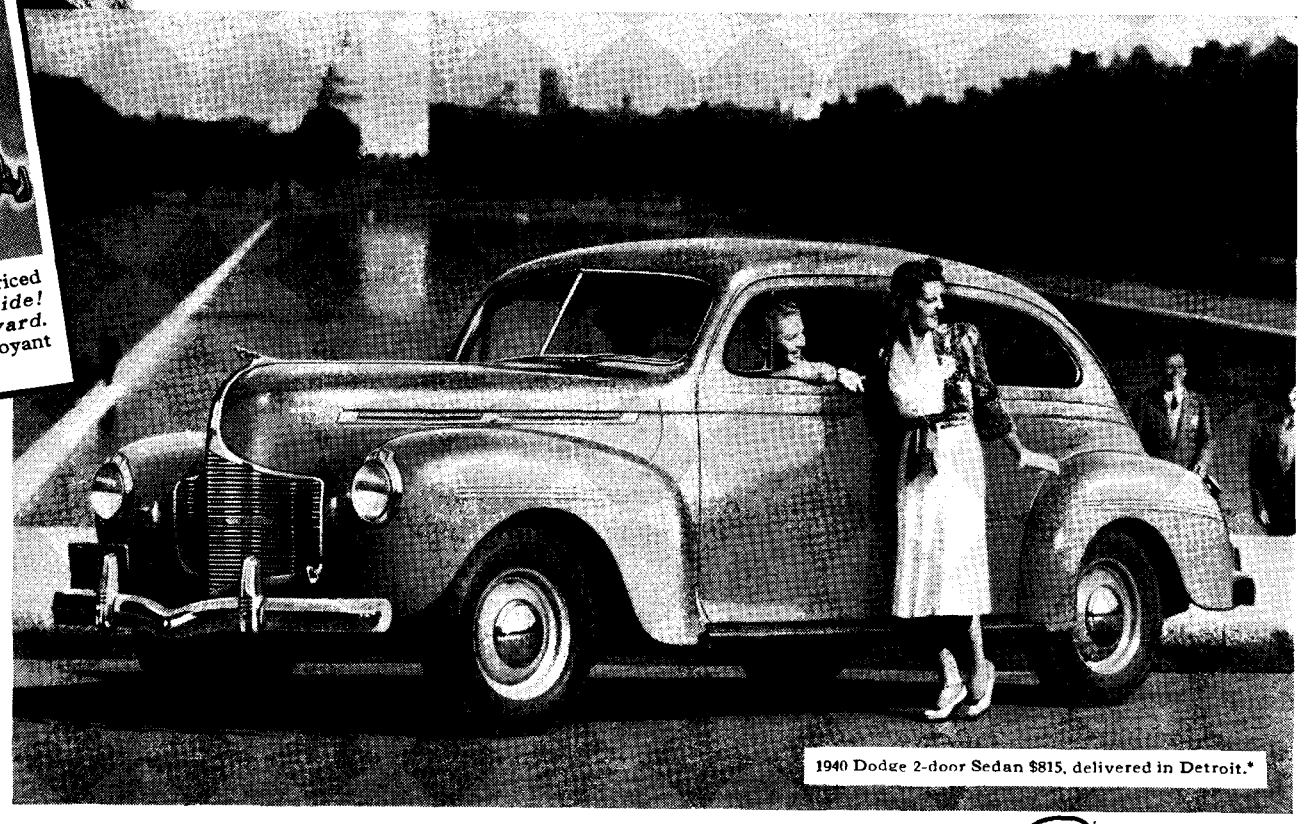

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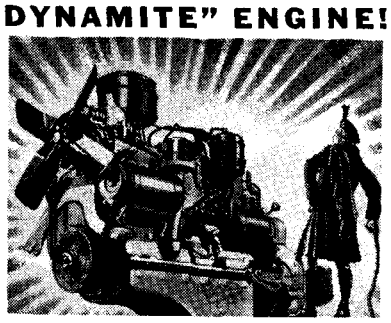

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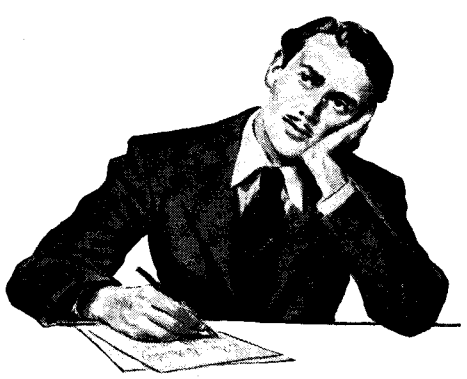

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Sad Cypress

Continued from page 24

"Yes, that's where I left the case."

Sir Samuel paused. Then he said: "You knew the dead girl, Mary Gerrard, intimately?"

"Yes."

"What was your opinion of her?"

"She was a very sweet girl—and a good girl."

"Was she of a happy disposition?"

"Very happy."

"She had no troubles that you know of?"

"No."

"At the time of her death was there anything whatever to worry her or make her unhappy about the future?"

"Nothing."

"She would have had no reason to have taken her own life?"

"No reason at all."

It went on and on—the damning story. How Nurse Hopkins had accompanied Mary to the lodge, the appearance of Elinor, her excitable manner, the invitation to sandwiches, the plate being handed first to Mary. Elinor's suggestion that everything be washed up and her further suggestion that Nurse Hopkins should come upstairs with her and assist in sorting out clothes.

There were frequent interruptions and objections from Sir Edwin Bulmer.

Elinor thought: "Yes, it's all true—and she believes it. She's certain I did it. And every word she says is the truth—that's what's so horrible. It's all true."

IT WAS another day.

Sir Edwin Bulmer was on his feet cross-examining. He was not at all bland now. He said sharply: "This attaché case we've heard so much about. On June 28th it was left in the main hall of Hunterbury all night."

Nurse Hopkins agreed.

"Yes."

"Rather a careless thing to do, wasn't it?"

Nurse Hopkins flushed.

"Yes, I suppose it was."

"Are you in the habit of leaving dangerous drugs lying about where anyone could get at 'em?"

"No, of course not."

"Oh! you're not? But you did it on this occasion?"

"Yes."

"And it's a fact, isn't it, that anybody in the house could have got at that morphine if they'd wanted to?"

"I suppose so."

"No suppose about it. It is so, isn't it?"

"Well—yes."

"It wasn't only Miss Carlisle who could have got at it? Any of the servants could. Or Dr. Lord. Or Mr. Roderick Welman. Or Nurse O'Brien. Or Mary Gerrard herself."

"I suppose so—yes."

"It is so, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Was anyone aware you had morphine in that case?"

"I don't know."

"Well, did you talk about it to anyone?"

"No."

"So, as a matter of fact, Miss Carlisle couldn't have known that there was any morphine there?"

"She might have looked to see."

"That's very unlikely, isn't it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"There were people who'd be more likely to know about the morphine than Miss Carlisle. Dr. Lord, for instance. He'd know. You were administering this morphine under his orders, weren't you?"

"Of course."

"Mary Gerrard knew you had it there too?"

"No, she didn't."

"She was often in your cottage, wasn't she?"

"Not very often."

"I suggest to you that she was there very frequently and that she, of all the people in the house, would be the most likely to guess that there was morphine in your case."

"I don't agree."

Sir Edwin paused a minute.

"You told Nurse O'Brien in the morning that the morphine was missing?"

"Yes."

"I put it to you that what you really said was: 'I have left the morphine at home. I shall have to go back for it.' "

"No, I didn't."

"You didn't suggest that the morphine had been left on the mantelpiece in your cottage?"

"Well, when I couldn't find it I thought that must have been what had happened."

"In fact, you didn't really know what you'd done with it!"

"Yes, I did. I put it in the case."

"Not the Mr. Charles Dickens?" BARBARA SHERMUND

"THEN why did you suggest on the morning of June 29th that you had left it at home?"

"Because I thought I might have done that."

"I put it to you that you're a very careless woman."

"That's not true."

"You make rather inaccurate statements sometimes, don't you?"

"No, I don't. I'm very careful what I say."

"Did you make a remark about a prick from a rose tree on July 27th—the day of Mary Gerrard's death?"

"I don't see what that's got to do with it!"

The judge said: "Is that relevant, Sir Edwin?"

"Yes, my lord, it is an essential part of the defense and I intend to call witnesses to prove that that statement was a lie."

He resumed: "Do you still say you pricked your wrist on a rose tree on July 27th?"

"Yes, I did."

Nurse Hopkins looked defiant.

"When did you do that?"

"Just before leaving the lodge and coming up to the house on the morning of July 27th."

Sir Edwin said skeptically: "And what rose tree was this?"

"A climbing one, just outside the lodge, with pink flowers."

"You're sure of that?"

"I'm quite sure."

Sir Edwin paused, and then asked: "You persist in saying the morphine was in the attaché case when you came to Hunterbury on June 28th?"

"I do. I had it with me."

"Supposing that presently Nurse O'Brien swears that you said you had probably left it at home?"

"It was in my case. I'm sure of it."

It went on for some minutes. Nurse Hopkins, flustered, red in the face, contradicting herself . . . an easy prey to Sir Edwin's skill.

"Is it a fact that on Thursday, July 6th, Mary Gerrard made a will?"

"She did."

"Why did she do that?"

"Because she thought it was the proper thing to do. And so it was."

"Are you sure it wasn't because she was depressed and uncertain about her future?"

"Nonsense."

"It showed, though, that the idea of death was present in her mind—that she was brooding on the subject."

"Not at all. She just thought it was the proper thing to do."

"Is this the will? Signed by Mary Gerrard, witnessed by Emily Biggs and Roger Wade, confectioner's assistants, and leaving everything of which she died possessed to Mary Riley, sister of Eliza Riley?"

"That's right."

It was handed to the jury.

"To your knowledge, had Mary Gerrard any property to leave?"

"Not then, she hadn't."

"But she was shortly going to have?"

"Yes."

"IS IT not a fact that a considerable sum of money—two thousand pounds—was being given to Mary by Miss Carlisle?"

"Yes."

"There was no compulsion on Miss Carlisle to do this? It was entirely a generous impulse on her part?"

"She did it of her own free will, yes."

"But surely, if she had hated Mary Gerrard, as is suggested, she would not of her own free will have handed over to her a large sum of money?"

"That's as may be."

"What do you mean by that answer?"

"I don't mean anything."

"Exactly. Now had you heard any local gossip about Mary Gerrard and Mr. Roderick Welman?"

"He was sweet on her."

"Have you any evidence of that?"

"I just knew it, that's all."

"Oh, you 'just knew it.' That's not very convincing to the jury, I'm afraid. Did you say on one occasion Mary would have nothing to do with him because he was engaged to Miss Elinor and she said the same to him in London?"

"That's what she told me."

Sir Samuel Attenbury re-examined: "When Mary Gerrard was discussing with you the wording of this will, did the accused look in through the window?"

"Yes, she did."

"What did she say?"

"She said: 'So you're making your will, Mary. That's funny.' And she laughed. Laughed and laughed. And it's my opinion," said the witness viciously, "that it was at that moment the idea came into her head. The idea of making away with the girl! She'd murder in her heart that very minute."

The judge spoke sharply:

"Confine yourself to answering the questions that are asked you. The last part of that answer is to be struck out. . . ."

Elinor thought: "How queer. . . . When anyone says what's true, they strike it out. . . ."

NURSE O'BRIEN was in the box.

"On the morning of June 29th, did Nurse Hopkins make a statement to you?"

"Yes. She said she had a tube of morphine hydrochloride missing from her case."

"What did you do?"

"I helped her to hunt for it."

"But you could not find it?"

"No."

"To your knowledge was the case left overnight in the hall?"

"It was."

"In your opinion what was the feel-

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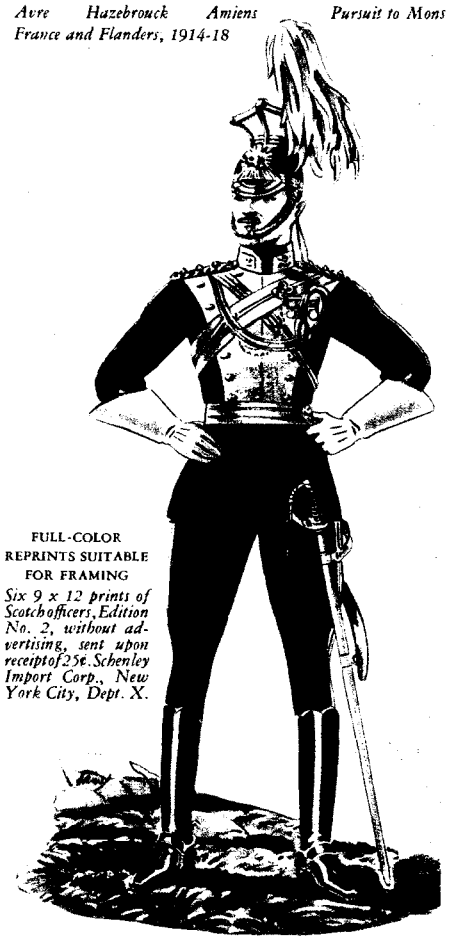

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ing of the accused toward Mary Gerrard?"

"She hated her. She would look after her as though she'd like to destroy her."

Sir Edwin jumped up.

Elinor thought—why do they wrangle about it? What does it *matter?*

Sir Edwin Bulmer cross-examined:

"Is it not a fact that Nurse Hopkins said she thought she had left the morphine at home?"

"Well, you see it was this way. After—"

"Kindly answer my question. Did she not say that she had probably left the morphine at home?"

"Yes."

"She was not really worried at the time about it?"

"No, not then."

"Because she thought she had left it at home. So naturally she was not uneasy."

"She couldn't imagine anyone taking it."

"Exactly. It wasn't till after Mary Gerrard's death from morphine that her imagination got to work."

The judge interrupted:

"I think, Sir Edwin, that you have already been over that point with the former witness."

"As your lordship pleases."

"Now regarding the attitude of the accused to Mary Gerrard, there was no quarrel between them at any time?"

"No quarrel, no."

"Miss Carlisle was always quite pleasant to the girl?"

"Yes. 'Twas the way she looked at her."

"Yes—yes—yes. But we can't go by that sort of thing. You're Irish, I think."

"I am that."

"And the Irish have rather a vivid imagination, haven't they?"

Nurse O'Brien cried excitedly: "Every word I've told you is the truth."

MR. ABBOTT, the grocer, in the box. Flustered—unsure of himself (slightly thrilled though at his importance). His evidence was short. The purchase of two pots of fish paste. The accused had said: "There's a lot of food poisoning with fish paste." She had seemed excited and queer.

No cross-examination.

Opening speech for the defense:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I might, if I like, submit to you that there is no case against the accused. The onus of proof is on the prosecution and, so far, in my opinion and, I have no doubt, in yours, they have proved exactly nothing at all! The prosecution avers that Elinor Carlisle, having obtained possession of morphine (which everyone else in the house had had equal opportunity of purloining and as to which there exists considerable doubt whether it was ever in the house at all) proceeds to poison Mary Gerrard. Here the prosecution has relied solely on opportunity. It has sought to prove motive, but I submit that that is just what it has not been able to do. For, members of the jury, there is no motive!

"The prosecution has spoken of a broken engagement. I ask you—a broken engagement! Why are we not having murders committed every day? And this engagement, mark you, was not an affair of desperate passion, it was an engagement entered into mainly for family reasons. Miss Carlisle and Mr. Welman had grown up together, they had always been fond of each other and gradually they drifted into a warmer attachment—but I intend to prove to you that it was at best a very lukewarm affair."

(Oh, Roddy—Roddy—a lukewarm affair?)

"Moreover, this engagement was broken off, not by Mr. Welman—but by the prisoner. I submit to you that the engagement between Elinor Carlisle and Roderick Welman was entered into mainly to please old Mrs. Welman. When she died, both parties realized that their feelings were not strong enough to justify them in entering upon matrimony. They remained, however, good friends. Moreover, Elinor Carlisle, who had inherited her aunt's fortune, in the kindliness of her nature was planning to settle a considerable sum of money on Mary Gerrard. And this is the girl she is accused of poisoning! The thing is farcical.

"The only thing that there is against Elinor Carlisle is the circumstances under which the poisoning took place.

"The prosecution have said in effect: 'No one but Elinor Carlisle could have killed Mary Gerrard.' Therefore they have had to search about for a possible motive. But as I have said to you they have been unable to find any motive because there was none.

"Now is it true that no one but Elinor Carlisle could have killed Mary Gerrard? No, it is most certainly not. I propose to show you that there was another person who had not only an equal opportunity to poison Mary Gerrard but who had a far better motive for doing so. I propose to call evidence to show you that there was another person who had access to the morphine and who had a very good motive for killing Mary Gerrard and I can show that that person had an equally good opportunity of doing so.

"I submit to you that no jury in the world will convict this woman of murder when there is no evidence against her except that of opportunity and when it can be shown that there is not only evidence of opportunity against another person but an overwhelming motive. I shall also call witnesses to prove that there has been deliberate perjury on the part of one of the witnesses for the Crown. But first I will call the prisoner that she may tell you her own story and that you may see for yourself how entirely unfounded the charges against her are."

SHE had taken the oath. She was answering Sir Edwin's questions in a low voice. The judge leaned forward. He told her to speak louder. . . .

Sir Edwin was talking gently and encouragingly—all the questions to which she had rehearsed the answers.

"You were fond of Roderick Welman?"

"Very fond. He was like a brother to me—or a cousin. I always thought of him as a cousin."

The engagement . . . drifted into it . . . very pleasant to marry someone you had known all your life. . . .

"Not, perhaps, what might be called a passionate affair?"

(Passionate? Oh, Roddy! . . .)

"Well, no . . . you see, we knew each other so well. . . ."

"After the death of Mrs. Welman was there a slightly strained feeling between you?"

"Yes, there was."

"How did you account for this?"

"I think it was partly the money."

"The money?"

"Yes. Roderick felt uncomfortable—he thought people might think he was marrying me for that. . . ."

"The engagement was not broken off on account of Mary Gerrard?"

"I did think Roderick was rather taken with her, but I didn't believe it was anything serious."

"Would you have been upset if it had been?"

"Oh! No. I should have thought it rather unsuitable, that is all."

"NOW, Miss Carlisle. Did you or did you not take a tube of morphine from Nurse Hopkins' attaché case on June 28th?"

"I did not."

"Have you at any time had morphine in your possession?"

"Never."

"Were you aware that your aunt had not made a will?"

"No. It came as a great surprise to me."

"Did you think she was trying to convey to you a message on the night of June 28th when she died?"

"I understood that she had made no provision for Mary Gerrard and was anxious to do so."

"And in order to carry out her wishes, you yourself were prepared to settle a sum of money on the girl?"

"Yes. I wanted to carry out Aunt Laura's wishes. And I was grateful for the kindness Mary had shown to my aunt."

"On July 26th did you come down from London to Maidensford and stay at the King's Arms?"

"Yes."

"What was your purpose in coming down?"

"I had sold the house, and the man who had bought it wanted possession as quickly as possible. I had to look through my aunt's personal things and settle things up generally."

"Did you buy various provisions on your way to the Hall on July 27th?"

"Yes. I thought it would be easier to have a picnic lunch there than to come back to the village."

"Did you then go on to the house and did you sort through your aunt's personal effects?"

"I did."

"And after that?"

"I came down to the pantry and cut some sandwiches. I then went down to the lodge and invited the district nurse and Mary Gerrard to come up to the house."

"Why did you do this?"

"I wished to save them a hot walk back to the village and back again to the lodge."

"It was, in fact, a natural and kindly action on your part. Did they accept the invitation?"

"Yes. They walked up to the house with me."

"Where were the sandwiches you had cut?"

"I left them in the pantry on a plate."

"Was the window open?"

"Yes."

"Anyone could have got into the pantry while you were absent?"

"Certainly."

"If anybody had observed you from the outside while you were cutting the sandwiches, what would they have thought?"

"I suppose that I was preparing to have a picnic lunch."

"They could not know, could they, that anyone was to share the lunch?"

"No. The idea of inviting the other two only came to me when I saw what a quantity of food I had."

"So that if anyone had entered the house during your absence and placed morphine in one of those sandwiches, it

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would be *you* they were attempting to poison?"

"Well, yes, it would."

"What happened when you had all arrived back at the house?"

"We went into the morning room. I fetched the sandwiches and handed them to the other two."

"Did you drink anything with them?"

"I drank water. There was beer on a table, but Nurse Hopkins and Mary preferred tea. Nurse Hopkins went into the pantry and made it. She brought it in on a tray and Mary poured it out."

"Did you have any?"

"No."

"But Mary Gerrard and Nurse Hopkins both drank tea?"

"Yes."

"What happened next?"

"Nurse Hopkins went and turned the gas ring off."

"Leaving you alone with Mary Gerrard?"

"Yes."

"What happened next?"

"After a few minutes I picked up the tray and the sandwich plate and carried them into the pantry. Nurse Hopkins was there and we washed them together."

"Did Nurse Hopkins have her cuffs off at the time?"

"Yes, she was washing the things while I dried them."

"Did you make a certain remark to her about a scratch on her wrist?"

"I asked her if she had pricked herself."

"What did she reply?"

"She said. 'It was a thorn from the rose tree outside the lodge. I'll get it out presently.' "

Sir Edwin squared his shoulders dramatically.

"Miss Carlisle, did you kill Mary Gerrard?"

(That's your cue. Head up, eyes straight.)

"*No!*"

SIR SAMUEL ATTENBURY. A sick beating at one's heart. Now—now she was at the mercy of an enemy! No more gentleness, no more questions to which she knew the answers!

But he began quite mildly:

"You were engaged to be married, you have told us, to Mr. Welman?"

"Yes."

"You were fond of him?"

"Very fond."

"I put it to you that you were deeply in love with Roderick Welman and that you were wildly jealous of his love for Mary Gerrard?"

"No." (Did it sound properly indignant, that "no"?)

Sir Samuel said menacingly: "I put it to you that you deliberately planned to put this girl out of the way in the hope that Roderick Welman would return to you."

"Certainly not." (Disdainful—a little weary. That was better.)

The questions went on.

It was just like a dream . . . a bad dream . . . a nightmare. . . .

Question after question . . . horrible, hurting questions. . . . Some of them she was prepared for, some took her unawares. . . .

Always trying to remember her part. Never once to let go, to say:

"Yes, I did hate her. . . . Yes, I did want her dead. . . . Yes, all the time I was cutting the sandwiches I was thinking of her dying. . . ."

To remain calm and cool and answer as briefly and passionlessly as possible. . . .

Fighting. . . .

Fighting every inch of the way. . . .

Over now. . . . The horrible man was sitting down. And the kindly, unctuous voice of Sir Edwin Bulmer was asking a few more questions. Easy, pleasant questions, designed to remove any bad impression she might have made under cross-examination. . . .

She was back again in the dock. Looking at the jury, wondering. . . .

RODDY. Roddy standing there, blinking a little, hating it all. Roddy—looking somehow—not quite *real*.

But nothing's real any more. Everything is whirling round in a devilish way. Black's white. and top is bottom and east is west. . . . And I'm not Elinor Carlisle, I'm "the accused." And whether they hang me or whether they let me go, nothing will ever be the same again. If there were just something—just one sane thing to hold onto. . . . (Peter Lord's face, perhaps, with its freckles and its extraordinary air of being just the same as usual. . . .)

Where had Sir Edwin got to now?

"Will you tell us what were the states of Miss Carlisle's feelings toward you?"

Roddy answered in his precise voice:

"I should say she was deeply attached to me, but certainly not passionately in love with me."

"You considered your engagement satisfactory?"

"Oh, quite. We had a good deal in common."

"Will you tell the jury, Mr. Welman, exactly why that engagement was broken off?"

"Well, after Mrs. Welman died, it pulled us up, I think, with a bit of a shock. I didn't like the idea of marrying a rich woman when I myself was penniless. Actually, the engagement was dissolved by mutual consent. We were both rather relieved."

"Now will you tell us just what your relations were with Mary Gerrard?"

(Oh, Roddy, poor Roddy, how you must hate all this!)

"I thought her very lovely."

"Were you in love with her?"

"Just a little."

"When was the last time you saw her?"

"Let me see. It must have been the 5th or 6th of July."

Sir Edwin said, a touch of steel in his voice: "You saw her after that, I think?"

"No, I went abroad—to Venice and Dalmatia."

"You returned to England—when?"

"When I received a telegram—let me see—on the 1st of August it must have been."

"But you were actually in England on July 27th, I think."

"No."

"Come now, Mr. Welman. You are on oath, remember. Is it not a fact that your passport shows that you returned to England on July 25th and left it again on the night of the 27th?"

SIR EDWIN'S voice held a subtly menacing note. Elinor frowned, suddenly jerked back to reality. Why was counsel bullying his own witness?

Roderick had turned rather pale. He was silent for a minute or two, then he said with an effort: "Well—yes, that is so."

"Did you go and see this girl Mary Gerrard in London on the 25th at her lodgings?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did you ask her to marry you?"

"Er—er—yes."

"What was her answer?"

"She refused."

"You are not a rich man, Mr. Welman."

"No."

"And you are rather heavily in debt?"

"What business is that of yours?"

"Were you not aware of the fact that Miss Carlisle had left all her money to you in the event of her death?"

"This is the first I have heard of it."

"Were you in Maidensford on the morning of July 27th?"

"I was not."

Sir Edwin sat down.

Counsel for the prosecution said: "You say that in your opinion the accused was not deeply in love with you?"

"That is what I said."

"Are you a chivalrous man, Mr. Welman?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"If a lady were deeply in love with you and you were not in love with her, would you feel it incumbent upon you to conceal the fact?"

"Certainly not."

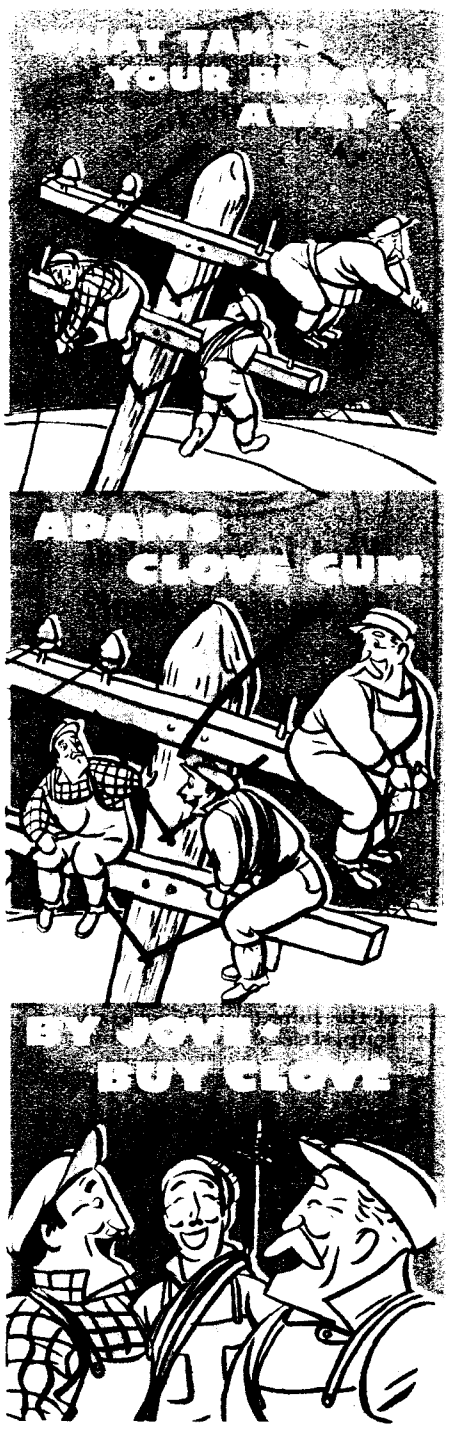
"Where did you go to school, Mr. Welman?"

"Eton."

Sir Samuel said with a quiet smile, "That is all."

(To be concluded next week)

"I was talking to my hairdresser today, dear, and he says the war is going to end pretty soon!" JACK MARKOW



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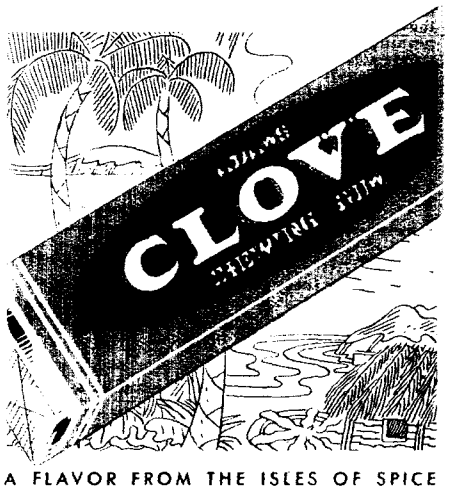

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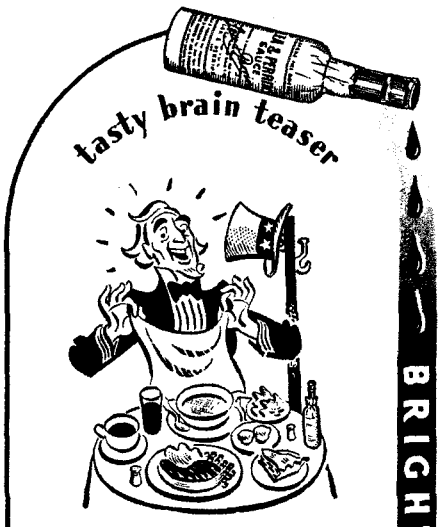

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Surprise Marriage

Continued from page 23

Cynthia's cup. When it was over, the older woman said, "Thank you, Mr. Kendall. These are strange times. Unbelievable times, for my husband and myself. Each pin which is thrust into our pride is a knife to us. However . . . we must not return your kindness by hurting you in any way." She paused. "You," she said shrewdly, "went to the bridge on business affairs of your own. Would an immediate annulment of the marriage affect that?"

Sugimatsu was all finished with returning favors; something else had to be figured out. Andy hoped that Sugi hadn't felt that any face had been lost, or the shipment was as good as confiscated right now. Nothing would be worse to the major than having lost face. The annulment, the proof that the marriage had been a ruse, wouldn't make Sugimatsu any happier, even if the major had guessed it. But what else was there to do? So, "I'm sure it wouldn't," Andy said.

Cynthia stirred her cooling tea; she said, while Andy realized Sugimatsu would be furious, returned favor or no, because of laughter at the major's expense, "I don't keep my husbands very long, do I? It's not flattering."

Kendall was trying to reason out the shipping of the tonnage, although he knew it was a dead end; he said, "Just as you wish," without being exactly certain what the girl had said.

Her cheeks became fire. "D'you think," she said hotly, "that I'm coaxing you to go through with it? I'm *not!*"

ANDY took that with him when a houseboy showed him to a room, and while the boy ran a tub full of tepid water and brought things which proved Mrs. Howe's perfect management for visitors; and when he stretched out in a long chair, in the shaded room, the harder he tried to concentrate on the shipment the more he thought about the girl. The craziest part of it was that she was his wife, and that, if she hadn't been, a lot more might have been done about everything. He could never convince her that the way he was beginning to feel was anything more than sympathy. . . .

There were voices, first in the garden, and then in the house; voices, and more voices, and laughing. While Kendall was wondering at it, he heard a tap on his door. Cynthia entered like a wave of silk.

"He's done it," she breathed. "He's done it!"

"Done what?" asked Andy. The girl was in some sort of a Chinese robe, and it was blue and ice-green, and gold like her hair; and Andy's heart turned over and fluttered the way the embroidered peacock did on the silk. "Who has?"

"Uncle Ned! Everyone's downstairs. He's invited them." She swished over to a table, took a cigarette and lighted it before Andy could get off his chair. "He's told them," whispered Cynthia, "that we've been secretly engaged. That he knew it. That you've visited us in England. He meant it kindly. What . . . what'll we do?"

"Oh, Lord," said Andy. The fat was on the fire now.

"So helpful. D'you know what it means? Everyone offering good wishes. 'Such a surprise, my dear!' Everyone with presents, the way it's done here. 'We'll just give dear Cynthia tea cloths, since there's no time to shop. One can never have too many.' We'll receive thousands, and you don't drink tea. What can we do?"

Andy wanted to say, "Maybe I can learn to like tea," but said soberly, "Take our beating. If all your friends are here, I'll explain what happened, and why, and get it all over with at once."

"D'you think Aunt Charlotte would allow Uncle Ned to look like an utter fool? To lose face? That is impossible. Think of something else."

"I've done my best," Andy said. "You suggest something."

Cynthia swished close to him, her cigarette waving in a menacing circle like a pin wheel. "*I* am not responsible for this . . . this mess." Her eyes were almost wild, and she was close to hysteria.

Kendall reached out. He had to calm her somehow.

"Don't you touch me," Cynthia flamed. "Don't you touch me!"

The door opened. "Ha," said Mr. Howe. "Billin' and cooin'. Your aunt," he said, "wants you both downstairs. Whole town's here. Never saw such presents. You know how it is: everyone's afraid to lose face by not givin' somethin' better than the next person. I'm not positive," said Uncle Ned, "that your aunt thought I should have told so soon, but she's makin' the best of it. Told me to tell you to do the same."

Cynthia said tautly, "That was her advice?"

"The gist of it. She was annoyed. Prob'ly the cook. Your aunt suggested the new white dress." Mr. Howe chuckled. "You're a lucky feller, Kendall. Recall a gown of my wife's. Buttons. Had to be fastened. None on Cynthia's. Oh, no. And don't forget to read off the names aloud when you open the presents, eh? Feller's position is shown by what he's spent. Too bad the Japanese are out of the concession. Great people to surpass everyone. Well. You hurry. No buttons to fasten."

WHEN he had left, Cynthia said weakly, "Aunt Charlotte means we must wait before explaining. What else could we do? If I've been nasty, I'm sorry. But what happened at the bridge . . . everything . . . I'm . . ."

"Don't give in," said Andy. "I thought I had, just about, but I've thought of something. It might work." Excitement crept into his voice. "Once a Yankee, always a Yankee. While you're dressing, I'm going to take a little walk."

Cynthia dropped to a chair. "You're going," she said. "You're going to run off. And leave me here. Oh, I don't blame you."

Andy said, "Get the cry out of your system and then put on the war paint." He grabbed his hat and looked down where she was huddled; he bent and put an arm about her shoulder. "You've been a honey," said Andrew, and kissed her quickly. He almost ran as he left the room, because he didn't want to leave at all.

Kendall didn't want any guests seeing him, wondering what he was doing. So he found the kitchen by listening for the sounds where the cook would be harrying the boys to preserve the house's honor in spite of so many unexpected guests.

"Send a boy to number-one missy," he told the old cook. "Ask her to come here." He added, when the Chinese frowned: "Tomorrow, old one, we will celebrate properly with the finest rose-petal gin in China, but do as I ask now."

The cook grinned. "Can do," he said, and waved his knife at the nearest boy.

Mrs. Howe came; when she saw Kendall and his hat, she said tonelessly, "You are leaving? You feel you cannot stay?"

"That isn't it. I've an idea." He drew Mrs. Howe to a corridor. "Please don't think I'm completely crazy. I want to invite just one guest of my own—Major Sugimatsu."

He heard Mrs. Howe catch her breath. "Quite impossible," she said. "Even were I willing to have him here, which I am not, even as your guest, he would not be permitted to enter the concession. Even if he were allowed, he would not come."

"He might. You must get the pass. Some guest, some official, can give it?" Andy went on, with Mrs. Howe's face stone: "You see, I owe him something No, not a debt. Something for making a monkey out of me. I'd like to square that." Kendall put his hand on Mrs. Howe's arm. "Won't you help me?"

Mrs. Howe said, "You make refusal difficult." Then she said stiffly, "If I can secure a pass, it will all be a part of this insane day."

THE street outside was dark when Kendall, pass in his pocket, was on it again. He wondered what Cynthia was thinking, and if she knew how shaken the brief kiss had left him. Hang it, she *had* lifted her face to him. Perhaps that was just because she was miserable, trapped, and needed comforting.

Then, as he saw the barrier and the bridge beyond, furiously lighted where the Japanese detail stood, he hoped that Sugimatsu hadn't been relieved; if Sugi couldn't be found quickly, all bets were off. Maybe they'd be anyhow.

Sugimatsu was there; Japanese, and rightly, prided themselves on their long hours on duty. They had a lot of pride. Kendall was counting on that.

He was passed out of the barrier; Japanese soldiers stopped him on the bridge, and the natives pressed closer, wondering how much fuss this foreigner would make when the guard forced him to disrobe. He was a big foreigner; perhaps he would fight. That would be something to see.

"Back again, Sugi," said Kendall.

The major said, "The honeymoon has been concluded so soon?"

"This time I'm the one to say that jokes don't click. I'm in a jam, Sugi. You're the only person who can help me out."

"I could do nothing about the shipment of soybeans, Andrew. Orders have already been issued for confiscation. The war. I regret it."

Andy thought, "The devil you do. You gave 'em." He had no compunctions in telling his own lie. "I'd forgotten about that, Sugi. Look here," he said. "The girl's people insist that I forced her into marriage. You know I didn't. I'll be

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laughed out of China if I'm thrown out on my ear. How about testifying that she married me willingly? Won't you come and do it?"

The major was silent for a moment. Then he said: "I would do it willingly, Andrew, but unfortunately I could not pass the barrier. They would believe I came merely to examine defense measures, instead of wishing to assist one of my very dearest personal friends."

It had worked. "Yes?" said Kendall. "Well, Sugi, I've got a pass for you."

"I am to be blindfolded?" snapped Sugimatsu.

"The pass doesn't say so."

"Then I will go, for your sake, Andrew; but if there is any tying of anything over my eyes, I will not go. It would be too insulting to an officer."

Kendall didn't grin at all. He said, "Well, let's get it over with, Sugi," although, to himself, he added, "And what happens will serve you right, too," since the major—eager to enter the concession—was perfectly willing to take advantage of pass and friendship.

THE pass was studied at the barrier so long that Kendall became uneasy, but the signature wasn't to be denied. Major Sugimatsu strutted as he marched beside the longer-legged white man, and glanced this way and that, missing nothing; and the way he walked said pretty clearly that before long he could walk anywhere he wished here, pass or no pass.

They came to the compound wall; the gate boy spat after the pair entered the lighted garden.

"There are many people here," said Sugimatsu doubtfully.

Kendall was prepared. "News spreads fast, Sugi. They're all curious." He had the major by the arm. "Make it plain she said, 'Yes,' Sugi, when I ask you." *When* I ask you. "Here we go." He had the uneasy officer inside quickly, although he didn't know how tightly he had Sugimatsu by the arm.

The big room was crowded and bright with women's dresses and uniforms; what Andy saw first was a tall Highlander, and then Mrs. Howe, in black, and Cynthia, in white, were coming toward him. Cynthia's head was high; and if she hadn't put on color her cheeks would have been as white as her dress.

"May I present Major Sugimatsu?" said Andy.

Mrs. Howe's head moved slightly, but not Cynthia's.

"I can assure you, madam," said Sugimatsu, bowing deeply, "that there was only the most complete acquiescence when my friend Andrew asked the lady—"

"We have been waiting for you," said Mrs. Howe to Andy, as if Sugimatsu hadn't spoken. "Cannot any conversation be delayed until later?"

Andy thought, "She can't know what I'm going to do, but that's perfect." He said, "Of course, Mrs. Howe." He saw tables piled with wedding gifts. "You'll excuse me, Sugi," he apologized, and, as Cynthia and her aunt turned toward the tables, he followed them. As he passed the Scottish officer, whom he'd never seen in his life, he smiled and shook the man's hand vigorously. "Well, well," said Andy. "Hello! How are you?" He added: "Don't let the major get out of here. Get him up in front where he knows everyone can see him."

Why hadn't he done some stage-managing ahead of time? The Highlander's rocky face hadn't moved a muscle . . . but when Andrew reached the table, and Mr. Howe patted him on the shoulder, Kendall saw that somehow the Scottish officer had come to the front of the room, and that Sugimatsu was with him. The Highlander's face was no more expressive than it had been before. If anything, it was bleaker.

Hands spatted together when Mr. Howe cleared his throat, and, China-fashion, did the customary honors. Then Cynthia began handing him packages, and, as he opened each and displayed the contents, there was more hand-clapping. Cynthia was mistaken. There were few tea cloths. The gifts were expensive, impressive, in the manner of Orient custom. Things in silver. A tea service from the commandant, a complete table service from the bank. Magnificent embroideries, heavy pongees, tiny bottles of jade containing perfume, some stoppered with jeweled knobs. A priceless grass-writing scroll from the cook, who would not lose face by giving missy a less fine present than that given by the next-door cook to the daughter of that house . . . package after package Kendall opened, and the pile on the table dwindled.

Andy knew that Sugimatsu was standing stiffly, alone, and that the major's face was red and hot. The rest of the room, to Kendall, were faces and colors, all blended together, all unimportant. Only one thing, right this minute, meant a good deal: had he trapped Sugi the way the Japanese had trapped him?

Andy said, opening the next-to-the last package, "If it were not for Major Sugimatsu, I wouldn't be here. He is my dearest personal friend."

He opened the package, revealed the dragon-and-unicorn porcelain inside, read the name of the guest who had given it. He picked up the last present. "My dearest friend," repeated Andy softly.

Sugimatsu was sweating terrifically, and avoiding the eyes of the guests. For a moment Andy felt a little sorry for him, knowing how the major was suffering; there was a drooping in the officer's carriage, and shame in his eyes as he stood there with nothing to give, stood there in the presence of his enemies who were witnessing this complete loss of face. And there was a curious latent admiration in his expression as he managed to get his head up.

Kendall opened the last present; as the guests began to come forward for the final handshaking, Sugimatsu had fumbled in a pocket, drawn out a notebook in which he wrote fiercely. He ripped out the sheet and almost flung it at Kendall. Andy knew what would be written on the paper, and he was right.

"I can't tell you what Major Sugimatsu's gift is," Andy said, "but it is truly generous and magnificent. Thank you, Sugi."

Major Sugimatsu bowed, wiped his forehead, bowed again, stared around defiantly, preened himself and then smiled. "It is a pleasure," he said. He had come through; he, and what he represented, had not lost face. He stood like a wand, more stiffly than he would when his commander commended him for getting inside the concession at the cost of a few soybeans, even if there had been nothing to observe. "A great pleasure, Andrew," said the major.

AT LAST only Cynthia's uncle and aunt, and Cynthia and Kendall, remained in the room. Mr. Howe said, "Nicely handled, Kendall. 'Specially not sayin' the major gave a check. Delicate. Feller had no time to buy anything."

Cynthia could wait no longer. "Why did you have him here?" she demanded. "How did you dare to invite him?"

"Business," said Andy. "You see, when I came to the bridge—"

Cynthia said, "Business! Oh. That's why you rushed off, while you were . . . when you were . . . after you had . . ."

"A fellow's got to have a job to have a wife," said Andy. "So I—"

"So you hurried away to make a few dollars," Cynthia said scornfully.

"What's this?" asked Mr. Howe. "Fightin'? What's happened?"

"A good deal, sir," said Andy. He began to talk quietly, explaining. The shipment of soybeans belonged to his company; he owed it to them to have it cleared. There seemed but one way to do that, which had meant getting Sugimatsu into the house and where he not only couldn't squirm but would offer the one thing which he could give—consent to ship the cargo—rather than lose face as a guest. But," said Andy, "that isn't all that happened." He looked at Cynthia.

"Eh?" said Mr. Howe. "What else? Come, come, get everythin' clear."

"I'm sure," Cynthia said, "that it wouldn't be interesting."

Mrs. Howe said, "I'm really very tired," and added precisely, "as a child, dear Cynthia, you were always truthful. Very. Good night."

There was more color in Cynthia's cheeks than the girl had put there, so that she was all white and gold and blush-pink. "Good night, Aunt," she said. "Good night, Uncle." When she and Kendall were alone in the room, she said, "I . . . I . . . what must you think of me?"

"That's what I'm going to tell you," said Andy.

"May I interrupt with a few sordid business matters?" WILLIAM STEIG

"May th' happiest days
O' yoor past, guid friend,
Be yoor saddest days
Fra noo to th' end."

"May the happiest days
Of your past, good friend,
Be your saddest days
From now to the end."

You can join, with satisfaction, the thousands of taste-wise men who prefer Teacher's to any other Scotch. For, wherever you go, you'll find this light-hearted, fine-flavoured friend *on hand* to give you welcome. Everywhere and always . . .

"It's the flavour"

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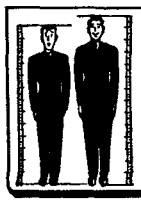
"Why Susan!" cried big sister Nell,
"That glass you hold is like a well."
"Sure," said Susan in reply,
"When I drink Dole I always try
To get a glass deep as a well
'Cause lots of Dole is mighty swell!"

"Thirsty little Susan,
Did you think of Susan first?
No! You wanted LOTS of Dole
Because you had a thirst.

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII



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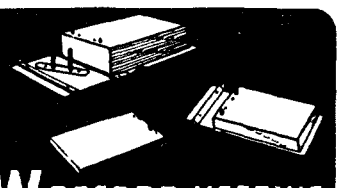

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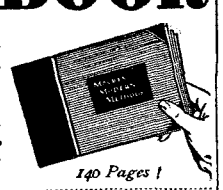

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The Spreading McNutt Tree

Continued from page 14

Mr. McNutt's facility as a candidate.

At Michigan, Mr. McHale played football vigorously. Similarly, at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Elder won fame as a linesman. And it is interesting that the pair of them, now promoting a presidential candidate, should enlist the assistance of the Honorable Mike Fansler, of Indiana's supreme court. Mr. Justice Fansler played end at Notre Dame. Mr. McNutt did not play football at the University of Indiana, where he roomed with Mr. Wendell Wilkie, but was the campus boss of virtually all nonathletic student activities, from the dramatic society to class politics. All of which accounts for the spirit of the old college try which characterizes the McNutt campaign. Like Mr. Elder and Mr. McHale, Mr. McNutt was in America's armed forces during the World War, although Mr. Elder was the only one of the trio to get as far as France.

The first opportunity the Messrs. McHale and Elder had to test the charm of their new star came in 1927. The Indiana department of the American Legion was about to elect a new commander. Several aggressive veterans hankered for the honor but retired in confusion, thankful that they weren't trampled to death when Mr. McHale presented his choice, Professor McNutt. As Mr. Elder said afterward, Mr. McNutt couldn't have done better if he'd had only one arm. The rules made it mandatory that the vote be counted, but it wasn't necessary.

Right Into the Big Time

In the following year at San Antonio, the Legion met between drinks to elect a national commander. Mr. McHale, who had assumed the actual campaign managing of Mr. McNutt while Mr. Elder devoted himself to doing the collecting and disbursing, appeared with his resplendent protégé. And what had happened in Indiana was repeated on a much larger and noisier scale. The assembled buddies took one look, listened for a few minutes and voted like Nazis. And Professor McNutt served them well for a year, sharing with the lads in word and thought the prevailing idea that this country would never be able to repay in thanks and financial aid the debt it owed them. There were those, outside the Legion of course, who harbored the idea that the veterans were becoming a mite grasping, that the boys would have sooner or later to realize that the United States Treasury was not just another Legion post. But no such suggestion ever came from Mr. McNutt, although he avoided too injurious commitments.

Then Messrs. McHale and Elder proceeded to conduct their find into the big time. Professor McNutt was nominated for governor amid the customary loud cries of the ever hopeful job prowlers and, by way of a campaign warm-up, went to the Chicago convention which was to nominate Franklin Delano Roosevelt for President.

It was in Chicago that this rising star committed his first sizable political blunder—his second being that Two Per Cent Club. He incurred the lasting hatred of the Honorable Jim Farley by refusing to mount the Roosevelt caravan and persisting in opposing the Roosevelt platform resolutions and harassing Roosevelt delegates. Mr. McNutt favored the aspirations of the late Newton D. Baker and rather fancied himself as Mr. Baker's running mate.

But Mr. Roosevelt was nominated anyway, as you probably know, and the Messrs. McHale and Elder took their front man home to Indiana, all faces a trifle red as the result of Mr. Farley's outspoken opinion that Professor McNutt was a "platinum blond thus and so."

Yet even the ferocity with which a hungry United States voted for Mr. Roosevelt was not greater than the frenzy exhibited by Indiana in electing Mr. McNutt to be her governor. The New Deal was born. The era of textbook government had dawned. In his quest for the governorship, Mr. McNutt had told the folks that a new deal was inevitable, that inequality was doomed, that the rich would have to feed the poor, that the jobless would have jobs, that the infirm would be supported, that there was plenty for all and that he was going to prove it.

Now Indiana has never had any truck with Civil Service nonsense. Its public servants are selected on the merit system, which means that there is absolutely no merit in a Republican under a Democratic regime, and vice versa. Mr. McNutt had scarcely moved his inaugural flowers off the governor's desk before Republicans, good and bad, began to run for cover. Republicans were being fired in platoon lots, fighting their way to safety through companies of inrushing Democrats who were already shouting "McNutt for President."

Such was the furor that it was some days before the new governor got around to roping a legislature which had promised the voters everything from popcorn to caviar. Of course the state was broke, having a treasury deficit of seven million dollars, and the banks were about to close. But thousands of Hoosiers were out of work and famine stalked the land. So the legislature, to show where their hearts were, adopted a resolution memorializing Congress to "enact an income-tax law levied upon the individual inhabitants of the United States, modeled upon the theory of the present federal inheritance tax and providing rates so graduated that so far as possible each individual taxpayer will be assessed an amount which will leave him a net income of not to exceed one hundred and ten per cent of his normal cost of living. The normal cost of living as contemplated herein shall be defined as the amount of his income which he voluntarily expends for his personal use or consumption and for the use and consumption by his dependents and shall not include any expenditures which he may make for the purpose of increasing his gross income."

Washington did not even bother to send psychiatrists to Indianapolis, being concerned at the time with a number of goofy gestures of its own. Neither did Governor McNutt get excited, saying, in effect, that he'd soon have the boys on a practical footing. With the help of a corps of economists from the university, plus Messrs. Elder and McHale, he set about writing a one per cent gross income-tax law, calking Indiana's leaky liquor-revenue laws and drawing other cash producers in the name of budget balancing. His efforts were completely successful. Indiana's budget was balanced with some left over.

Indiana Shouldn't Complain

In the early literature issued by the McNutt-for-President headquarters this budget balancing act was a major boast. Books, pamphlets and diagrams were broadcast telling you just how Budget Balancer McNutt achieved this miracle. It was left to your imagination what he'd do to the federal budget if given a chance. But presently someone suggested that it might be well to print no more such literature lest Mr. Roosevelt and his aides take offense. The implication, said they, was somewhat pointed. Moreover, pensioners, relief recipients and other beneficiaries of government bounties began to ask whether, as President, he would balance the government budget at their expense. So the balanced budget song was discontinued much to the chagrin of the more conservative part of the audience.

However, in electing Mr. McNutt, Indiana gave herself a break. His administration was wise and intelligent. Owing to his new revenue laws, taxes on tangible property decreased by a third. While many states closed schools, shortened school terms and failed to pay the teachers, none of this happened in Indiana. He pressed a set of loan-shark laws through a bewildered legislature,

". . . and you're to bring back one carton of American cigarettes for K-44"

BARNEY TOBEY

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thereby rescuing small borrowers from the hog-wild usurer and racketeering lender. While he was governor, forty-four laws advocated by organized labor were enacted, some of them being suggested by Mr. McNutt himself. When he assumed office, Indiana's credit, while far from shaky, was unhealthy; when his four years ended, the state treasury had an unencumbered balance of about $17,000,000. Mr. McNutt's most fantastic enemies find it difficult to convince themselves that he wasn't a good thing for Indiana.

In the meantime, bent upon consolidating their position and arming for the future, the Messrs. Elder and McHale launched the Hoosier Democratic Club—an organization which was immediately to become famous as the Two Per Cent Club. The club was regarded at first as something of a major coup. Mr. Peas Greenlee and Mr. Wayne Coy, secretaries to the governor, and Mr. Elder did the organizing and their names appeared on the incorporation papers. The papers described the club as a nonprofit affair the objectives of which were the retirement of the 1932 deficit of the Democratic State Committee and, as a curse remover, the promulgation of the principles of Jeffersonian democracy.

Two Per Cent—or Else!

Every state officeholder was obliged to join up, swearing to do right by Thomas Jefferson and his reincarnation, Paul McNutt. Others who occupied no state jobs but who had reasonable hopes of doing business with the state promptly became members—checks in hand. They, particularly if they were contractors with buildings, roads and relief and other supplies to sell, donated handsomely. Successful bidders for state contracts demonstrated their gratitude by making further contributions. But all state, county and township job holders who got more than seventy-five dollars a month were required to contribute a minimum of two per cent of their wages to the club—or else. And yet all low-salaried employees—the seventy-five dollar class—were not exempt. For example, boys and girls who lived at home where their eighteen or twenty dollars per week was not an important part of the family income were expected to come across.

That no job holders might be under any misapprehension they received formal notice from their immediate superiors. All notices read very much the same. For example, the employees of one of Indiana's correctional institutions got the news from the superintendent thus: "I have received a letter from Mr. Bowman Elder, treasurer of the Hoosier Democratic Club, concerning collections of subscriptions to the club. This letter states that these subscriptions are to be collected monthly but does not give the amount. However I have received some unofficial information that the organization thinks that two per cent of the monthly salary received would be altogether fitting and proper. This subscription is entirely up to you. Mr. Elder has requested that all subscriptions be sent immediately after pay day. Kindly call at my office for further information."

Patriotic as they were, and as eager as they may have been to promulgate the principles of Jeffersonian democracy, a few of the less patriotic employees balked from time to time. However, when they applied at the cashier's cage for their wages they were told that their attitude saddened the officers of the Two Per Cent Club and that "orders had been received from downtown to hold all checks of those who do not pay their donations."

It was then that Hoosiers unfriendly to Messrs. McNutt, Elder and McHale began to look up the law. To everybody's surprise it was found that some years ago, during a Republican administration, the always high-minded Democrats had made such a fuss about Republican villainy that Indiana had thoughtlessly adopted a Corrupt Practices Act. The law had it that thenceforth it would be a misdemeanor for any person "to solicit or receive" contributions of any political nature from state employees and that it was a misdemeanor for "any officer or employee to pay any assessment to any person or organization or political party."

The ensuing consternation in the statehouse and in the offices of the Two Per Cent Club was understandably immediate and great. Under this law Mr. Elder might conceivably be consigned to a common jail and large numbers of state employees might share his ill-smelling fate. Something had to be done. And it was—twice.

Governor McNutt ordered that the Two Per Cent Club immediately dissolve as a corporation. As a corporation it was liable under the Corrupt Practices Act.

How to Prevent Corrupt Practices

But there was no reason why the club might not exist as a nonincorporated body. Moreover, as a nonincorporated organization it could go right ahead promulgating the principles of Jeffersonian democracy and collecting two per cent of the job holders' wages. Anyway that's how the Indiana law was interpreted at the moment.

For some time thereafter the Two Per Cent Club promulgated and collected ad lib—Mr. Elder attending as usual to the latter, and the Jeffersonian end being adequately looked after by Governor McNutt and Mr. McHale, with the assistance of the faculty of the university and such learned lawgivers as Mr. Justice Fansler. In fact, it collected so vigorously that the income of the Two Per Cent Club from job holders and contractors soon soared above a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, annually. It is now in the neighborhood of two hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

But it seemed impossible to please everybody. It was the opinion of Mr. R. Earl Peters, then chairman of the Democratic State Committee, a friend of the Honorable Jim Farley but not of Governor McNutt, that the money should be deposited in the committee's treasury and not received and dispensed by Mr. Elder. Furthermore, said Mr. Peters, inviting disaster, the Democratic State Committee's needs were but thirty-six thousand dollars a year. Why, therefore, collect more? Mr. Peters' views were shared by a large number of assessed Jeffersonians, although as job holders they shunned publicity.

Mr. Peters was promptly removed by loyal Two-Percenters from his chairmanship, but the noise he made seemed to indicate that something more should be done to move the Two Per Cent Club even farther away from the Corrupt Practices Act. Whereupon they got out the act and amended it, clearly elevating the club above the law. Here's the amendment:

"The provisions of this act shall not apply to any club, corporate or otherwise, whose function it is to aid or assist in political activities generally, nor shall they apply to any part of the dues regularly paid for membership in or contributions to any such political club, nor to any member of said club paying such dues or making such contributions, if all or a portion of the money expended by such club for and in connection with the costs or expenses of any campaign or election is paid by such club to a political committee, or to the regularly appointed treasurer thereof, or to any money expended for postage, telegrams, telephoning, stationery, printing, expressage or traveling and board procured by said organization or any of its officers or employees or agents. Provided however, that the exemptions from the provisions of this act shall not excuse those clubs whose purpose is to sponsor or promote individual candidates."

For Members Only

And this incorporated the Two Per Cent Club into Indiana's laws, out of harm's way. And still there were those unreasonable enough to be dissatisfied. Always asking, for example, what the money was going for.

Being a private club, limited in membership to those employees, contractors and other brothers devoted to Jeffersonian democracy and the ambitions of Governor McNutt, the Two Per Cent Club books were not public property. Moreover, it was not required to make financial reports nor accountings. A member might examine the books, although applications to do so were not met with a rousing welcome. Not that there was necessarily more on those pages than met the eye, but it would be a waste of time. Everything was on the up and up, Governor McNutt and the Messrs. Elder and McHale admitting it.

However, it did become known, through publication by the Democratic State Committee, that the Two Per Cent Club gave that committee a hundred and ten thousand dollars in the summer and fall of 1938, and that sum was barely enough, the organization winning the fall elections by a margin so narrow that it took some time to locate it. Perhaps the state missed the steadying influence of Mr. McNutt, who was then governor general of the Philippines. Perhaps his retainers back home had got careless, too sure of themselves.

In McNutt's absence, matters had not gone smoothly. United States Senator Van Nuys, at odds with Mr. McNutt's successor, Governor Townsend, had been going up and down the state saying that he would "tell the people of Indiana how some of their public servants have profited to the tune of thousands of dollars," and that he proposed to expose "a Democratic administration leader who had earnings of more than $140,000 in 1937." The senator added that he had a copy of the gentleman's income-tax return which, he hinted, was better reading than Gone With the Wind. After making more such threats, including an offer to tell the story of a Two-Percenter who had made $25,000 selling potatoes to a state institution, the senator was shushed back into the organization fold and returned to the Senate by a scant five thousand votes.

The senator's roarings did the club no good. Neither was it helpful that United States District Attorney George R. Jeffrey wrote hotly, but rather unsuccessfully, to Attorney General Cummings in Washington, demanding that Senator Van Nuys be called before a federal

Most of us crave certain foods that disagree with us, if only because we eat too much of them. Then the discomfort of an upset stomach . . . gas pains, sour, acid indigestion and simple diarrhea.

•

Next time, *take Pepto-Bismol*, the pleasant-tasting aid in relieving common upsets due to over-indulgence, hasty eating and improperly selected food.

Pepto-Bismol soothes your upset stomach — doesn't add to the upset, as drastic, irritating physics do. Neither laxative nor antacid, it quickly helps relieve your stomach distress.

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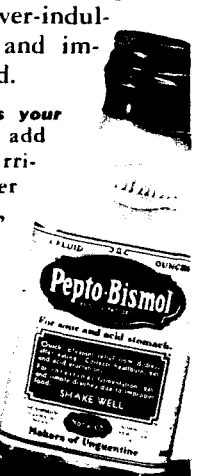

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FOR UpSET STOMACH

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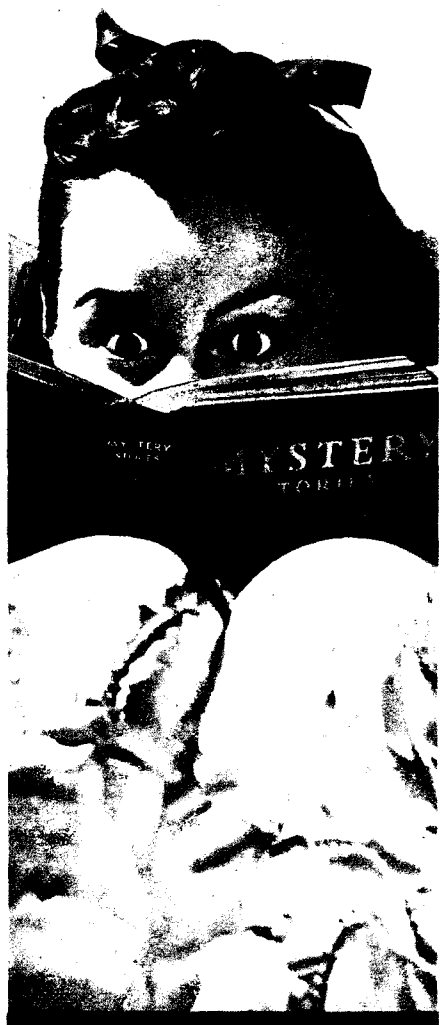

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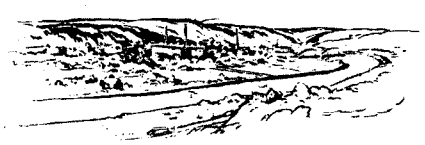

Beech-Nut Gum

grand jury. The Two Per Cent Club might be above the law in Indiana, said Mr. Jeffrey but, he felt sure, it was in violation of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act. In fact, Senator Van Nuys himself said so—before he was snaked back into the organization. Mr. Jeffrey had to write twice before Mr. Cummings replied that he had turned the matter over to the Treasury Department for consideration by the Income Tax Bureau's sleuths. And that seems to have been that.

By this time, suspicious Hoosiers were demanding openly that the Messrs. McHale and Elder tell the whole story of "the making of a hundred-per-cent candidate on a two-per-cent income." Both Mr. McHale and Mr. Elder have denied heatedly that the Two Per Cent Club is financing Mr. McNutt's presidential aspirations, pointing to the final words to their amendment to the state Corrupt Practices Act which discourages such use of the club money. But in spite of that there are churlish Hoosiers who still ask the question.

It is freely admitted by important Democrats in Indiana that, were the elections to be held today, the Republicans would capture the state. And if they should, the Two Per Cent Club will be investigated down to its last Jeffersonian principle—and what became of its collections, perhaps a million dollars, perhaps more. Moreover, these Democrats admit that unless Mr. McNutt gets on the national ticket, the pious Republicans will take over next fall—with the same result. Therefore, it behooves the Messrs. McHale and Elder to nominate Mr. McNutt even if it's only for the Vice Presidency. They are perfectly willing to compromise that honor.

To make things worse, Indiana's Democratic regime has run into several ribald scandals which, in spite of the wealth and magic of the Two Per Cent Club, refuse to vanish. One of these has to do with building private and unauthorized roads with WPA funds. And several potent Democrats, forgetting all about the Thomas Jefferson aspects of two-percenting, managed to get themselves indicted for demanding ten-per-cent bribes from relief supplies contractors. The conviction grows that the whole state has been run on a percentage basis. This, you'd think, would be something to ask Mr. McNutt's promoters to worry about. But no.

While the Messrs. McHale, Elder and Fansler are trouping the land like sleek prophets preaching Paul McNutt, and seeking the friendship of those who will name the delegates to the coming Democratic convention, Indiana's old folks are acting up. As it looks now, virtually every office seeker in Indiana this year will wear the Townsend Plan badge. Today, with Mr. McNutt the guardian of $805,000,000 as Federal Security Administrator, old-age pensions in Indiana are only $17.46 a month. Of course, there is nothing that Mr. McNutt can do about this at this late date, even as the dispenser of $805,000,000. But somebody has given the 65,500 oldsters the idea that Indiana's share of the trifling $17.46 that they're getting—fifty per cent—would doubtless be larger if they too had access to the funds of that Two Per Cent Club.

Then, somebody had to dig up that old Terre Haute strike business, their song being that Mr. McNutt is not the friend of labor he insists he is. It's a bit unfair because any unbiased survey of the facts must demonstrate that Mr. McNutt couldn't have acted otherwise in Terre Haute. The city authorities asked him to send the National Guard. Under the law he had to. The soldiers broke the brief general strike that frightened the town and no lives were lost nor even seriously impaired. However, the McNutt outlook for greater national honors is not at present as beautiful as he is.

And Wipe Off That Smile

Too, there are minor irritations for the Messrs. McHale and Elder to contend with. For example, much too much has been made of Mr. McNutt's charm of manner and personal beauty. On their scurryings from state to state, his salesmen have heard things which convince them that the country is slightly tired of the too-ready smile and the overburnished presence. It has been thought wise, therefore, to impose a mild censorship on the McNutt portraits.

From now on, it has been decided, Mr. McNutt must be photographed minus his smile with his handsome face set toward the sober side. Furthermore, reports have arrived at headquarters suggesting that Mr. McNutt could do well with a little less tailoring and, if possible, a dash or so of that homespun look. But this was not to be accomplished so readily. No matter what his advisers might do to Mr. McNutt's personal appearance, he'd be about as homespun as Mr. Robert Taylor or Mr. Adolphe Menjou. The only thing to do about this problem was to issue statements that Mr. McNutt was born in modest circumstances, the son of a county judge.

By the time you have read this, Mr. McNutt may have identified himself with one of the political factions within his party—whether he is a New Dealer or a Glass-Garner conservative. Under the canny guidance of Mr. McHale, he may be able to avoid committing himself, but it's going to be difficult. If his fortunes grow, if his eagerness and the headlong tactics of the Messrs. McHale and Elder do not topple him from his perch, he may be able to induce both wings of the party to flap in unison. But, like all first-flight politicians, he is chary of early commitments, his speeches being for the most part glittering generalities.

We shrink from annoying you with the minor tribulations of Mr. McNutt and his shills. Perhaps you have troubles of your own. But we can't stop without saying that further disconcerting word has arrived at McNutt-for-President headquarters about professors and brain trusts. If all that the McNutt scouts report is sound, it would seem that the United States has become somewhat tired of both. In their eagerness to please, the McNutt exhorters ask you to say as little as possible about those who huddle around him now. So we shall be brief. There is Professor Fowler Harper of the Indiana Law School; Dr. David Cushman Coyle, one of the New Deal's most voluble economic philosophers; Professor Alton Burdine of the University of Texas; Professor Clarence Heer, a tax authority from the University of North Carolina; Professor Frank Coe, a Johns Hopkins economist; and others almost if not quite so erudite. And there are always the Messrs. McHale and Elder, who are not professors. They don't have to be.

"Above all," one of the most prominent members, of the Hoosier Democratic Club told us, "Frank, Bo and Paul are fine fellows. All three of them would give you the shirts off their backs. All you'd have to do in return would be pay for the shirt at the rate of two per cent a month for the rest of your life."

And another somewhat weary Two-Percenter warned us not to make any predictions until Mr. McNutt really got under way with a few of his more compelling campaign speeches.

"The first time I ever heard Paul make a speech," said he, "was over here at Knightstown, at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home. Being a veteran of the war, Paul gave us a dinger. Promised us everything in the bag, and the bag too. And was mighty generous about it in other ways too. Only charged us fifty bucks. He had some trouble collecting, but he got it."

People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

15—TUBA

Pulling its tones way up from Cuba
This mass of brass is called the TUBA
A bulky weight it seems to be
To dandle gaily on one's knee.
Though often flirting with disaster
A tuba learns to know its master
And just to show that love abounds
Emits the most outrageous sounds.
(Malignant tubas, though, for fun,
May coil about and strangle one.
So with this constantly in mind
It trains you tuba very kind.)
When Richard Wagner in a frenzy
Tried tubas in his play, "Rienzi,"
Composers thought them simply grand,
A thing I'll never understand.

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Wild Wheat

Continued from page 17

I took her up," proceeded Mrs. Brocard, with unconscious frankness, "because they were really nobodies. When Jack Horrabin began running after her I was never so surprised in my life."

SHERRARD remembered something more: that Horrabin had once been quite definitely on the senior lady's string. That made the situation more understandable; after a surfeit of champagne, milk might be very attractive. The attractions of Horrabin himself were more obvious; dark, powerful, intensely masculine, the fellow was a born lady-killer.

"I don't suppose she had a very good time," he said.

Mrs. Brocard snorted.

"On the contrary, she had a marvelous time. It was quite a gay winter, for a wonder; her unfortunate husband was sent away on a course, we were short of women as usual, and all sorts of people who had never even noticed her began asking her to dine, just to find out what on earth Jack saw in her. I did my best, I tried to take her under my wing, but, of course, *I* had to go to Simla.

"And when I got back, Richard, my husband, told me that Jack and Mrs. Enwright had been in each other's company the whole time. He escorted her everywhere, she borrowed his horses, and it's my belief he bought her clothes. She certainly had a new riding habit—*and*, my dear, a really lovely jade pendant she said she'd bought. 'Who from, dear?' I asked. 'Fu-lin,' she said.

"Well, Fu-lin was a little Chinaman who had strict instructions to bring *me* every decent bit of jade he got hold of, and when I tackled him he had some absurd cock-and-bull story about the thing being of no value. It was very valuable indeed, but all natives are liars. However," said Mrs. Brocard, taking a deep breath, "all *that* was put a stop to, because her husband came home."

"And what happened?"

"Nothing—at the moment. I felt so upset I wanted to speak to the poor man. I did once say, 'Captain Enwright, isn't that a lovely piece of jade your wife has?' and he said, 'Yes, Phyllis always could pick up a bargain.' Too stupid! And then something did happen. It became perfectly obvious that Mrs. Enwright was having a baby."

"The daughter?"

"The daughter. Of course we didn't know it was going to be a daughter *then*, and we didn't know—" Mrs. Brocard broke off; for the first time she showed signs of a prewar inhibition. "Well, it was due in June, and her husband had left at the beginning of October, so you see it *might*, or it mightn't. I mean, you do see, don't you?"

"I see, all right," said Sherrard.

"And, of course, some babies resemble one of the parents from the very first moment."

"I SEE the whole thing," said Sherrard. "You must have had a great deal to talk about."

"Talk? My dear man, in those days people had some decency. No one said a word. But we all took a *great* interest, and waited and waited, and at last the baby came. And, my dear, no child ever had so many presents before, or so many visitors. But it was no use: there was no likeness to anyone. It was just the ordinary red, crumpled sort. Captain Enwright seemed quite overjoyed, and so, if you please, was Phyllis! She behaved just like—like a good woman!"

"Perhaps she was," said Sherrard.

"I hope so," conceded Mrs. Brocard. "I hope so, I'm sure. But imagine our predicament! We just had to settle down and wait again. By the time a child's one, or even sooner, there's often a definite resemblance. I forgot to say that Captain Enwright's hair was a sort of mousy brown, whereas Jack's was practically jet-black, like his eyes, so we had something to look out for; but the baby's hair and eyes were just nondescript. So we waited and waited, and sometimes we saw a look of Captain Enwright, and sometimes a look of Jack, and then we began to be afraid she would simply look like her mother, and *then*—then came the war. You know what that meant: everyone was split up, we were sent to France, where poor Richard was killed, and—I haven't set eyes on Phyllis Enwright from that day to this!"

"I can understand your excitement," said Sherrard. "The thrill of the chase, the quarry at last in view. . . ."

Mrs. Brocard bridled.

"I don't know what you mean by that, but of course I shall be very interested to see the whole family."

"Enwright survived, then?"

"My dear, he's a colonel! Little Enwright! That shows what the war did. And Phyllis Enwright is a colonel's lady!"

"Was she," asked Sherrard curiously, "pleased to see you?"

"I really didn't notice," said Mrs. Brocard. "I just said I should call, and that was that. Shall I phone and tell you about it afterward?"

"No, thanks," said Sherrard.

"My dear, I believe I've shocked you!"

"I've been perfectly fascinated," said Sherrard, which was true.

AS SOON as he had put Mrs. Brocard into a taxi, Sherrard went to a telephone booth, looked up Colonel Enwright in the book, and took another taxi to the colonel's address. He was moved partly (it must be admitted) by curiosity, partly by an impulse to give warning; and he found the Enwrights most delightful people. They remembered him, they welcomed him. Colonel Enwright at once shouted for whiskies and sodas. They were brought by the daughter, a charming girl between whom and the colonel there evidently existed a strong bond of affection; but what struck Sherrard most about her was her handsome appearance.

She was very tall, with thick russet locks and a perfect Greek profile. Sherrard was considerably startled by her loveliness.

"By the way," he said to his hostess, "I met Mrs. Brocard today, and she said she'd just seen you. She's coming to call."

Between the two elder Enwrights passed an odd look. It was slightly worried, but chiefly humorous. It was also a look of complete mutual confidence and marital understanding.

"Good Lord!" groaned the colonel. "That woman!"

"At any rate," said Mrs. Enwright, turning to Sherrard again, "my daughter won't have to suffer. She's going down to the country in the morning."

"Good," said Sherrard incautiously.

Mrs. Enwright looked him in the eye.

"Julia Brocard isn't a bad woman," she said, "and I don't wish to hurt her feelings."

Sherrard had another drink and then left. He had enjoyed his visit very much. He thought the Enwrights were one of the nicest families he knew.

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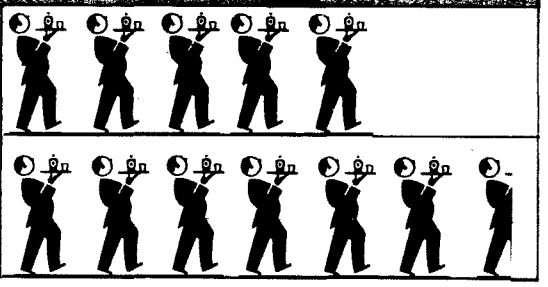

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Coffee for Two

Continued from page 13

"Did you go without coffee again this morning?" he demanded.

"I forgot," Angel admitted weakly. She brushed at the spots and they stopped dancing. Then she said, "Eek!" Jake had snatched the neat manuscript from her and was bellowing for Crippen.

He practically threw the papers at his assistant. "Here," he blared, "Troy's story. And send out for coffee right away. Something sweet and gooey with it . . . cake . . . anything."

Angel sighed happily. Ritzy was saved, anyway. Jake said, "How long are you going to stand living with that damn', selfish fool?" She looked at him coldly and he stuck out his tongue. "That," he said, "for the loyal wife rebuking the presumptuous young man. How long *are* you going to stand it?"

Angel didn't say anything. There was a long silence.

An office boy arrived on the run with coffee and a large pecan roll. Angel drank thirstily. "Well," she said.

"Well, hell!" Jake answered angrily. "Listen, Angel, I love you. . . ."

Angel smiled. "I know you do," she said. "I wish you didn't."

"You do not either," Jake contradicted her. "It's the only thing you're sure of in the world."

Angel was silent with a reluctant feeling that he might be right. She said, "I love Ritzy and he loves me."

"He takes a swell way of showing it," Jake growled. "I've watched. . . . Gosh, Angel, I hate to see you licked."

"What do you mean—licked?" Angel demanded with a faint return of spirit. She finished the coffee and took a large piece of bun.

"I mean licked," Jake repeated. "Seven years ago when we were on the old paper together you were the loveliest little bunch of live wire I've ever seen. You were on your toes all the time. Remember the nights down on the water front . . . ? Remember how you said you loved the seasons best when they came in on barrows and you'd drag me down to Bleecker Street to buy flowers . . . ? Remember midnight Mass at the Cathedral and the time we took a bunch of gutter brats to the circus . . . ?"

Angel grinned at him. "It's maturity, darling," she said. "The years take their toll. . . ." She saw his expression and became serious. "I love Ritzy, Jake," she said compassionately. "I'll always love him. I hate to hurt you. . . ."

He said, "Marry me, Angel. Divorce Troy and marry me. I'll take such care of you. We'll have a little house in the country."

"I've got a little house in the country," Angel said proudly.

"And how often do you get out there?" Jake wanted to know.

ANGEL could answer that and she did so with a relief which she didn't quite understand. "We're going out day after tomorrow for three days," she said.

Jake was silent a second. He looked sorry when he said presently, "I'll bet you a thousand dollars that some day that man will do something so unutterably lousy to you that you'll come running to me."

Angel looked at him pityingly. "Aren't you mixing me up with two or three other girls you know?"

"I know," Jake said doggedly. "But when I win the bet you'll be ready to marry me."

"You're the only man except Ritzy I'd ever consider marrying," Angel conceded. "But what do you think's going to keep us from going to the House?"

"June Seymour," Jake said flatly.

Angel's eyes widened. "June's married," she said. "She's in Europe."

"She's divorced," Jake corrected her. "And if she's in Europe then her astral body has been yearning over Ritzy for the past few weeks in every public place in New York except the Aquarium and the Zoo."

Angel said nothing for quite a while. Then she got up and kissed Jake lightly. "Don't be so dark and Russian, darling," she said. "We *are* going away for the week end and everything is going to be swell."

She steadfastly held that thought until she went into her apartment an hour later. Ritzy was lying on the couch and beside him on a hassock June Seymour sat, looking graceful. Angel noticed that her hair was now auburn, and June smiled at her.

"This poor boy's exhausted," she said. "And I've just persuaded him that it would be foolish to wear himself out more by going to a lot of stupid lectures and banquets and things."

The next morning while Ritzy typed, Angel packed and started Katie and the twins off to the country. When she was putting Ritzy's engagement pad in order she remembered that she had had no breakfast. But as she started for the dining room the telephone rang. It was June.

"No," Angel said curtly, "you can't see Ritzy. We're going away tomorrow early. Well, I suppose it's important, but so's his work. I'm sorry. Drop in when we come back."

She started for the dining room again but was waylaid to sign for a telegram and two registered letters and to tell Hinckes about dinner. Then the telephone rang again. Jake said, "Have you had coffee yet?"

Angel placed the cool transmitter against her hot forehead. "Why, of course," she said.

"Liar," Jake remarked cheerfully. "When do you leave?"

"Tomorrow morning at six o'clock," Angel answered on a sudden upward surge of joy.

Jake said, "You certainly can take it."

"You don't make any sense," Angel complained. "Do you want to speak to Ritzy?"

Jake said very distinctly, "No . . . I'm calling from the drugstore at the corner right across from you. June drove up in a taxi about three minutes ago and Ritzy came out and went away with her. Didn't you know? Didn't you even know he was out?"

Angel's hand on the receiver was wet and slippery. She looked at it with interest. Jake called frantically, "Angel! Are you all right?" and in a second she was able to say, "Don't be silly. Certainly I'm all right."

And Jake said, "Well . . . I'll be home . . . Get this, dear . . . I'll be home all day and all the evening if you should need me."

"I have," Angel said firmly, "everything in the world that I need."

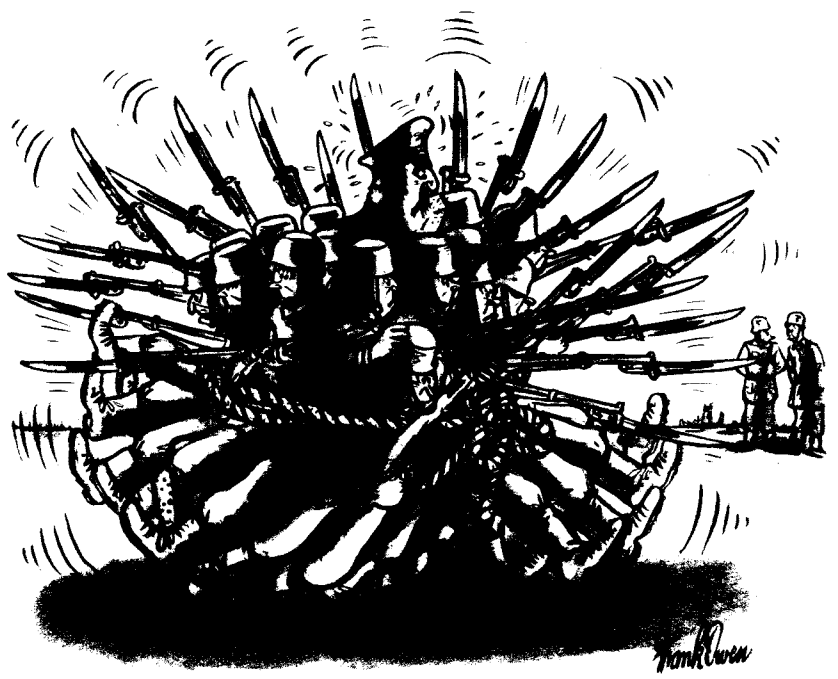
SHE sat still for a long time. The episode was characteristically Ritzy. He had, of course, listened in while June called. Had then called her back and had given his secretary copying to do on the chance that Angel would be too busy to notice the difference in touch. It all didn't add up to much. Ritzy was, Angel sincerely believed, technically faithful to her, and he would come back as he had always come back. But all at once Angel felt empty, and a little newborn impulse of anger stirred along her nerve ends. She got up quickly and went to finish packing.

Ritzy came home at eight that night. With him were a crowd of merrymakers and June. Angel met them pleasantly. She told herself, "This may have been wished on him."

Ritzy hugged her. "Mad?" he asked, and Angel shook her head. "Listen, sweetheart," he went on earnestly. "It's not a party. I snuck out and met June because I honestly *couldn't* work and she's desperately unhappy about her divorce, so I brought her back to cheer her. . . ."

There it was again. The candor which

THE GENERAL



"Somebody must have threatened the General's life again—he's tightened up on his bodyguard!" FRANK OWEN

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had always been so disarming. But somehow it wasn't disarming tonight. Angel said, "We're making an early start tomorrow morning, you know."

"Sure, sure." Ritzy kissed her. "Darling," he murmured, "I swear it'll only be two highballs and bed at ten o'clock."

"Ritzy." A plaintive, honey-sweet voice came from the living room. "I'm so sunk! Come and tell me funny stories."

At midnight Angel went to bed, leaving her guests dancing. At six she got up and dressed and went into the living room. The place looked as if it had been struck by an alcoholic cyclone, but she had expected that. What she had not expected to find was June lying on the couch, her blue eyes tearful, her hands in the tender clasp of a distraught Ritzy who, still dressed, very crumpled and somewhat exhausted, was reasoning with the weeping woman.

"Well!" Angel said.

Ritzy didn't turn. "Thank heaven you're up!" he exclaimed. "June is on the verge of collapse. Get her some coffee, honey, will you? No one feels like anything till they've had some good, strong coffee in the morning."

Angel didn't answer. Her hands were slowly curling into small, tight fists. She breathed rapidly.

Ritzy said, over his shoulder, "She likes it with cream. Do you know this silly child was going to kill herself?"

There was a ringing in Angel's head. Ritzy turned to look at her and, without conscious volition on her part, her right fist swung and connected with his eye.

"So," Angel said, "she wants coffee, does she? Well, she's not going to get it from me. And as for her killing herself, I think it's a grand idea. Give her her choice of windows to jump from. You'll have the place to yourselves in about five minutes. I'm leaving."

She was at the telephone now and Ritzy had got his breath. June was on her feet, wild-eyed.

Ritzy said, "Angel . . . listen. What on earth . . . ?"

"Be quiet!" Angel snapped. She dialed frantically.

"But Angel . . ." Ritzy persisted.

Angel paid no attention. "Jake?" she was saying. "Sorry to wake you up, but you win. Yes . . . *yes,* I tell you. Will you come and get me right away and take me up to the House? You'll love it." She hung up and looked at Ritzy. She was like a desperate little ghost. "Don't speak to me," she said. "I'm through. You're always saying that people should know what they're worth. Well, I know I'm worth more than you give me and you're worth less than I give up for you. Why, when I think . . . when I realize . . ." She faced the dumfounded man and woman tragically. "Do you know," she demanded, "that in five years of married life I've never had my coffee one single time when I first waked up except when I was in the hospital, and then I had to have cocoa on account of the twins?" She turned blindly and knocked aside Ritzy's extended hands. "I hope I'll never see or hear of you again," she said, and ran through the apartment to the front door.

SHE woke soon after dawn on the following morning. Outside her windows the Connecticut woods were touched with rose and gold, birds were singing and somewhere a cow was lowing mournfully for her calf. Angel lay flat, her tired eyes now clear of anger. She remembered very little about the trip up. Jake had been worried. And there had been Katie and a doctor. Sleep and rest had been mentioned. . . . Well, she had certainly slept.

There was a murmur from the next room and Angel half sat up. Then she sank back. She had forgotten that the babies would not have to be kept quiet any more. She thought of Jake and her heart sank. He had won his bet, but she didn't want him. She didn't want anyone, she decided. She wanted to be free of obligations, not just change from one set to another. She moved restlessly and to her great surprise began to cry. As she tossed, a paper crackled and she fished a note out from underneath her pillow. She read it curiously.

"Angel darling," it said. "Some day when we're old we'll probably laugh at your eloping chaperoned by a nurse and two babies. I'm leaving you with them because, you see, you were lightheaded on your way up and you talked a lot . . . but not about me. So good luck to you, my dear. Get some rest, don't worry and for Pete's sake, have a decent breakfast. Jake."

Angel tore up the note and felt unwanted. She had lost Jake and had put Ritzy out of her life and if that cow didn't stop that forsaken bleating she knew she would go out and strangle it with her bare hands. The creak of the door made her jump and she dabbed at her eyes.

"Come in, Katie," she called shakily.

THE door opened wide and Ritzy appeared in the opening. Angel stared. Ritzy was simply dressed in a pair of old slacks and his right eye was rather a pretty shade of mauve. He carried a small tray which he put down on a table next to the bed. "Coffee," he said proudly, "and toast." He sat down on the bed and looked reproachfully at Angel. "Why didn't you ever say you wanted coffee?" he asked.

Angel didn't answer. Her heart was pounding. Misery was receding like a tide. Ritzy was near her—she could put out her hand and touch him.

"I flew up," he said nervously. "I felt horrible . . . I'll do anything you like, Angel . . . only come back to me . . . I . . . good Lord! I *can't* lose you. . . ."

This was awful. Angel couldn't stand seeing Ritzy uncertain and meek and anxious. But there was one thing she had to know.

"What happened to June?" she asked.

"Oh, I got rid of her," Ritzy answered carelessly. "She came off the boil. But you never know with these suicide jags. . . ."

He had completely forgotten his own part in the business. He had forgotten everything but Angel. And suddenly Angel knew that he always would. And she knew, too, that she wanted him just as he was, selfish and unreasonable and sweet and proud and beautiful. How could he write if he never made believe? She could have more help . . . she could take days off . . . reorganize their lives. . . . But it was Ritzy she loved.

She held out her arms. "Your poor eye!" she said, in a perfect passion of remorse. Presently she moved an inch away from him. "I promised Jake," she said, "that you'd be more reliable and that you'd work."

Ritzy frowned. "If you think," he said sharply, "that I'm going to apologize to that sublimated jackass. . . ."

"No, no," Angel soothed him quickly. "I'll see him. If you'll just do the rewrites."

"Well . . ." Ritzy yielded. The sounds from the next room were more distinct. "I gave each of the brats a cracker," he said. "They were raising the devil, and they both looked exactly like me when I have a grouch. It gave me a weird feeling. Listen, Angel. I've got a knockout of a new story. Just get this . . ." He smiled down at her and absently, as he talked, he reached out for the cup and drank her coffee.

Angel gasped and then she laughed, held out her arms again. "Kiss me again, darling, and promise me something . . . quick! Promise me that as long as you live you'll never change."

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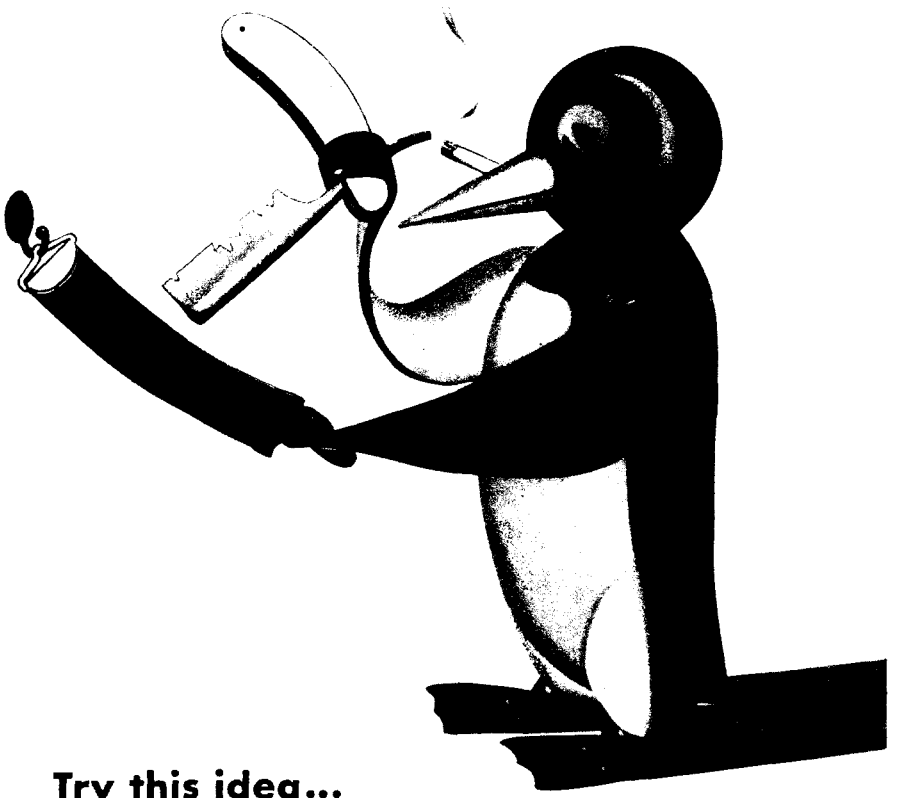

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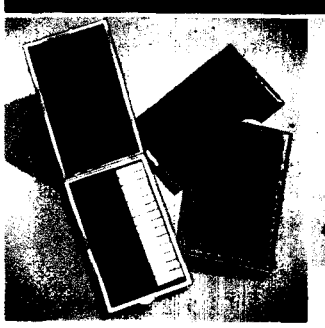

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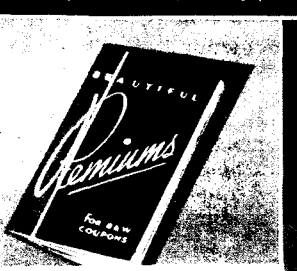

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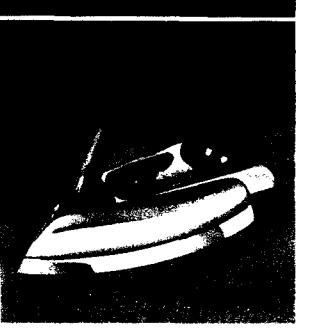

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A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

It was Ike, followed by one of the cutest little blond tricks that had ever stepped into that den of wolves

Letter to the Editor

By John Whedon

THE clock stood at eleven-thirty in the city room of the *Oskaloosa* Free Press. Pat Gorman rammed some copy paper into the old jallopy they gave him for a typewriter and sat there glaring at it. Suddenly he pounced on the machine and for an instant it rattled like a machine gun. Then he sat back again and looked at what he had written. It was the heading of his column, destined the next day to set lovelorn hearts a-flutter, and to turn his own stomach—"The Woman's Angle." Oh, mother!

He couldn't do it. For two weeks his rage, and his determination to give Gruber no satisfaction, had kept him going, but this was the end. Let Gruber have his cheap triumph. There are some humiliations a man will not put up with, even to spite a guy like that. He'd quit.

This, of course, was just what Gruber was counting on. Gruber hadn't the nerve to fire him, for fear of what Conover, the managing editor, would do when he got back from his vacation; but if Pat quit, Conover would have no comeback. That's why Gruber had put him on this doghouse assignment. That's why the best police reporter in Oskaloosa was now batting for Patricia Pennypacker, the friend of the lonely hearts and the Queen of Drool. Patricia had recently fallen victim to her own advice and gone off and married a button manufacturer.

There wasn't a man in the business he'd rather work for than Conover, and he knew it. If he could only hold out till he got back. . . . He picked up a letter at random and started reading it: "Dear Miss Pennypacker—I am a *young girl of twenty-seven . . .*"

Down at the end of the room the wicket squeaked as it swung open, and Pat glanced up. It was Ike, the stuttering office boy, followed by one of the cutest little blond tricks that had ever stepped into that den of wolves. She had one of those long, bouncing bobs, and a perky little hat on top of it. She had a turned-up nose and blue eyes and a general air of sauciness about her that transported Pat right out of the city room of the Free Press into a game of hide-and-seek in the Elysian fields.

His eyes followed her as Ike, the lucky tongue-tied stiff, escorted her across the room to the office of the assistant managing editor. From behind him, Pat heard a loud "Pssst!" which he identified, without turning around, as the cry of the religious and nature editor.

"Dibs on the blonde!" said the religious and nature editor.

Pat made no reply. It seemed to him an outrage that, on top of everything else, such good fortune as this should be coming to Gruber.

Several times he tried to direct his attention to the heartthrobs of Patricia Pennypacker's readers, but always it wandered back to the door of Gruber's office, and what was going on behind it. What business could she have with that buzzard?

ALMOST as if in telepathic response to his thought, his phone rang. It was a summons to Gruber's office.

Gruber was waiting for him with a look of triumph on his sleek face. "Miss Heffelfinger," he said to the young lady who sat across the desk from him, "this is Mr. Gorman. Mr. Gorman," he added maliciously, "is Patricia Pennypacker."

Miss Heffelfinger looked frankly amazed, and more than a little amused. Pat found himself blushing. Before either of them could speak, Gruber went on.

"Mr. Gorman," he said, "I believe you have been in the employ of the Free Press for some time." Damn him, he knew well enough how long Pat had been there; he was just putting this on for the girl. "You should have learned in that time," Gruber continued, "that it is not the policy of the Free Press to slander Southern womanhood."

"It's not mine, either," said Pat hotly. He was still in the dark as to where all this was leading, but he could see that he was being made the scapegoat.

With the look of a man playing his ace, Gruber passed a clipping across the desk to him. "I believe you wrote that?"

Pat recognized it readily enough. It was from his column of the day before —a letter from a reader asking Patricia Pennypacker how she might force a showdown with a man who had been on the point of marrying her for nine years. Pat had replied, in weary desperation, that she might investigate the possibilities of a shotgun. The letter was signed "Amanda Heffelfinger."

Suddenly the name clicked. Heffelfinger!

"I suppose you realize the implications of this, Gorman," Gruber was saying. "I hardly have to tell you that it's a clear case of slander." He seemed rather pleased about it. "If Miss Heffelfinger cared to press the matter—" He paused to let his words sink in.

"Fortunately," Gruber continued, with a chummy look at the young lady who sat across the desk from him, "I have been able to prevail upon Miss Heffelfinger to waive her rights. That is, upon one consideration."

"Wait a minute," she said, a little embarrassed. "You make it sound like a holdup. I didn't mean it that way."

"Not at all, not at all," Gruber assured her, rubbing his hands. "It's a very excellent settlement all around, I'm sure. Beginning tomorrow," he told Pat, "Miss Heffelfinger will take over your column. Her slant on it seems to me just what the department needs."

Her slant! Her blue eyes and her upturned nose and her shapely legs, you mean, Gruber.

"Don't tell me this is farewell," Pat said, and there was a dare in the way he said it.

"I'm deferring further action until Mr. Conover's return," Gruber replied. "In the meantime, you can help Wiley with the obituaries."

"Thanks," Pat said. "I'll start on yours." And he turned around and walked out.

THE girl came running out after him, the scheming little baggage. "Listen," she began, "I'm terribly sorry—"

He looked down into those blue eyes of hers and saw, to his surprise, that she meant it. A grin spread slowly over his face.

"Lady," he said, "if you can use that job, you're welcome to it. You've done me a favor by getting me out of it."

"I can use it," she said. "I sure can. *But there's one thing . . .*" She hesitated, very earnest and a little shamefaced. "I didn't write that letter."

"I know," he said, "and your name isn't Heffelfinger."

"Oh, but it is," she insisted. "That's what made me think of it—seeing it on that letter. I'd tried every other way to get in to see him, and I was a little desperate, I guess."

She saw that he was still grinning.

"I know," she said. "It's an unusual name."

"I wouldn't worry about it," Pat told her. "You can change it any time you want to."

She looked at him again, to make sure he meant what she thought he did, and then she said, "Tell me something. How did you know I didn't write that letter?"

"Well, in the first place," Pat said, "no guy is going to put off marrying you for nine years, or for nine days even. Not if he has the chance." She made a little face at him, which he found not unattractive. "And in the second place," he added, "I wrote the letter myself."

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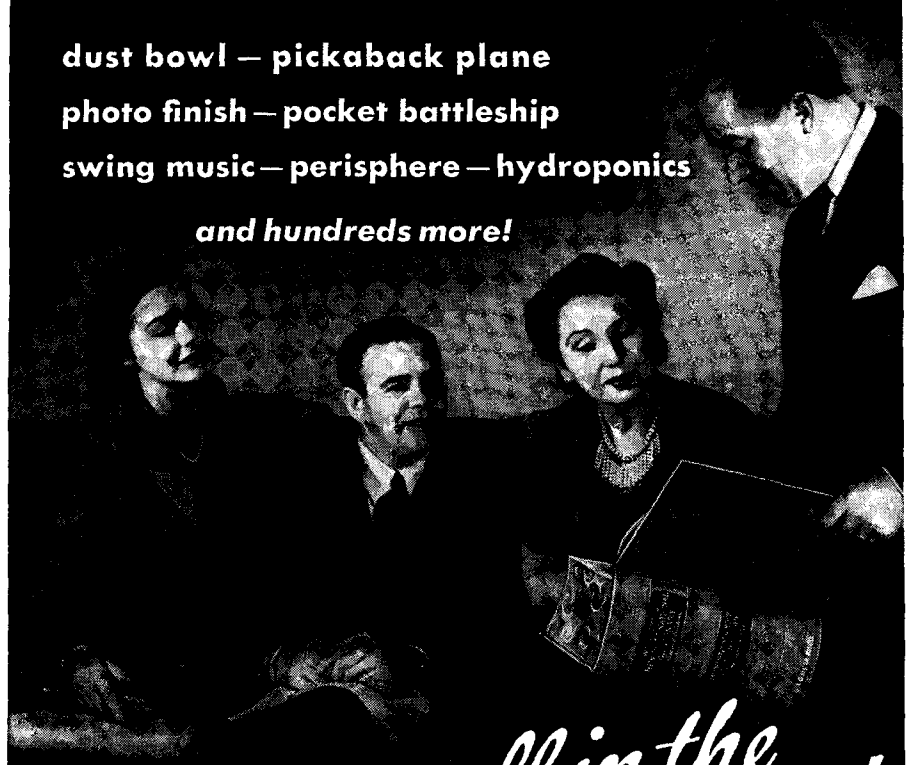

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Smart Money

Continued from page 20

betting sums ranging from two dollars to thousands on the races. But they constitute but a handful of the people who bet on the horses daily, who number several millions.

This other group bets away from the track. And they are served by handbook or bookie joints. The handbook men travel regular beats, like the milkman—into office buildings, stores, public buildings and factories—collecting numerous bets each day from their regular clients. The bookie joint or horse parlor or poolroom, as it is variously called, is an establishment where betters gather during the racing hours and where bets are laid precisely as at the tracks, in the midst of an extensive amount of equipment to provide information and add excitement to the game. In almost all states these bookie parlors are illegal. But in many large cities and not a few small ones they will be found, from one or two in the little city up to as many as 700 in a place like Chicago. This horse-parlor business is mixed up with politics, with gangster operation and supervision and exploitation, with racketeers, with police corruption and, as a result, with violence, gang and gambler wars.

The Dope's the Thing

The people who play the horses are hungry customers for dope and data. Under the system, it came to them in waves—monthly, weekly, daily and, on the day of the race, hourly and, just before the race, by the minute. The flood did not stop until the horses were at the post and the last bet laid.

Thus, the customers needed annuals—books that combined the qualities and utilities of the World Almanac, Burke's Peerage and Moody's reports all rolled into one. They needed monthlies to digest the available dope for the preceding thirty days, and weeklies, full of rumors, scandals, news, statistics. Most important and valuable of these were the dailies. And foremost of the dailies was Annenberg's Racing Form, an amazing statistical record of the ancestry and career of every horse entered in any race anywhere that day. This sells for twenty-five cents a copy and there are racing addicts who would pay five dollars if they had to. Then there were the others, like the New York Morning Telegraph or the American Racing Record in Chicago and other places, both selling for twenty-five cents and containing daily dope served up in slightly different form, and both Annenberg enterprises.

But on the day of the race the betters must know what happens between the time the morning paper is delivered and when the horses go to the post. Horses are scratched. This may change the whole outlook for the race. The weather changes suddenly, which alters the chances of certain horses. The jockeys may be changed. Therefore the scratch sheets, usually published locally, came out first in the morning and then at 2 P. M. Finally, in the horse parlor itself and in the headquarters of the bookies or betting commissioners, a ceaseless flow of information poured in by means of wire and loud-speakers until the starting bell.

Annenberg began with the acquisition of racing papers out of which he has made a fortune. But he soon learned that the real millions were in the wire services which fed all this dope around the country. And in 1927 he made his entry into that. This was to be the dominating function of his career.

Away back in 1907, an alert telegraph operator organized a company to distribute racing news by wire around Cincinnati. And this was so successful that he began to branch out to other towns. His name was John Payne.

About this time the biggest figure in gambling in Chicago was Monte Tennes, who still lives in luxurious retirement. Tennes was one of the three gambling lords of Chicago who had carved the city up among them. Each was supreme in his own district. But Tennes was the ablest, most aggressive and resourceful. And in time he set about driving his other two rivals from their respective provinces and becoming the gambling czar of Chicago. That ambitious effort precipitated a gambling war which brought a reign of terror to the sporting centers of the city. The Chicago Crime Survey in 1927, speaking of the long series of struggles around this underworld commerce, said:

"The complete life history of one man, were it known in every detail, would disclose practically all there is to know about syndicated gambling as a phase of organized crime in Chicago in the last twenty-five years. That man is Monte Tennes."

Tennes' wars for control of gambling in Chicago resulted in bombings of his own places several times, in political investigations, in arrests, prosecutions and scandals. But Tennes learned of a weapon that was more powerful than that wielded by any gangster. Through another gambler named Murphy he learned of the Payne service in Cincinnati.

Tennes and Murphy made a contract with Payne to give them the exclusive wire results of races in Chicago. Tennes paid $300 a day for this. But with this in his hands he had an edge on all his rivals. And through it he became the horse-race gambling czar of the city.

Tennes then organized the General News Bureau—his own wire service—and entered into a battle with Payne. It was a bitter but not a long struggle. It was, however, long enough to provoke an Interstate Commerce Commission investigation and similar probes by three states. But this did not prevent Tennes from pushing Payne out of business and becoming, with the aid of his wire service, the most powerful figure in the commercialized gambling life of Chicago, if not the country.

Perilous and Prosperous

It was this Monte Tennes who became Moe Annenberg's first partner in the racing-wire service. Moe bought a half interest in the General News Bureau in 1927 and took over control of it. Moe put James M. Ragen—of whom more later—in charge as general manager. Two years later Tennes decided to withdraw altogether. He was growing old. He was weary of the life of ceaseless strife. He sold forty of his fifty shares to John L. Lynch, the remaining ten to two nephews. Thus Lynch became Moe's second partner. He succeeded Tennes also as the handbook king and most powerful gambler in Chicago.

Lynch's Sportsmen's Club was named in a Chicago Crime Survey report in 1916 as a medium for accepting police graft. He operated at 732 Madison Avenue what was called the Den of Immunity, a combination bar, poolroom and stud joint which, while other places were raided, seemed to defy police intrusion. He grew rich, was a partner of Tennes in several enterprises and is supposed to have paid Tennes $500,000 for his

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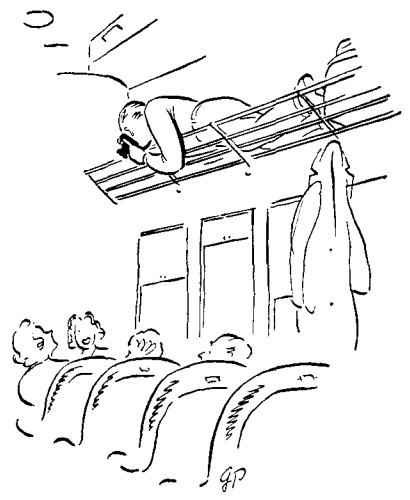
share in the General News Bureau.

Like most Chicago gamblers, Moe's new partner had had a stormy career. In 1931 he gained a national reputation by the negative process of being kidnaped. The snatch experts in this case wanted $250,000 to return him. Moe's Racing Form offered $25,000 for information leading to the salvation of his partner Lynch. The kidnapers were deaf to all sorts of piteous appeals. Jack Gusick, one of Al Capone's brain trust, interceded. Finally the great Al himself was appealed to. Al issued one of his most dramatic decrees, calling on the snatch bandits to release Mr. Lynch or suffer his vengeance. Lynch was released and the police complained that the kidnapers had yielded up Lynch to Al only on payment by Al of $75,000. Brother Lynch returned to his haunts in the Loop to enjoy his partnership with Moe and its emoluments for over three more years.

Meantime, Moe saw himself in the midst of this perilous but amazingly prosperous business, and saddled with a partner. He had described himself in his young manhood as a "hungry wolf." He was no longer a hungry wolf, but he was a lone one. Why should the Annenberg genius be exploited to make fabulous profits for those who contributed nothing to the swift growth of the business? Moe had lost the appetite of



sheer hunger and was developing the appetite of the monopolist. He was losing his taste for his partners.

One set of partners was Joe Bannon and Hugh Murray, who owned equal shares with him in the Racing Form. This business prospered amazingly. The partnership had acquired other publications. Moe himself had bought the Morning Telegraph. The Telegraph—one of the oldest papers in New York—had for many years sought its readers among the horsy and sporty habitués of Broadway. But it had lost money for years. Moe took it, completely revamped it, made it horsier and sportier than ever and raised the price from five cents to twenty-five cents a copy—a tidy sum for a daily newspaper.

Then one day Annenberg, Murray and Bannon awoke to find themselves indicted in Baltimore for sending obscene literature through the mails. The literature was found in a magazine called Broadway Brevities, which was published by Moe in the plant of the Running Horse, owned by Annenberg, Bannon and Murray in Baltimore. Four other wage slaves who got out the Brevities were also indicted.

The indictment brought the Messrs. Bannon and Murray charging upon Baltimore. Being good church members, they uttered a long and violent clamor to the effect that the indictment constituted the first information they had that there was any such magazine as Broadway Brevities. They charged that it was published in their joint plant "unbeknownst" to Moe's two shocked partners. They convinced the prosecuting attorneys. The case was dropped as to them. Moe pleaded "not guilty." Moe was let off and the four wage slaves were convicted and sent to jail for a year. Moe paid Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt a fee of $50,000 in this case.

Then Moe went to bat with Bannon and Murray. And here you can get a lesson in the technique of competition—or, if you will, of the ancient art of "taking over." Annenberg told Bannon and Murray that he wanted to buy them out. They refused. Then he turned on the heat. He, with Bannon and Murray, owned the Racing Form. He also owned the Morning Telegraph. Both sold for 25 cents a copy. Moe managed them both through his personal agents. He put the Telegraph directly into the field served by Racing Form. He cut the price of the Telegraph to ten cents. He kept Racing Form at 25 cents. He cut down on its wire service. In other words, Moe went into competition with Moe—a battle between the Telegraph, owned by Moe, and the Racing Form, owned by Moe and partners, with Moe managing the fight and acting in both corners, and the fight rigged for Racing Form to lose. Bannon and Murray set up a shrill cry. But the Racing Form was losing blood fast. They went into an equity court and demanded an accounting. But they were trapped. Their investment in Racing Form was dwindling too rapidly. So they sold out to Moe. He paid them $2,250,000 for their share in an enterprise all had bought eleven years before for $400,000. That left Moe in complete control of Racing Form and the other papers that had been acquired.

Meantime, upon another front, the struggle to make the General News Bureau supreme in the wire field was going on in the liveliest manner.

Back in 1929 there were about seventeen racing news services. Some, like the Empire News and the National and the Greater New York, supplied returns and reports in many states.

The Squeeze on Mr. Kelly

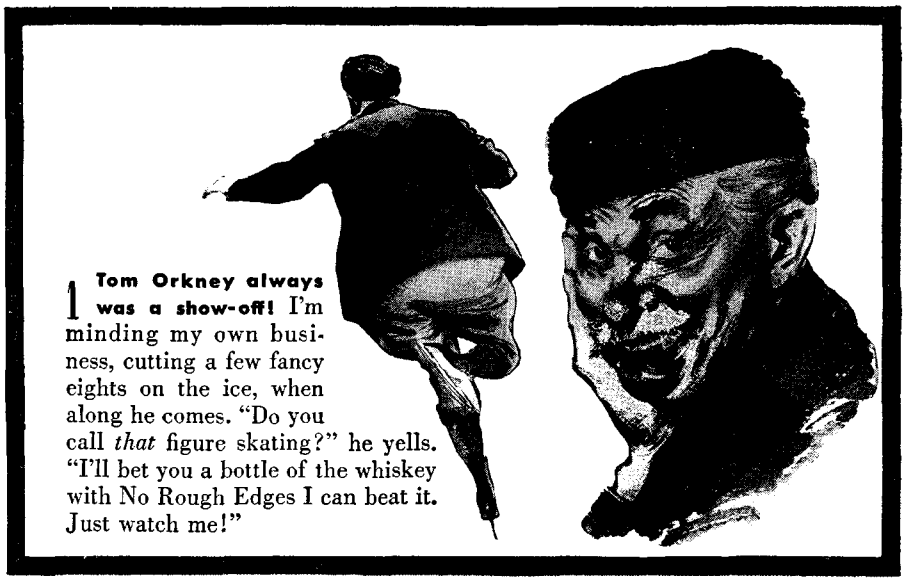
Let's have a look at the battle front in Pennsylvania. The extent of this traffic may be gathered from the fact that when last year a state investigating commission raided bookie joints they found the Annenberg wires going into 78 places in Philadelphia, 33 in Pittsburgh and into one or two in little towns all over Pennsylvania—such small places as Pottstown, York, Lancaster, Lebanon, Reading, Pottsville, Gettysburg, Altoona, Pittstown, Sharon.

For a while the bookies were being served around the Philadelphia district by Annenberg's General News Bureau, the Empire News and the National and New York News Bureau.

There was in Philadelphia a redoubtable gentleman named Alfred P. Kelly. Kelly had a small local wire service. He got his news from the National, and then transmitted it by a telephone loop to thirty customers who paid from $20 to $30 a week for the service. Kelly paid $40 a week to the National.

After a brief struggle, Annenberg's General News Bureau opened its large monopolistic mouth and swallowed the National. The National was operated by a fellow named McFadden, who sold out. He sold to Annenberg, went into the employ of the General News Bureau at $10,000. Kelly then got his wire service from the Empire, paying $60 a week. The next step of the General News was to swallow the Empire. Then the Pennsylvania manager of the General News decided to put fellows like Kelly out of business—to take over Kelly's customers and supply them directly. There were, of course, others like Kelly who had to be devoured.

The process of eliminating Kelly be-



1 **Tom Orkney always was a show-off!** I'm minding my own business, cutting a few fancy eights on the ice, when along he comes. "Do you call *that* figure skating?" he yells. "I'll bet you a bottle of the whiskey with No Rough Edges I can beat it. Just watch me!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE
2 He goes into a whirl and——smack! I couldn't help laughing when he landed on—*er*—the ice. And that swell TEN HIGH sure Doubled My Enjoyment! "This must cost plenty," I say when I taste it. "See—you *don't* know anything about figures," he says. "Doubly smooth TEN HIGH costs about half what you think!"
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23	.81	32	1.03	41	1.39	50	2.04
24	.83	33	1.06	42	1.45	51	2.15
25	.85	34	1.09	43	1.51	52	2.27
26	.87	35	1.13	44	1.57	53	2.39
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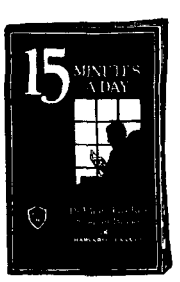

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gan. One day he received a request to call on Mr. Patrick J. Burns, the local manager of the General News. Mr. Burns blandly informed Mr. Kelly that his day as a disseminator of racing news was drawing to a close, that the General News was taking over, and that if he resisted he wouldn't have a leg to stand on. If he was a nice boy they would hire him, pay him $100 a week. If he insisted on being bad they would jack up the price of the service and generally make things unbearable for him. But Kelly was not a nice boy. His first impulse was to take a smack at Mr. Burns. Instead, he cocked a scornful glance at Burns and departed.

Burns and even Burns' superior in Chicago, James M. Ragen, thereafter plied Kelly with arguments, temptations and threats. One day Burns asked Kelly to call. He showed Kelly a contract and told him to put his John Hancock on it. Kelly read it and smeared it in Burns' face, followed it with what Mr. Kelly described as a "poke."

But, after all, you cannot conquer an imperial force like Moe Annenberg with your dukes. And Mr. Kelly's career as an entrepreneur was fast drawing to a close. For all his Gaelic resistance to aggression he was but human, and pressure did its deadly work on him. Endless calls from Chicago—coaxing, threatening, raising the ante; calls from Burns in Philadelphia; a nighttime telephone message to the terrified Mrs. Kelly from Burns' office—"you tell that son-of-a-sea-cook of a husband of yours to be over here to sign up at two o'clock tomorrow or we'll turn his case over to Mickey Duffy."

Tough Guys for a Tough Job

Mickey Duffy was Pennsylvania's bad man, gangster, beer baron and Public Enemy Number One. He was reputed to be an intimate of Al Capone and associated with him in the Chicago-Philadelphia axis. Like all good gangsters, he was subsequently rubbed out in Atlantic City. Kelly got another summons to Burns' office. Sure enough, Mickey Duffy was there, though the gentle Mickey knew Kelly and assured him he would have no part in his coercion. But the heat was too heavy and persistent. Kelly finally capitulated. He signed away his business to the General News and went to work for Annenberg at $150 a week and a share of the profits from his old customers. He was the last of the small independents to hold out. This was a rough world in which rough men lived and wrought and the path of those who stood in their way was a thorny one indeed.

Of course Moe Annenberg sat in his office at the center of this growing web, far from these messy and unpleasant transactions. Presumably he could not know about them. The task of gathering up his rivals and pushing aside those who resisted the gathering was in the hands of underlings who were, perhaps, a little overzealous in their work. But they were rough cookies. And the man who ran the General News Bureau from Chicago, the general manager, Mr. James Ragen, was, and is, no dove. Ragen is a graduate of Chicago's South Side at its toughest and an alumnus of the Ragen Colts, an athletic club famous in Chicago police annals as the training school of a large batch of the young hoodlums in the pre-Volstead era. There was a tough job to be done and tough men were enlisted to do it.

This is a good spot to observe, however, that there was one branch of this business that was not in the hands of rough people, but rather in the hands of the nicest kind of people—schoolteachers, ministers of the gospel, little and big businessmen and the others who own the stock of the good old A.T. & T.—the American Telephone & Telegraph Company—and the highly respected citizens who direct that great corporation.

This servicing of the bookie parlors from which Annenberg drew his sustenance would have been impossible, of course, without the collaboration of the wire and telephone companies. For them it was a large and juicy plum. How many bookmakers there are I do not know. But the United States Treasury has estimated that there were about 15,000 places being served by Annenberg in the United States and Canada and that the sums paid to him for that service amounted to twenty million dollars in five years. The share of the telegraph and telephone companies in this was more than half a million dollars a year. But there was another sum amounting to a thousand dollars a day which came to them in telephone tolls growing out of this business.

An official of the A.T. & T. told a committee of the Pennsylvania legislature that from April 1, 1931, to December 31, 1935, the racing-wire services had paid the company $2,841,071. That's over $50,000 a month.

Here is the way it worked. The Long Lines Department of the A.T. & T. installed a wire at the track. That went to the headquarters of the General News Bureau. At every track Annenberg had a crew of reporters, clockers, handicappers who watched every phase of the proceedings. Their reports went over these wires to the News Bureau headquarters. From there the results went to the various subsidiaries all over the country which, in turn, sent them out to the bookie joints.

That was a loop—a complete telegraph and telephone system, complete in itself—and isolated entirely from the public wire systems. It was leased to Annenberg, was strictly private and was manned and operated by his men.

When the news reached the News Bureau, the results went out both by telegraph and telephone. And if you will follow this for a moment you will see why Annenberg made so much money out of it. Take, for instance, the service in Chicago. The Central News Bureau office plugged its wire into its Chicago subsidiary—the Illinois Nationwide News Service. That company had a loop wire, both telegraph and telephone, which went to about 700 bookie joints in Chicago alone and to various other places, such as betting commissioners, bookies in other states and so forth. This loop was, as its name implies, a wire that literally ran around the town. Each bookie was plugged in on it. That was called a "drop." One man could send out telegraph messages from the office of the Illinois Nationwide News Bureau and they would be received simultaneously in every drop plugged into the loop. It was the same with the telephones. The telephone service was operated by a separate corporation—the Teleflash Company. In its headquarters an operator talked into a receiver and his voice was heard through the amplifiers in all the 700 drops on the loop.

Thriving on Adversity

Now for the drop. That was a bookie joint. You will find them all over Chicago—700 of them. They are all around the city hall. For forty years or more they have operated in Chicago under corrupt police protection. Recently the federal attorney general has been investigating them. Annenberg was indicted for income-tax delinquency as part of the clean-up campaign of Attorney General Frank Murphy. Another federal grand jury was investigating his monopoly activities in an effort to attack the abuse that way. Another one was investigating the operations of Billy Skidmore, said to be the fixer of the bookie joints, and has

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indicted him for income-tax evasions. A Cook County grand jury was investigating the bookie joints, the police, the politicians, the courts in connection with the evil. And miracle of miracles! During all these numerous attacks the number of bookie joints actually increased. Some ten or eleven new ones opened up.

You will find one near City Hall. It is a large room with maybe three to five hundred people in it. When I visited it a few weeks ago there were large blackboard racing charts all around the walls. Clerks continually chalked up racing entries, data and results on them as these came in over the wires. There were several windows with clerks accepting bets and issuing betting tickets. There were five or six tracks in operation which meant there were forty or more races being run that afternoon. That meant a race every few minutes.

The news was flowing in through the Teleflash system of Mr. Annenberg. The very latest news, the scratches, the weather, the temperature, the jockies, the shifting odds, all came in. The crowd listened tensely for these latest scraps of precious news as the horses were making ready to run. As post time arrived, the suppressed excitement was electric—quite as intense as at the grandstand, as the Teleflash poured its prefatory dope into the crowded room. The horses were at the post. Every shred of news was in save one vital point—the post odds. These were announced and there was a rush of betters to the cashiers' windows to lay their wagers. "They're off!" cried the Teleflash.

The Silent Partner

Then the race was described as the horses sped around the tracks—at the quarter, the half, the three-quarter point, in the stretch, at the finish. That was repeated forty or more times that afternoon, so the better got the benefit of risking his money and also a first-class bath of excitement. It was enormously more rousing and exciting than going to the track. And the thing that made this possible was the wire service and particularly the Teleflash system that sprayed the atmosphere of the bookie parlor with a steady stream of teasing hot news. Of course the wire service went to other places besides poolrooms or horse parlors. No betting commissioner, no handbook commissioner, could operate efficiently without this information. But the bookie parlors paid the largest fee for the service—maybe as much as two or three or even four hundred dollars a week, while a commissioner paid about thirty.

Now this was the service made possible by the A.T. & T. and its telephone subsidiaries. The company took the position that it was not concerned with the use to which its customers put its wires.

Back in 1924 the A.T. & T. asked its general solicitor for an opinion as to the legality of this service. The subject was handed to Solicitor Bracelon, of the Long Lines Department of the company. Mr. Bracelon was apparently one of those realistic persons who calls 'em as he sees 'em. Here is what he told his company in an official opinion:

"These applicants (General News Bureau and others) must know that a majority of their customers are bound to be owners of poolrooms and bookmakers. They cannot willfully blind themselves to these facts and, in fact, set up their ignorance of what everybody knows in order to co-operate with lawbreakers."

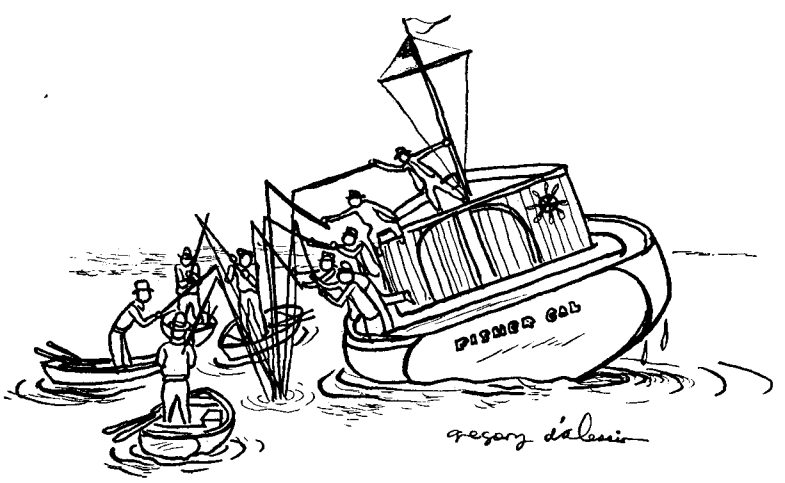
That was strong language. And the opinion still reposes in the files of the A.T. & T. But when Mr. Bracelon said that "everybody knew they were lawbreakers" he was quite mistaken. For, five years later, Mr. Bracelon's own boss—Mr. T. G. Miller, vice president of the A.T. & T. in charge of the Long Lines Department—said that he did not know these wire services went into gambling places. There was a clause in the contract providing that "such service shall not be used for any purpose or in any manner directly or indirectly in violation of law or in aid of any unlawful act or undertaking."

However, in December, 1926, the Empire News Service requested a leased wire from A.T. & T. from New Orleans to New York. The A.T. & T. refused under Bracelon's decision though it continued the General News Bureau service. The Empire threatened suit. The A.T. & T. asked its counsel for another opinion. The lawyers prepared a new contract with the clause forbidding illegal uses left out. They held that the company was a public utility and could not sit in judgment on the legality of the business of its customers. But the new contract contained a clause that the company reserved the right to cancel the service if at any time the proper public authorities declared it to be illegal. The company, however, declared that it would be glad to be relieved of this business.

The company collaborated with the wire services and the poolrooms in every way. It resumed service relations with bookies after they had been convicted. It re-established service after raids. As fast as the bookies emerged from jail they got fresh hookups. In Philadelphia the General News Bureau maintained offices at 1015 Chestnut Street. But it lived in constant fear of raids or attacks by rivals. The telephone and telegraph companies therefore rigged up for it an emergency outfit at 239 Dock Street.

After all, Moe was a good customer and he deserved service. But the forces of politics and social order were too strong for him. And we shall see how Moe's assailants finally drove the wire companies into a corner, and Moe with them, and ripped out of his widespread enterprise these wire services which made it possible and, at one fell stroke, ripped a couple of million a year out of his income.

The third of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.

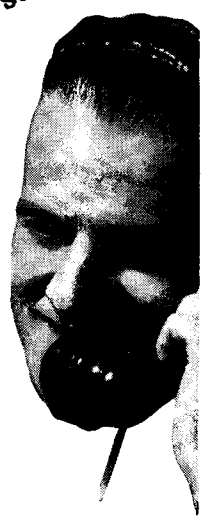


When news is just too good to keep

"Gotta job!"

"It's a boy!"

"She said Yes!"



TELEPHONE!

When you're bubbling over with good news and you want your personal world to share your happiness—turn to Long Distance. Telephone to loved ones, to Mother and Dad—to all those who'd like to know, wherever they may be.

Miles make no difference to the telephone. Responses are just as eager, voices just as vibrant, as if you were face to face. . . . Remember that rates are lower at night and on Sunday.

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To Ward Off Ruin

THE key to the whole Communist propaganda campaign can be found in one utterance of Nicolai Lenin, mastermind of modern Communism and as smart a socio-economic termite as ever nibbled a keystone:

"Our task is to utilize every manifestation of discontent, and to collect and utilize every grain of even rudimentary protest."

Here are some of the ways in which Red propagandists and their fellow travelers apply that prescription to American minds:

Perhaps 10% of American employers are utterly selfish, chiseling scoundrels, who will sweat adult or child labor for an extra dime, who recognize no rules of business decency and can't be persuaded to do so. The other 90% of American employers are decent scouts. So the Communist tactic is to yell without cease that the 10% typify all American employers; that American labor as a whole is sweated and robbed and that only the profit system's abolition will ever cure its woes.

There are sharecroppers down South who are robbed and cheated by landowners—just as there are avaricious fellows in the North and West and East too. The Red strategy is to ballyhoo the sharecropper injustice as representing the entire Southern economic picture, with Communism as the only possible solution. The truth is, of course, that the South in general is coming along fast industrially, and that its rotten spots are little if any more numerous than those of other sections.

It is in following Lenin's instructions to "collect and utilize every grain of even rudimentary protest" that the comrades really show their skill.

For example, plenty of people have pet hates against one or another advertised product. Plenty of others dislike advertising practices or mannerisms. Still others have sour-grapes complexes because they tried to put over some product or invention and failed where others succeeded.

To utilize these assorted resentments and make them work for Communism, the Communists or their fellow travelers set up organizations that claim to give you the inside lowdown on nationally advertised goods. At least a dozen of these "transmission belts" are in existence, according to testimony heard by the Dies committee. Some of them collect pretty good money from people who have never stopped to reflect that a big advertiser who materially misrepresents his wares does not remain an advertiser for long. If the buying public doesn't get his number, the advertising supervision bureaus maintained by reputable advertising media do.

And so it goes. The Communist hokum hawkers play on the dissatisfactions and resentments of youth, on the disappointments of age, on every grievance they can possibly dig up or invent.

The long and short of Lenin's technique is to work on the most corrosive human emotions—self-pity, cupidity, fear of reality, the tendency to blame one's troubles on anything except oneself. And the villain blamed in every case in the United States is our social system.

Well, how to combat this propaganda designed to persuade us to sell ourselves into slavery to an American soul mate of Joe Stalin?

There are two methods, principally:

One of these is for the conservative people to band together, push castor oil down the Red agitators, suppress their publications and organizations and soapbox orators, and tell the working class to keep quiet while the new rulers gradually improve general conditions.

This way has been tried in Italy and Germany. It does not appear to be the best way to combat Red propaganda. Historically it turns on its practitioners sooner or later.

The other way is for the responsible people—meaning the upper- and middle-income-bracket people plus the great levelheaded majority of workers—to let the Communists rave on, while the responsible people labor unceasingly to rub out such rotten spots as actually exist.

By this method the props are continuously cut out from under the Red agitators. A man with a fairly good job is very poor material for the comrades to work on. So is a man who has reasonable hopes of landing a job. So is a man who knows that his government and his more fortunate fellow citizens are trying to arrange things so that he can have a reasonably secure job sometime.

A country where the Reds are allowed to scream warts onto their vocal cords needs some agency that can scream back at them, nail their more outrageous lies and exaggerations, and dig into any criminal business they may be trying at any given time. These services have been ably performed by the Dies committee for the last couple of years, and we believe it would be only sensible for the American people to tell their Congress to tell the Dies committee to carry on, with ample funds.

But what we chiefly need to combat Communism in this country is to have the majority of us actually working all the time to improve the lot of all of us. We need all the social conscience and all the constructive spirit we can work up. That's the backbone of the sales resistance to this destructive force that is Stalinism; this thing that has ruined one great nation—Russia—and is striving to bring the same ruin to the rest of the world.

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I've never bought whiskey by "price"—that is never *before*. I've always insisted on Paul Jones, regardless of price, because it gave me the *DRYNESS*—the complete lack of sweetness—which I regard as a whiskey's prime virtue.

Now, of course, I'm delighted to get Paul Jones at its new low price . . . especially since none of its "expensive whiskey" qualities have been changed.

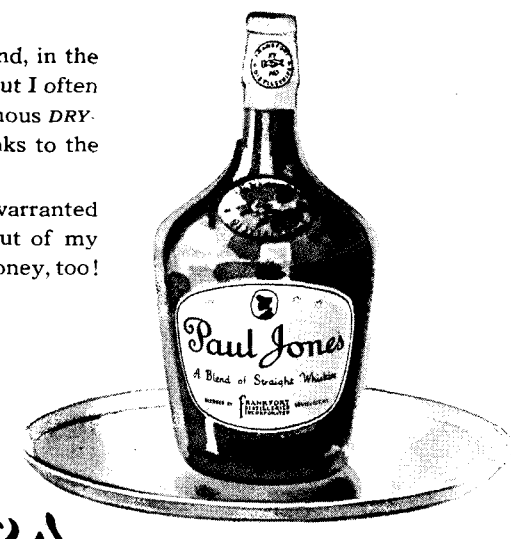
I've often had to buy whiskey by "price"—so, before Paul Jones was reduced in cost, there were many occasions when I simply had to content myself with some other whiskey.

But at today's low price I can make *every* occasion a "special" one...and enjoy Paul Jones' swell *DRYNESS* and *all-whiskey* goodness *all* the time!

3 Men on a Price!

I've always had to buy whiskey by "price"—and, in the past, that meant I wasn't able to afford Paul Jones. But I often wished I *could* afford it—wished I could enjoy its famous *DRYNESS*, its famous *all-whiskey* quality. And now, thanks to the big price reduction—*I can!*

Yes, at last my price buys my idea of whiskey . . . warranted exactly the same fine Paul Jones that used to be out of my reach. Take my advice and get Paul Jones for *your* money, too!



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starring with
FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS

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Chesterfield

Change to Chesterfields and you'll get what you want... *real mildness* and *better taste*. You can't buy a better cigarette.

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